

Gc
973.74
M28t
v.1
1755174

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

✓

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 00824 7840



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

<http://archive.org/details/historyoffirst00tobi>



563

HISTORY
OF THE
FIRST MAINE CAVALRY

1861-1865.

V.1
BY

EDWARD P. TOBIE

PUBLISHED BY THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION.



THE
NEWBERRY
LIBRARY
CHICAGO

BOSTON:
PRESS OF EMERY & HUGHES,
No. 146 OLIVER STREET.
1887.

139440

563

503
HISTORY

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY

1861-1865

BY
EDWARD E. TORRE

EDWARD E. TORRE

503-10146-5 VINTAGE COPY
AS ACQUISITION

REPRODUCED BY THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
BOSTON

PRINTED BY
PRESS OF EMMY & HUGHES

1887

503

1755174

F
8349
.343

Tobie, Edward Parsons, 1838-

History of the First Maine cavalry, 1861-1865. I.
Edward P. Tobie. Published by the First Maine cavalry
association. Boston, Press of Emery & Hughes, 1887.

xix, 732, (1) p. front., pl., port. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ cm.

Introduction by Col. C. H. Smith.

Eight companies of the First D. C. cavalry were recruited in Maine and
later incorporated with the First Maine cavalry.

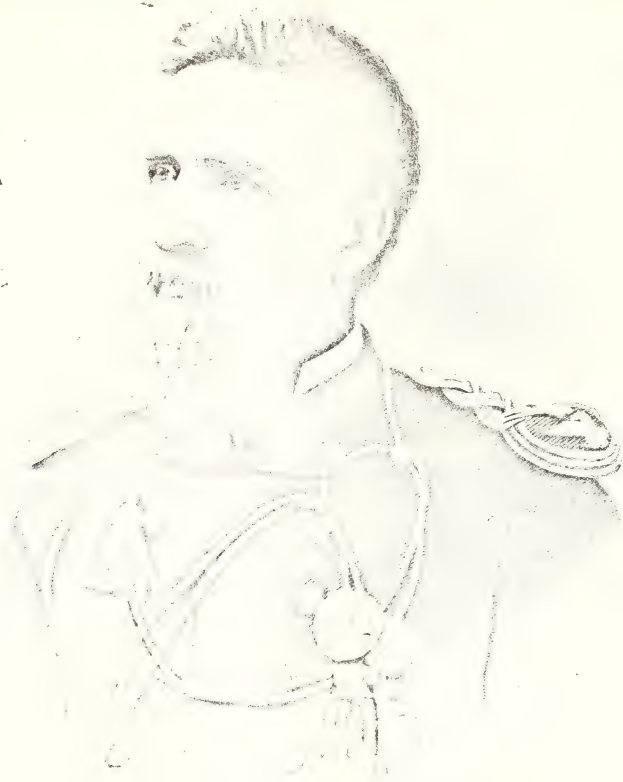
SHELF CARD

1. Maine cavalry. 1st regt. 1861-1865. 2. U. S.—Hist.—Civil war—Regimental histories.—Me cav.—1st. 3. District of Columbia cavalry. 1st regt. 1863-1864. 4. U. S.—Hist.—Civil war—Regimental histories.—D. C. cavalry. 1st.

Library of Congress

ES11.6.1st.T

2-13163



C. H. Smith



F 8349.343

• COPYRIGHT, 1887,
By EDWARD P. TOBIE.

14969



TO
ALL THE COMRADES

WHO SERVED IN

THE GRAND OLD REGIMENT,

This Work

IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE HISTORIAN.

PREFACE.

COMRADES:—Halt a moment with me before you advance through the ensuing pages. Years ago, at the first gathering of the surviving comrades of the grand old regiment after the muster-out, you did me the honor to select me as historian. After all these years I take pleasure in presenting the history for your inspection, feeling that if it pleases you, I can ask no greater reward. The committee appointed by you at the reunion at Skowhegan, 1886, to print the history, have done their work, and I fancy I can hear you say as with one voice, "They have done well."

My work has been long continued. Often have I met with discouragement so strong as to stop active operations for months, and again with such encouragement that labor was but pleasant pastime. The work has been done during the irregularly occurring spare moments of a busy life on a morning and evening newspaper, and if there be here and there a "touch of the newspaper," or if you now and then see evidences of haste in preparation, wonder not, but attribute it to the circumstances by which I have been surrounded; and if you find errors, as you doubtless will, do not be surprised. The work I have enjoyed. It has been a pleasant change from daily duties, which I have welcomed; it has served to keep bright the memories of those stirring days until they have become a part of my very existence, without which I should be lonesome, indeed; it has, by being a change, served as a rest, even though it were of the same nature as my usual work; it has kept bright, also, memories of you, personally, and I have enjoyed the thought that I was striving to put on record the deeds of the brave men, my comrades—deeds which are a part of the history of the good old state of Maine and of our loved country.

The personal incidents, the stories of gallant deeds, you, com-

rades, well know, are but a small portion of such that might be related of our regiment — that would have been related had they come to my knowledge. But they serve as illustrations of the life and spirit of the Union soldier and of the First Maine Cavalry man — as samples of the deeds and incidents of the service — and will, in the minds of each of you, call up memories of other incidents, of other deeds of heroism, of other noble sacrifices, which are now well-nigh forgotten, but which should be revived and their memory ever kept bright. If such incidents seem to come more often from certain companies, look upon this as not making these companies prominent, but as putting on record those things which are most familiar. I should have been glad to tell of other such deeds, had the storehouses of the comrade's memories been still more unlocked for me.

To you, comrades, and there are many of you, who have rendered assistance and encouragement, by forwarding papers and documents, by relating experiences, and by kind words, is due a good deal of whatever merit the history may have, and without your aid it would have been devoid of much of its life. To all, from the comrade who prepared the foundation for more than half of the company rosters, or sent me the muster-out roll of his company, or the monthly returns of the regiment, or furnished the completed roster of his company, to the comrade who gave me a single story of camp, or field, or prison experience, or the list of casualties in his company in some little skirmish, or his own record, or merely called to mind some almost forgotten incident of the service, — to each and all, I can only say I thank you, and all the comrades will thank you as I do, though they know not your names.

As you glance down the roster of your company and find there names you had not thought of for years in the hurry and bustle of every day life, and as these bring up the old scenes once more, thank the comrades of your company who assisted in their preparation, who kindly hunted up the old rolls and diaries, and brought memory to bear upon them until they awoke to new life, and after the facts were gathered and arranged, kindly revised the rosters,



PREFACE.

vii

that they might be made as correct and complete as possible after all these years.

Comrades, you may now proceed to inspect the work. If you take as much pleasure in reading your own history as I have in preparing it, I shall be more than satisfied.

God bless each and every comrade of the gallant First Maine Cavalry.

EDWARD P. TOBIE.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., September, 1877.

INTRODUCTION.

TWENTY-SIX years ago, our country was at the brink of ruin. One portion of it, misguided by sectional hatred and impelled by violent passions, openly and defiantly denounced the government and disregarded its authority. The other section contemplated the threatening situation in divided councils, but always with appalling apprehensions and bated breath. At length, the south, crazed by its solicitude for the safety of slavery, resolved to destroy the government, even though it should inevitably destroy itself at the same time, and in fulfilment of that resolve, fired the fatal shot at Sumter. Then divided councils in the north disappeared. "Sustain the Government!" "Preserve the Union!" were the spontaneous exclamations of all. A zeal born only of upright intentions and reliance upon a just cause, took possession of and inspired our whole people. Men everywhere flew to arms, and women helped them to buckle on their armor. The cheering promise of a sacred prophecy became reversed, inasmuch as it may be said that they beat their ploughshares into swords, and their pruning hooks into spears; neither did men learn peace any more.

In the midst of that loyal uprising, twelve hundred citizens of Maine took the oath to serve the United States of America honestly and faithfully against all its enemies whatsoever, and organized themselves into the First Maine Cavalry. In their patriotic zeal, they gave no heed to their pending sacrifices of home comforts and luxuries for the army blanket and the changeless army ration, nor, above all, to the surrender of their rights of independent speech and action, by their oath to obey the orders of their appointed superiors. They fulfilled the obligations of their oaths in full measure. They served as a regiment through the war, and did their full share to restore union and peace to the country. In the discharge of that duty, the life of the regiment was told in more than fourscore encounters with the enemy, and our loyal state of Maine filled vacancies as they occurred, until the roll was lengthened to nearly three times twelve hundred names. The regiment contained men of nearly every age and position in life. Many of them were smooth-faced schoolboys, who, as a rule, made the best soldiers. A larger

number were middle-aged men in their full strength, who generally adapted themselves to their new duties and conditions less readily and successfully than their younger companions. There were also not a few, who, in that patriotic hour, disregarded not only old age, but even other infirmities that would have exempted them from bearing arms.

Among the boy soldiers referred to, there was one whose patriotism was equalled only by his pluck. He was one of the first to enlist and the last to be mustered out. He shared every duty and honored every position that an enlisted soldier has a right to. He experienced in turn the allurements of army hospitals and the eager hospitality of rebel prisons. But he did not die — the only blemish upon his heroic record. In taste and appearance he was better fitted for an editor's chair or an author's study than to fill a trooper's saddle. He used a facile pencil, and with it combined the taste of the individual with the daily duties of the soldier. By the light of the camp-fire, after the day was done, he wrote out the incidents of camp life, campaigns, marches, and battles. Thus, as the days of four long years of war wore themselves out one by one, so the pages of his faithful diary gathered events of that eventful time, and folded them up one by one for future use.

At last the war ended, and the surviving remnant of the regiment was mustered out of service. Then to many there came another change in their habits of life hardly less severe than the former one. Some, indeed, have never recovered from the interruption of their business habits and pursuits, caused by those four years of war. During the first decade of peace, therefore, the soldiers of the war had to struggle for a living, and found but little time in which to talk over their war experiences. Those matters, by common consent, became the special theme of statesmen.

But at last, after twenty-two years of work and reflection in the enjoyment of peace, the author of that diary has found time to break its seal, and the stories therein contained are told by him in this volume. Any book of this character must necessarily suggest a great deal more than it can express. The victories of the war may be enumerated, but their grand results are immeasurable and inexpressible. The expansion of free republican government on this continent, and the increase of population of our own country by tens of millions, and its wealth by thousands of millions, since the war, are facts that in themselves tax the imagination to properly



conceive of. But immeasurably greater than these things are the sacred truths that bondmen were set free, the poor were lifted up, treason was rebuked, and the principles of the government established by our fathers were vindicated. On the other hand, the graves filled by the war may also be counted. But the promises and hopes and secrets that were buried in them, and the broken hearts and disappointments and sighs and sorrows that hover about them, can never be told or known.

To the living of our dear old regiment, this history will be like a perpetual reunion. The reappearance of many faces that were familiar in the war, will cause us to forget for the moment the inroads of wrinkles and gray hairs wrought by nearly a quarter of a century that has elapsed. The delineations of deeds of gallantry, daring, and heroism, will rekindle the old war spirit that was in us. But more impressive than all else, the names of all, the dead and the living, marshalled in companies and battalions, will pass before us in silent but grand review.

The history will unquestionably possess interest for the general reader; but comrades of the First Maine Cavalry, I think it has been prepared more especially for ourselves and our children, wherever they may be scattered throughout the world. In recognition of that purpose, and as an expression of our appreciation, esteem, and regard for the author, I call for three cheers, in the spirit and with the ring of Auld Lang Syne, for Tobie.

C. H. SMITH.

FORT CLARK, TEXAS, July 16, 1887.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE WINTER IN MAINE.

	PAGE
ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT. — CHARACTER OF ITS MEN. — THE FIRST MAN. — THE FIRST LETTER FROM CAMP. — ROSTER OF OFFICERS AND MAKE-UP OF THE REGIMENT AT THE MUSTER-IN. — THE WINTER AT CAMP PENOBSCOT. — CAMP RUMORS. — LIFE IN TENTS DURING A MAINE WINTER. — SANITARY CONDITION OF THE MEN. — FUNERAL PROCESSIONS. — THAT "EXTRA BLANKET." — THE HORSES AND THEIR CARE. — DRILL, MOUNTED AND DISMOUNTED. — THE "SAILOR ON HORSEBACK." — THE RATIONS. — PAY-DAY. — THE TWENTY-TWO DOLLARS BOUNTY. — MORAL TONE OF THE REGIMENT. — THE PROFANITY AND TEMPERANCE ORDERS. — DISCIPLINE. — RUNNING GUARD. — PLEASANT MEMORIES. — CHANGES IN THE OFFICERS. — ON THE WAY TO WASHINGTON. — ARRIVAL AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL. — IN CAMP ON CAPITOL HILL. — THE FIRST DETAIL. — ARMED AND EQUIPPED.	1

CHAPTER II.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

GUARDING THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD. — INCIDENTS AT MARTINSBURG. — THE "INTOXICATION OF POWER." — UNDER GEN. BANKS. — THE FIRST DUTY IN PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY. — THE FIRST SKIRMISH AND THE FIRST CHARGE. — SKIRMISH NEAR STRASBURG. — BANKS' RETREAT. — PREPARING TO FIGHT. — "I CAME HERE TO FIGHT, CAPTAIN." — AN IMPORTANT SCOUTING EXPEDITION. — STUBBORN RESISTANCE TO ASHBY'S FORCE. — VALUABLE SERVICES OF THE FIRST MAINE BATTALION. — THE FIRST CASUALTY. — "THE MIDDLETOWN DISASTER." — A FEARFUL CHARGE. — ESCAPE OF THE BATTALION. — BATTLE OF WINCHESTER. — RETREAT ACROSS THE POTOMAC. — EXPERIENCES OF THE FIRST WOUNDED MAN. — A PRISON EXPERIENCE. — INCIDENTS OF THE DISASTER. — THE RETURN UP THE VALLEY. — MORE SKIRMISHING. — THE BATTALION REJOINS THE REGIMENT	28
---	----

CHAPTER III.

FIRST CAMPAIGN WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

	PAGE
DEPARTURE FROM WASHINGTON. — FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF VIRGINIA.	
— FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE. — WAR SCENES ALONG THE MARCH. —	
THE FIRST BIVOUAC. — A ROUGH INTRODUCTION TO CAMPAIGNING.	
— THE FIRST EXPEDITION. — FIRST EXPERIENCES IN FORAGING. —	
A MIDNIGHT RECONNOISSANCE. — A RIDE IN A PELTING RAIN. —	
THE FIRST RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT THE FRONT. — A QUEER TASTE	
TO MEAT AND MILK. — VIRGINIA THUNDER STORMS. — THE FIRST	
BURIAL IN THE "SACRED SOIL." — SUCCESSFUL RAID ON CUL-	
PEPPER. — "CAMP STANTON." — HEALTH OF THE MEN. — THE	
MARCH TO FREDERICKSBURG. — IN CAMP AT FALMOUTH. — REVIEW	
BY PRES. LINCOLN. — SHELTER TENTS. — ON THE MARCH AGAIN. —	
IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY. — CHARGE INTO WINCHESTER, AND	
SURPRISE OF THE REBELS. — BACK TO MANASSAS. — CHERRIES!	
CHERRIES! — AT WEAVERVILLE. — ON THE ROAD TO FREEDOM. —	
FOURTH OF JULY. — ARRIVAL OF LIEUT. COL. DOUTY'S BATTALION.	
— AT WARRENTON. — "NOT A GODLY GOOD MAN." — PICKETING,	
SCOUTING, ETC. — THE STAY AT WATERLOO	49

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAMPAIGN UNDER POPE.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA. — GEN. POPE'S FAMOUS ORDERS. — HIS PLANS.	
— THE BOYS LEARNING TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES. — DE-	
CEIDELY UNPLEASANT SENSATIONS. — DECREASE IN THE NUMBERS	
OF THE REGIMENT. — REVIEW BY GEN. POPE. — "FORWARD!" — AT	
CULPEPPER. — BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN. — UNDER FIRE FOR	
THE FIRST TIME. — MAGNIFICENT ARTILLERY DUEL. — A TRYING	
EXPERIENCE. — BIVOUAC ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE. — ARTILLERY	
FIRE IN THE NIGHT. — POPE'S RETREAT. — THE REGIMENT REAR	
GUARD FOR THE RETREATING ARMY. — FIRST BRANDY STATION	
FIGHT. — THE FIGHT AT WATERLOO. — A SKIRMISH IN A THUNDER	
STORM. — THE RAID ON CATLETT'S STATION. — BACKING AND FILL-	
ING. — SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN. — SCOUTING AND PICKETING	
DURING THE BATTLE. — BIVOUAC AT CENTREVILLE. — A COOL	
AMMUNITION TEAMSTER. — BACK TOWARD WASHINGTON. — SUFFER-	
INGS OF THE BOYS DURING THE RETREAT. — AN ENGLISH OPINION	
OF THE REGIMENT. — MUSTER-OUT OF THE BAND.	75

CHAPTER V.

THE CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND.

LEE'S ADVANCE INTO MARYLAND. — GEN. MCCLELLAN AGAIN IN COM-	
MAND OF THE ARMY. — THE REGIMENT AT ALEXANDRIA. — A	
RECONNOISSANCE TO FAIRFAX. — THE WOUNDED ON THE BATTLE-	



CONTENTS.

XV

PAGE

FIELD OF BULL RUN.—BACK ACROSS THE POTOMAC.—A HOT, DUSTY MARCH INTO MARYLAND.—HEAVY DETAILS FROM THE REGIMENT.—CAMPAIGNING AMONG FRIENDS.—A SKIRMISH WITH FITZ HUGH LEE.—CHARGE INTO AND OCCUPATION OF FREDERICK.—COL. ALLEN APPOINTED MILITARY GOVERNOR OF THE CITY AND CAPT. SMITH PROVOST MARSHAL.—ON DUTY IN THE CITY.—ARRIVAL OF RECRUITS.—DUTIES OF MILITARY GOVERNOR AND PROVOST MARSHAL.—IMPORTUNITIES OF REBEL WOMEN TO AID REBEL PRISONERS.—THE MAINE BOYS AT PRAYER MEETING.—CO. G AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN.—COS. H AND M AT ANTIETAM.—DEATH OF GEN. RENO.—CO. G AT BURNSIDE'S HEADQUARTERS . 90

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAMPAIGN UNDER BURNSIDE.

GEN. McCLELLAN RELIEVED BY GEN. BURNSIDE.—RESIGNATION OF COL. ALLEN.—CROSSING THE POTOMAC ON PONTOONS.—“ON TO RICHMOND” AGAIN.—CO. L ON DETAIL.—CO. F IN A SKIRMISH.—ONCE MORE AT WARRENTON.—AT SULPHUR SPRINGS.—FORAGING A FINE ART.—AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.—“GREASED HEEL.”—FOR FREDERICKSBURG.—CAMPAIGNING IN A COLD STORM.—SHORT RATIONS AND FORAGE.—CO. K ON A RECONNOISSANCE.—BROOKS’ STATION.—COLD SNOW STORM.—FALMOUTH.—COLD WEATHER AND SCANTY CLOTHING.—BAREFOOTED BOYS.—THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.—SUPPORTING A BATTERY.—BIVOUAC UNDER FIRE.—DEATH OF GEN. BAYARD.—IN “WINTER QUARTERS” 99

CHAPTER VII.

THE WINTER AT CAMP BAYARD.

WINTER QUARTERS.—UNPLEASANT SURROUNDINGS.—WINTER DUTIES IN THE FIELD.—MILITARY METHOD OF DOING WORK.—PICKET DUTY ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—A VISITOR FROM THE NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.—REBEL DESERTERS, CONTRABANDS, ETC.—PLEASURES OF PICKET DUTY.—FATIGUE DUTY AT BELLE PLAIN.—CAMP DUTY.—ORGANIZATION OF THE MULE TRAIN.—EXCELLENT RATIONS.—BOXES FROM HOME.—DESERTERS PUNISHED.—FORAGING EXPEDITION ON A LARGE SCALE.—REVIEW BY THE PRESIDENT.—CARE OF THE HORSES.—HEALTH AND SPIRITS OF THE MEN. 107

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAMPAIGN UNDER GEN. HOOKER.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CAVALRY CORPS.—ROSTER OF OFFICERS AT THE OPENING OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1863.—FIRST PRACTICAL USE OF THE CAVALRY FORCE.—STONEMAN’S RAID.—CHARGE INTO



LOUISA COURT HOUSE.—COS. B AND I MEET THE ENEMY.—DESTROYING PROPERTY.—SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM.—ACTUAL WORK OF THE RAID BEGUN.—EXPEDITION TO BURN A BRIDGE.—GALLANT AND SUCCESSFUL EXPLOIT.—ON THE BACK TRACK.—GLOOMY NIGHT RIDES.—SWIMMING THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—SCOUTING AND PICKETING AGAINST GUERRILLAS.—THE FIGHT AT BRANDY STATION.—FIRST CAVALRY CHARGE OF THE REGIMENT.—REORGANIZATION OF THE BRIGADE.—A RACE FOR MARYLAND.—BATTLE AT ALDIE.—DEATH OF COL. DOUTY AND CAPT. SUMMAT.—BATTLE AT MIDDLEBURG.—ADVENTURE OF CAPT. CHADBOURNE.—BATTLE AT UPPERVILLE.—AGAIN IN MARYLAND.—IN PENNSYLVANIA. . .	122
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAMPAIGN UNDER MEADE.

LEE'S ARMY IN NORTHERN STATES.—CHANGE OF COMMANDERS ARMY OF POTOMAC.—VALUABLE SERVICES OF THE CAVALRY.—GETTYSBURG.—ACROSS THE POTOMAC AGAIN.—SKIRMISH AT CHARLESTOWN.—THE FIGHT AT SHEPARDSTOWN.—AGAIN SOUTHWARD BOUND.—ONCE MORE ON THE BACK TRACK.—COVERING THE RETREAT.—RECONNOISSANCE TO LITTLE WASHINGTON AND SPERRYVILLE.—ANOTHER FIGHT AT BULL RUN.—SOUTHWARD AGAIN.—SKIRMISH AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.—PICKETING THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—PLEASANT CAMPAIGNING.—THE CAMPAIGN IN THE WILDERNESS.—SKIRMISH WITH THE SECOND CORPS.—ATTACK IN THE REAR.—END OF THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN.—COVERING THE RETREAT.—DUTIES OF ORDERLIES	176
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

THE WINTER OF 1863-4.

BUILDING WINTER QUARTERS AT BEALTON.—RE-ENLISTMENTS.—EXPEDITION TO LURAY.—CROSSING THE BLUE RIDGE.—A SPLENDID PICTURE.—SNOW ON THE MOUNTAINS.—AT LURAY.—DESTRUCTION.—OVER THE MOUNTAINS AGAIN.—DESTRUCTION AT SPERRYVILLE.—ANOTHER EXPEDITION.—SEVERE COLD, BAD ROADS, AND INTENSE SUFFERING.—CAPT. TAYLOR'S ENCOUNTER WITH MOSEBY'S MEN.—WINTER QUARTERS IN EARNEST.—COMFORTABLE HABITATIONS.—DUTIES OF THE WINTER.—RECONNOISSANCE TO PIEDMONT.—VETERAN FURLONGHS.—RECRUITS.—GUERRILLAS.—THE "DAHLGREN RAID."—INSIDE THE FORTIFICATIONS OF RICHMOND.—THE ATTACK.—FIRST MAINE TO THE RESCUE.—BRILLIANT CHARGE OF CO. F.—FIGHTING IN THE DARK.—DEATH OF COL. DAHLGREN.—A NIGHT IN THE SWAMP.—SURROUNDED.—ANOTHER CHARGE.—KILPATRICK'S ASSAULT ON RICHMOND.—THE BIVOUAC WITHIN SIX MILES OF RICHMOND.—HALF AN HOUR'S FIGHTING BY THE LIGHT OF THE CAMP-FIRES.—DRIVEN OUT OF CAMP.—CHARGE OF COS. A AND E AT

CONTENTS.

xvii

PAGE

OLD CHURCH.—INSIDE OUR LINES AGAIN.—AT YORKTOWN.— RESULTS OF THE EXPEDITION.—A MINOR EXPEDITION.—BACK TO CAMP.—“GOOD-BY” WINTER QUARTERS	221
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST CAMPAIGN UNDER SHERIDAN.

CHANGE IN COMMANDERS.—WHO IS GEN. SHERIDAN?—ROSTER OF OFFICERS AT THE OPENING OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1864.—THE CAMPAIGN COMMENCED.—GEN. MEADE'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY. —A FEW DAYS ON THE LEFT OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.— IN THE “WILDERNESS” AGAIN.—SKIRMISHING.—FIGHT AT TODD'S TAVERN.—SUCCESSFUL CHARGE UPON INFANTRY.—SHERIDAN'S RAID TO RICHMOND.—THE FIGHT AT BEAVER DAM STATION.— LIEUT. COL. BOOTHBY FATALLY WOUNDED.—FIGHT AT GROUND SQUIRREL BRIDGE.—INSIDE THE FORTIFICATIONS OF RICHMOND. —HEAVEN'S ARTILLERY JOINS IN THE FRAY.—FIGHTING HOME GUARDS.—OUT OF THE TRAP.—GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH SHERI- DAN.—THE SOUNDS OF SHELLS FROM UNION GUNBOATS.—BRIDGE BUILDING.—“AT HOME” AGAIN.—GEN. GRANT'S REPORT OF THE RAID.—SERVICES OF A SEPARATE DETACHMENT OF THE REGI- MENT IN MAY.	247
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

SECOND CAMPAIGN UNDER SHERIDAN.

ON THE ADVANCE AGAIN.—THE FIGHT AT HAWES' SHOP.—MAIL DELIVERED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—THE FIGHT AT COAL HARBOR. —DEATH OF CHAPLAIN BARTLETT.—SHERIDAN'S RAID TOWARD GORDONSVILLE.—FORAGING ON FOOT.—THE FIGHT AT TREVIL- LIAN STATION.—A LIVELY ARTILLERY DUEL.—VISIT TO LOUISA COURT HOUSE.—ON THE BACK TRACK.—A WEEK OF HOT, DUSTY, TIREsome MARCHING.—SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE A MONTH AFTER THE BATTLE.—FIGHT AT WHITE HOUSE LANDING.—FIRST DAY'S REST FOR NEARLY TWO MONTHS.—THE FIGHT AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH.—INTENSE HEAT.—THE DAY WITH THE LED HORSES.—“AT HOME” AGAIN	275
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

FIRST CAMPAIGN AROUND PETERSBURG.

TRIP TO THE BLACKWATER TO ASSIST KAUTZ.—LIGHT HOUSE POINT. —ON PICKET AT THE GURLEY FARM.—PICKET SKIRMISH.—A FEINT ON THE RIGHT.—A TRIP ACROSS THE APPOMATTOX AND THE JAMES.—SKIRMISHES AT MALVERN HILL.—ANOTHER MOVE- MENT ON THE RIGHT.—A FUNNY LITTLE FIGHT.—A MAIL ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.—THE FIGHT AT DEEP BOTTOM.—COL. GREGG WOUNDED.—A SERIOUS FIGHT ON PICKET.—RETURN OF COL. SMITH. —BACK ACROSS THE RIVER.—SKIRMISH BY MOONLIGHT.—THE FIGHT AT REAMS' STATION.—A COUPLE OF WEEKS OF PICKET.— ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA MEN	301
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE FIRST DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CAVALRY.

	PAGE
"BAKER'S CAVALRY." — ITS ORIGIN. — REGIMENTAL ORGANIZATION. —	
HENRY'S RIFLES. — KAUTZ'S FIRST RAID. — FIGHT AT NOTTAWAY	
BRIDGE. — RETURN TO CITY POINT. — ANOTHER RAID. — ASSIGNED	
TO GEN. BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT. — TO BERMUDA HUNDRED. — IN	
FORTIFICATIONS. — UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE. — AN ATTACK AND A	
REPULSE. — ADVANCE ON PETERSBURG. — MOUNTED AT LAST. —	
SECOND ADVANCE ON PETERSBURG. — WILSON'S RAID. — FIGHT AT	
ROANOKE BRIDGE. — FIGHT AT STONY CREEK. — FIGHT AT REAMS'	
STATION. — FIGHT AT SYCAMORE CHURCH. — TRANSFER TO THE FIRST	
MAINE CAVALRY	320

CHAPTER XV.

SECOND CAMPAIGN AROUND PETERSBURG.

THE NEW BRIGADE, GEN. SMITH COMMANDING. — LIEUT. COL. CILLEY	
COMMANDING THE REGIMENT. — DEPARTURE OF THE ORIGINAL	
MEN FOR HOME. — THE FIGHT ON THE BOYDTON PLANK ROAD,	
OR THE "BULL PEN." — DRILLING, PICKETING, AND RECONNOIT-	
RING. — VOTING FOR PRESIDENT. — IN WINTER QUARTERS ON THE	
JERUSALEM PLANK ROAD. — THE FIGHT AT STONY CREEK. — THE	
RAID TO BELLEFIELD. — THE CHAPEL. — THE RECONNOISSANCE	
TO HATCHER'S RUN, AND THE FIGHT. — A DECIDEDLY DISAGREE-	
ABLE NIGHT. — THE PROMPT ADVANCE OF GEN. GRANT'S RAIL-	
ROAD. — SIX OR SEVEN WEEKS OF QUIET LIFE. — THE ATTACK ON	
FORT STEADMAN	358

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST GRAND CAMPAIGN.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS, MARCH 29, 1865. — LEAVING WINTER QUARTERS.	
— WELCOME BACK TO SHERIDAN. — THE FIGHT AT DINWIDDIE	
COURT HOUSE. — A DAY OR TWO OF COMPARATIVE REST. —	
ACROSS THE SOUTH SIDE RAILROAD. — PETERSBURG CAPTURED,	
RICHMOND EVACUATED, AND THE REBEL ARMY FLEEING. — THE	
PURSUIT. — AT JEFFERSONVILLE. — FIRST CHARGE ON LEE'S TRAIN.	
— FIGHT AT SAILOR'S CREEK. — SECOND AND SUCCESSFUL CHARGE	
ON LEE'S TRAIN. — SKIRMISH AT BRIERY CREEK. — CHARGE INTO	
FARMVILLE. — FORAGING MADE EASY. — THE NIGHT BEFORE APPO-	
MATTOX. — THE MORNING AT APPOMATTOX. — SURRENDER OF GEN.	
LEE. — ON THE BACK TRACK. — DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. —	
IN CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG. — LAST EXPEDITION OF THE FIRST	
MAINE CAVALRY. — HONORS TO GALLANT OFFICERS. — LAST CAMP	
OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY. — TAKING CARE OF THE PEOPLE.	
— CAVALRY MEN TURNED SCHOOLMASTERS. — MUSTER-OUT. — THE	
RETURN HOME. — CONCLUSION	383

ROSTER OF THE REGIMENT.

	PAGE
FIELD AND STAFF	451
COMPANY A	465
COMPANY B	481
COMPANY C	500
COMPANY D	513
COMPANY E	526
COMPANY F	541
COMPANY G	558
COMPANY H	578
COMPANY I	594
COMPANY K	611
COMPANY L	631
COMPANY M	644
GRAND RECAPITULATION	659
FIRST DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	660

LIST OF CASUALTIES.

1862	669
1863	671
1864	675
FIRST DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	682
1865	686
RECAPITULATION	688
THE BATTLE-FLAG	693
GENERAL ORDER No. 10	695
INDEX TO ROSTER	719
CARD FROM THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION	733



Edwin Tobie

Historian

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

CHAPTER I.

THE WINTER IN MAINE.

ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT. — CHARACTER OF ITS MEN. — THE FIRST MAN. — THE FIRST LETTER FROM CAMP. — ROSTER OF OFFICERS AND MAKE-UP OF THE REGIMENT AT THE MUSTER-IN. — THE WINTER AT CAMP PENOBSCOT. — CAMP RUMORS. — LIFE IN TENTS DURING A MAINE WINTER. — SANITARY CONDITION OF THE MEN. — FUNERAL PROCESSIONS. — THAT "EXTRA BLANKET." — THE HORSES AND THEIR CARE. — DRILL, MOUNTED AND DISMOUNTED. — THE "SAILOR ON HORSEBACK." — THE RATIONS. — PAY-DAY. — THE TWENTY-TWO DOLLARS BOUNTY. — MORAL TONE OF THE REGIMENT. — THE PROFANITY AND TEMPERANCE ORDERS. — DISCIPLINE. — RUNNING GUARD. — PLEASANT MEMORIES. — CHANGES IN THE OFFICERS. — ON THE WAY TO WASHINGTON. — ARRIVAL AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL. — IN CAMP ON CAPITOL HILL. — THE FIRST DETAIL. — ARMED AND EQUIPPED.

THE First Maine Cavalry was organized in the fall of 1861, under authority from the War Department. The first ten regiments of infantry, recruited under an act of the Legislature passed at a special session, on the twenty-fifth of the preceding April, were organized, or nearly so, and the greater portion of them had already gone to the front, when there came from Washington authority to enlist five more regiments of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, a company of sharpshooters, and six batteries of light artillery, to serve three years, or during the war. Up to this time the War Department seemed to have little faith in cavalry, which afterwards proved to be so important and useful a branch of the service, and offers of mounted troops, and of light artillery, also, had been refused.

This authority was received about the first of September, but not till the eleventh was the order for recruiting the new regiments issued by the state authorities, and it was some days later than that, that the necessary papers for enlisting the regiment of cavalry were put into the hands of parties in different sections of the state. Recruiting went forward rapidly. By the first of October the men began to rendezvous at Augusta; on the nineteenth five companies were mustered into service, and in the early part of November the regiment of twelve companies was full and the organization complete, the regiment having been raised in a shorter time than any similar organization in any other state.

The men composing the regiment were of the best class that went from the state, which their record proves, and for several reasons. At that time the war of the rebellion had begun to be considered as likely to be a long and a bloody war. The idea, so fondly indulged in at first, that it would end in sixty, or at most ninety days, had been thoroughly dispelled. Bull Run, with all its disasters, was then a matter of sad, humiliating history. That the south meant fight to the bitter end was certain, and that its army had the advantage in organization and in military discipline, if not in numbers, as well as in the prestige of success and the benefit of being on the defensive, was also certain. The battle of Bull Run had waked up the north as nothing else could have done. A large proportion of the men who enlisted subsequent to that time did so from purely patriotic motives and after calmly thinking over the matter, because they felt that the country really needed them and they must go, cost what it might. They had had opportunities to learn from the experiences of those already in the field something of what the service really was, and had weighed carefully all sides of the question. They knew full well that if they enlisted they surrendered their freedom, their personality, in a great measure, their very thoughts and convictions, almost, into other hands, which to many was worse than facing death itself; and they were willing to make all that sacrifice. They felt that they were to encounter hardship, and suffering, and danger, beyond anything they then could imagine; yet they were willing, for country's sake, to brave all. With

this understanding of what they were about to do, and of what it entailed upon them, they enlisted.

And there were reasons why this regiment secured the very best of the superior class of men that enlisted at that time. In the first place, it was announced that a better class of men was required for this service, as the grade was higher, and only men of superior intelligence were wanted. Recruiting officers were instructed to enlist "none but sound, able-bodied men in all respects, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years, of correct morals and temperate habits, active, intelligent, vigorous and hardy, weighing not less than one hundred and twenty-five or more than one hundred and sixty pounds." These requirements were generally answered, and many men were refused by the recruiting officer and the medical examiner, who enlisted and were accepted in other regiments almost immediately afterwards. Recruiting officers were given large fields to select from, and thus could, in a great measure, take their pick of the men offered, the regiment being apportioned among the several counties of the state — four companies to be recruited from two counties each, and the remaining eight, each from a different county. This plan was carried out as far as practicable, and thus the regiment was more completely a state regiment than any other, being made up from all parts of the state. Then many of the men, having looked into the matter carefully, had concluded that one great source of the dissatisfaction with the service on the part of those already in the field, arose from the fact of being obliged to lie almost idle in camp day after day, relieved only by the dull routine of guard duty, which bred uneasiness, homesickness, and even disease, and they concluded that in the cavalry service there would be more to keep them busy; there were the horses to be cared for always, and there was, as they thought, a prospect of more duty in scouting, etc. Then the idea of long and forced marches on foot led many who feared they would not be able to endure this portion of the service to prefer a service in which they could ride. Then there hung about the cavalry service a dash and an excitement which attracted those men who had read and remembered the glorious achievements of "Light Horse Harry"

and his brigade, and of "Morgan's Men" in the revolutionary war, or who had devoured the story of "Charles O'Malley," and similar works. In short, men who had read much in history or in fiction, preferred the cavalry service. The *Lewiston Journal* of January 24, 1862, in a correspondence from Augusta, gives another reason for this fact, and also compliments the men of the regiment in these words: "We could not avoid noticing the noble bearing and almost universal indications of intelligence of a high order in the faces of the members of the cavalry, as they rode through the streets on their chargers a few days since. It may be, as intimated by the Professor in the Atlantic, that it makes common men look dignified and imperious to sit on a horse. This is probably so, and may furnish the explanation why the cavalry service—certainly much harder than the infantry—has been sought after by so many men of means. Men—and sometimes women—like to rule, and if it is only a horse, it yields some satisfaction. The conquerors of the world are always represented on horseback, and from Marcus Aurelius in Roman bronze down to the 'man on horseback' in Gen. Cushing's prophetic speech, the saddle has been the true seat of empire."

John Goddard, of Cape Elizabeth, a man well-known throughout the state, was selected by the state authorities as colonel of the regiment at the earliest inception of its organization, and the remaining field and staff officers soon after, and all went actively at work. The first name borne on the rolls of the regiment was that of Jonathan P. Cilley, of Thomaston (afterwards lieutenant colonel and brevet brigadier general), who had, previous to this time, recruited men for a battery of light artillery, which the state refused to accept. Receiving an intimation that a cavalry regiment was to be raised in the state, he at once telegraphed to Gov. Washburn for authority to enlist men, and received a telegram dated September third, to commence. He immediately made out a roll, signed his name at the head, and secured several names before he received the regular enlisting papers, which was not till some days afterwards, when the enlistment was done over again according to the form prescribed in the army regulations. He went to Augusta with twenty-six

men on the thirtieth of September, — the first squad that arrived there for the regiment. This squad, in the immediate charge of Melville B. Cook, afterwards sergeant, camped on the parade-ground in front of the State House that night, and in a day or two went into camp in the enclosure of the State Fair Association, which was destined to be the camp-ground of the regiment for the coming winter — afterwards named "Camp Penobscot." A squad of men from Penobscot county arrived on the ground the next day, and a day or two later, October third, a squad from Androscoggin county. The state of affairs there at this time, together with the spirit of the men, are indicated in a letter, one of the first, if not the first letter, written in the camp of the First Maine Cavalry, which is given *verbatim*, with such explanations in brackets as are necessary: —

IN A HORSE-STALL ON THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR GROUNDS,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE CAPITOL,

AUGUSTA, MAINE, October 4, 1861.

DEAR FATHER: — Here I am, all right, sitting on the bed, and using an inverted nail cask for a table. We arrived here yesterday, at about the usual time for the afternoon train. We were filed out of the car, and marched up to the State House, when each of us was presented with a bed-tick and a towel, and admonished to be careful of them. Then we were marched down to the fair-ground, and found no tents. The five that were sent over the day before had done their work well, and got everything fixed but tents; but those not being in town, couldn't be very handily put up. We broke ranks and were shown where the straw was quartered, and a gentle hint given that we could sleep better if our ticks were filled. We took the hint, and in a short time our boys might have been seen straggling along, each with a straw bed on his shoulder. We were ordered to put them into the horse-stalls, as those were to be our quarters for the night. These stalls are decently well built and quite warm, being boarded up all round, and well covered. I happened to get into a good one, and lay last night on a shelf. Cook came along and said supper was ready. Sorter hungry, and had no trouble in finding the table. It was our first camp meal, and we had plenty of sport. It was a good supper, too, and if we get half as good right along, I won't grumble at all. We had cold salt beef (good), meat hash (good), hard and soft bread (good), boiled rice (can't say whether or no it was good, never having formed a friendship for the article), and some tip-top coffee, sweetened with molasses, but good. We had a merry time, and ate plenty. We were somewhat amused by hearing one inquiring, "Where is the butter?" and many other such expressions. After supper we went to the State House and got some good, large, warm blankets, and then started for a stroll down town. We got back about half-past seven, and

having nothing special to do, turned into our quarters. We had four in this stall, and after fixing ourselves comfortably, we lay down to sleep. But no sleep at present. We were most all green at camping out, and it was sport for us to listen to the various remarks, good, bad, and indifferent, of the several new sojers. The partitions between the stalls are not made clear up, so we could hear all that was going on. We had no light, so we detailed a man to find one, who soon came back with couple inches of candle, which he stuck into a potato, and then nailed the potato to the side of the house. We lay listening till some after nine, after which I have no recollection till about three o'clock, when I woke up and found the same noise I left. I soon got over that, and the next I knew I heard the cook getting breakfast. We got up, went down to the spring and washed and combed up, and then breakfast was ready. We had baked beans (very good), hard and soft bread, cold meat, rice, etc., and milk for our coffee. A nice breakfast. While we were eating, our colonel came along on horseback, took a keen glance along the table, and passed on to the other companies. Breakfast over, most of the boys strolled off, while I staid in the quarters and marked my bed, blanket, etc. That done, I went up to the State House to see the sights, and found most of our boys at the top. They had been down to the city and purchased a foot ball and a base ball, by contribution, and were on the way back. We kicked the foot ball round a spell, and then "fell in" for drill. We were drilled by Lieut. Col. Height, or Haight [Hight], who forces his words out in this way: "FORWARD, HITCH!" which caused us some little sport, though we dared not show it. Then volunteers were called for to go to work on the stables, and I was one of the respondents, and for about four hours I was a carpenter. Liked it pretty well. It seems I. W., Jr. [Gov. Washburn] said the horses must stay in the open air; but our colonel said the horses must be taken care of if the men were not; and so the sojers are being carpenters by turns. Our boys like the appearance of the colonel very much, and this forenoon one of them was feeling awful good by the thought that the colonel spoke to him privately. On being questioned, however, as to what he said, he replied: "He told me to 'hush up.'" No more brag there. The boys are kicking the foot ball now, and, judging by the noise they make, are having a good time. I shall help them soon.

There are about three hundred on the ground now. The Penobscot company came day before yesterday with full ranks, and there is quite a strong delegation from Lincoln county [Knox and Waldo]. About fifty from Hancock county came in this afternoon, and I think they will fare rather slim to-night. The Eleventh Infantry are camped by our side, and directly opposite the Capitol. Part of a company of sharp-shooters are also in camp there. The infantry have got a tip-top camp-ground, but if the man was here that told me the fair-ground was a beautiful place for camping, I think I could convince him in a few minutes that he was mistaken. The race-track is very good for parade, but the inside was sown down to oats this season, and the stubble now sticks up promiscuously, and in case of rain it will be horrible. We don't care, though, as we are Uncle Sam's men. We have had a good time so far, and all are in tip-top spirits. We have a good cook, and everything for him to work with. Potatoes at every meal,

so far. No riot has yet occurred, but I heard several swearing last night that if that "fellow don't stop thumbing on that guitar, I'll break it to-morrow." The guitar is well so far. We don't know how long we shall play horses, but our tents are expected every day. I feel tip-top, and think I am going to like it. Slept well last night, and waked up this morning without being called, feeling as clear as a quill.

From this time the state fair-ground rapidly assumed the appearance of a camp, as one squad after another arrived and began a new line of tents inside the race-track. The several companies retained their original camping-ground, and when the regiment was completed, the companies were in the following order: Co. B on the right, and then A, F, I, M, K, E, L, G, H, D, C. The "judges' stand" was taken for a hospital, and the barn at the entrance to the grounds for a guard-house. At the further end of the grounds six stables, substantially made and comfortable in arrangement, were constructed, mainly by the enlisted men, of sufficient size and length to accommodate the horses of two companies each. The horses also soon began to arrive, and new men were coming in daily. During the month of October considerable dismounted drill was indulged in, some guard duty and much fatigue duty were performed, and the men made themselves comfortable in their tents, etc., but on the whole the month may be said to have been spent in organizing, and on the fifth day of November the last company was mustered in, and the organization was completed, as follows:—

FIELD AND STAFF.

(Mustered October 31.)

COLONEL,
LIEUTENANT COLONEL,

MAJORS,

ADJUTANT,
QUARTERMASTER,
SURGEON,
ASSISTANT SURGEON,
CHAPLAIN,

JOHN GODDARD, Cape Elizabeth.
THOMAS HIGHT, U. S. Army.
{ SAMUEL H. ALLEN, Thomaston.
DAVID P. STOWELL, Canton.
CALVIN S. DOUTY, Dover.
BENJAMIN F. TUCKER, U. S. Army.
EDWARD M. PATTEN, Portland.
GEORGE W. COLBY, Richmond.
GEORGE D. HALEY, Eastport.
BENJAMIN F. TEFT, Bangor.

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

SERGEANT MAJOR.	ADDISON P. RUSSELL, Houlton.
QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT.	EUSTIS C. BIGELOW, Portland.
COMMISSARY SERGEANT.	CHARLES S. CROSBY, Bangor.
HOSPITAL STEWARD.	SAMUEL C. LOVEJOY, Rockland.
PRINCIPAL MUSICIANS.	{ ARTEMAS D. BICKFORD, Houlton. WILLIAM L. BOYD, Houlton. }

COMPANY A.—PENOBSCOT COUNTY.

(Mustered in October 19.)

CAPTAIN,	WARREN L. WHITNEY, Newburg.
FIRST LIEUTENANT.	SIDNEY W. THAXTER, Bangor.
SECOND LIEUTENANT.	JOSEPH C. HILL, Kennebunk.

Six sergeants, eight corporals, two buglers, two farriers, seventy-two privates.

COMPANY B.—KNOX AND WALDO COUNTIES.

(Mustered in October 19.)

CAPTAIN,	JONATHAN P. CILLEY, Thomaston.
FIRST LIEUTENANT.	WILLIAM P. COLEMAN, Lincolnville.
SECOND LIEUTENANT.	FRANK M. CUTLER, Union.

Six sergeants, eight corporals, two buglers, two farriers, one wagoner, one saddler, seventy-three privates.

COMPANY C.—KENNEBEC COUNTY.

(Mustered in October 20.)

CAPTAIN,	ROBERT F. DYER, Augusta.
FIRST LIEUTENANT.	DUDLEY L. HAINES, Readfield.
SECOND LIEUTENANT.	GEORGE S. KIMBALL, Gardiner.

Six sergeants, eight corporals, two buglers, two farriers, one wagoner, one saddler, seventy-five privates.

COMPANY D.—WASHINGTON AND HANCOCK COUNTIES.

(Mustered in October 19.)

CAPTAIN,	CHARLES H. SMITH, Eastport.
FIRST LIEUTENANT.	ANDREW B. SPURLING, Orland.
SECOND LIEUTENANT.	WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, Orland.

Six sergeants, eight corporals, two buglers, two farriers, two wagoners, one saddler, seventy-three privates.

COMPANY E.—AROOSTOOK COUNTY.

(Mustered in October 19.)

CAPTAIN,	BLACK HAWK PUTNAM, Houlton.
FIRST LIEUTENANT,	JOHN H. GODDARD, Portland.
SECOND LIEUTENANT,	OSCAR S. ELLIS, Lincoln.

Six sergeants, eight corporals, one bugler, one wagoner, one saddler, seventy-four privates.

COMPANY F.—CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

(Mustered in October 19.)

CAPTAIN,	NATHAN MAYHEW, Portland.
FIRST LIEUTENANT,	STEPHEN BOOTHBY, Portland.
SECOND LIEUTENANT,	JARVIS C. STEVENS, Portland.

Six sergeants, eight corporals, two buglers, two farriers, one wagoner, one saddler, seventy-three privates.

COMPANY G.—ANDROSCOGGIN AND OXFORD COUNTIES.

(Mustered in October 31.)

CAPTAIN,	AUGUSTUS J. BURBANK, Lewiston.
FIRST LIEUTENANT,	ZEBULON B. BLETHEN, Lewiston.
SECOND LIEUTENANT,	ISAAC G. VIRGIN, Dixfield.

Six sergeants, eight corporals, two buglers, two farriers, one wagoner, one saddler, seventy-three privates.

COMPANY H.—SOMERSET COUNTY.

(Mustered in November 5.)

CAPTAIN,	GEORGE J. SUMMAT, U. S. Army.
FIRST LIEUTENANT,	CHARLES H. BAKER, Skowhegan.
SECOND LIEUTENANT,	JOHN R. WEBB, St. Albans.

Six sergeants, eight corporals, two buglers, two farriers, one wagoner, one saddler, seventy-three privates.

COMPANY I.—YORK COUNTY.

(Mustered in October 31.)

CAPTAIN,	LOUIS O. COWAN, Biddeford.
FIRST LIEUTENANT,	PAUL CHADBOURNE, Waterboro.
SECOND LIEUTENANT,	FRANK W. PRAY, Shapleigh.

Seven sergeants, eight corporals, two buglers, one wagoner, seventy-five privates.

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

COMPANY K.—SAGADAHOE, AROOSTOOK, AND LINCOLN
COUNTIES.

(Mustered in November 2.)

CAPTAIN,	GEORGE PRINCE, Bath.
FIRST LIEUTENANT,	GEORGE CARY, Houlton.
SECOND LIEUTENANT,	JOHN D. MYRICK, Augusta.

Six sergeants, eight corporals, two buglers, two farriers, one wagoner, seventy-two privates.

COMPANY L.—FRANKLIN COUNTY.

(Mustered in November 1.)

CAPTAIN,	REUBEN B. JENNINGS, Farmington.
FIRST LIEUTENANT,	CONSTANTINE TAYLOR, U. S. Army.
SECOND LIEUTENANT,	GEORGE WESTON, Oldtown.

Six sergeants, eight corporals, two musicians, two farriers, one wagoner, two saddlers, seventy-six privates.

COMPANY M.—PISCATAQUIS, PENOBSCOT, AND HANCOCK
COUNTIES.

(Mustered in October 31.)

CAPTAIN,	GEORGE M. BROWN, Bangor.
FIRST LIEUTENANT,	JOHN C. C. BOWEN, Boston, Mass.
SECOND LIEUTENANT,	EVAN S. PILLSBURY, Guilford.

Six sergeants, eight corporals, two buglers, two farriers, one wagoner, one saddler, sixty-eight privates.

The history of the regiment from its organization until the next spring, contains no scenes of excitement or danger, and no record of daring deeds or of battle-fields, yet 'tis a part of the whole, and during that time the men learned something of service, something of discipline, something of drill, something of suffering — all preparatory for what was to follow. At first, it was expected the regiment would go to Washington before cold weather set in; then 'twas changed to go to New York for the winter; then came thick and fast rumors of going; of being disbanded, and the men mustered out; of joining Butler's expedition; of marching to Harrisburg, Pa., and thence going by cars to Washington; of marching through New England, any

way; of marching to Portland, and there taking transports for South Carolina; of marching to Providence, R. I., and there taking transports for Annapolis, Md.; of going to Texas; of the horses being taken away and the men mustered out; and of most everything else except what actually occurred, namely, the regiment remained in Augusta all winter, and a cold winter it was, too, the men living in tents. So fast were different stories circulated and contradicted, that everything was in a state of uncertainty; and when the regiment was actually ordered to the front, few even then believed it would ever leave Augusta.

That there was reason for some of these rumors there is no doubt. Hon. James G. Blaine, in a speech at the regimental reunion held in Augusta, in 1878, said:—

About the time the regiment was ready to move there was a change in the War Department, Mr. Cameron going out and Mr. Stanton coming in; and there was a feeling at that time that Secretary Cameron had been extravagant, especially in the enlistment of cavalry; and a general order went out to disband all the volunteer cavalry regiments in the country at that time. It happened that Gov. Washburn—because I was personally acquainted with the new Secretary of War, Stanton—asked me to go to Washington. I happened at that time to be Speaker of the House of Representatives of Maine, and I left the chair, a speaker *pro tem.* being appointed, and went to Washington, to represent that if every other cavalry regiment should be disbanded, the Union could never be saved unless the First Maine went out. And I went on that mission, and I had sundry and divers interviews with Mr. Stanton, who seemed to be utterly implacable. I had the great aid of Vice President Hamlin, whose kinsman I am glad to see among our guests this evening; of our great senator, Mr. Fessenden; of his great associate, Mr. Morrill. But with all this able influence that was brought to bear, I think it would have been ineffectual, had it not turned out that a regular army officer, who had been down here on some sort of duty, came to the War Department, and with a good, round, square cavalry oath, if there is such a thing, told Stanton that there never had been such a regiment mounted in the United States as that, and he could not afford to disband it. Accordingly the regiment was moved within three weeks from this time.

These extracts from “Rebellion Record” point in the same direction:—

HD. QRS. OF DEPT OF NEW ENGLAND,
BOSTON, Feb. 12, 1862.

THE HON. SEC'Y OF WAR:—I must again call attention to the Maine cavalry regiment, if I am to have the horses. If not, I must purchase

others for battery and transportation purposes. I would most strongly advise the dismounting of that regiment, both in an economical and military point of view.

Most truly and resp'y your obt. servt.,

BENJ. F. BUTLER, *Maj. Gen. Com.*

It is desirable that the First Maine Cavalry be dismounted, the men being given the option either to be transferred to the regular dragoons, or to enlist in any other arm of the service, either volunteers or regulars, or be discharged, the officers mustered out of service, and the horses taken either to mount the artillery or for transportation service.

B. F. BUTLER, *Maj. Gen. Com.*

So it seems that there came very near being no history of the First Maine Cavalry to write. It is evident that the War Department tried hard, but was unable to make an advantageous disposition of the regiment in the field that winter, and so it remained where it was. This was very severe on the men. The hospital was quickly filled up, and "Winthrop Hall" was taken for hospital purposes for the sick of the several regiments and batteries in camp at Augusta, and many of the comrades of this regiment were in that hospital. The reports of the surgeons of the different regiments of Thursday, January twenty-eighth, show that out of 1,160 men then in camp belonging to the cavalry, 261 were in the hospital; of the 960 men in camp belonging to the Thirteenth Infantry, 163 were on the sick-list; of the 957 men of the Fourteenth Infantry then in camp, 120 were sick; of the 933 men of the Fifteenth Infantry then in camp, 158 were in the hospital; total, 4,010 men in camp, of whom 702 were on the sick-list.

The first death in the regiment was that of Thomas Hollis, Co. L, of Dead River Plantation, who died January third. (One of the band died earlier, but he was not mustered in, and his death does not appear upon the records.) During the winter there were several deaths, hardly a company escaping the loss of one or more of its members, while some of them lost two or three, and several who were left there sick when the regiment departed in the spring, died shortly after. The impression left by those sad funeral processions, with none but the comrades as mourners, with the horse of deceased loaded with his arms

and equipments, and with his horse led in the line with his boots reversed in the saddle, with an absence of everything pertaining to such occasions that the men had before been in the habit of seeing, and the remembrance of their feelings as they thus followed their comrade to his last home, will never be effaced.

It was estimated by good authority that the regiment lost that winter more than two hundred men, by death and disability, on account of the cold weather and the insufficient means of protection. The condition of the troops in camp attracted the attention of some of the members of the Legislature, and a bill was introduced to give each man an extra blanket, at the expense of the state; but, after some discussion, it was so amended as to authorize the governor to give one to such as he thought deserved it; and with this amendment the bill passed. This regiment, at least, got no extra blankets, the knowledge that every man had a horse blanket, and that many had quilts, comforters, and blankets furnished from home, being generally understood to be the reason why. The last of November or the first of December, sheet-iron stoves were put in each tent, attached to a hollow iron tent-pole, which served as a chimney. But the heat thus obtained was, from the nature of the case, irregular, and many took colds by the sudden changes in the temperature, from which they never recovered. The weather was extremely cold, even for Maine, and "big snow storms" were the rule rather than the exception. Add to all these the fact that portions of the uniform were not received till the last of November or first of December, and that many of the men were up to that time insufficiently clothed for such a mode of life in such a climate, and it will be seen that the boys of the First Maine Cavalry early learned to meet hardships, or, as they themselves expressed it, to "stand grief." That the men suffered severely, and needlessly, too, that winter, is simply a matter of fact.

The horses were nearly or quite all received by the first of November. On the eighth of that month the regiment spent a whole day in counting them, when they were all taken out on the track. They were counted over and over again, and at the close of the day's work the quartermaster was not quite sure

whether there were one thousand and thirty-five or one thousand and thirty-six government horses on the ground. It was conceded on all hands that a better lot of horses were never collected together. Col. Goddard from the first took an active interest in the care of the horses, and succeeded in infusing this spirit into the officers of the regiment. Indeed, it was a common remark around camp that the horses were of more account than the men, as they cost money, and the men didn't; and those who remember getting up long before light those cold mornings, crawling out of those overheated tents into the cold morning air, putting on their white stable frocks, and after shivering through roll-call, marching to the stables and there remaining half or three-quarters of an hour while the horses ate their early breakfast, and repeating the operation at eight o'clock in the evening, or standing "switch guard" through the long, cold nights, or leading the horses down that slippery hill through the woods to water twice a day, whether they would drink or no, rain or shine, cold or warm, sick or well, perhaps may consider that they have a right to think so. The adjutant general of the state, in his annual report for that year, says: "The saving to the government in the lives of horses, from the rigid enforcement of Col. Goddard's rules in this respect, must be several thousand dollars." The erection of stables was commenced with the arrival of the first squad of men at the camp, and they were ready for occupancy by the time the horses began to arrive, and the animals had quarters that winter more comfortable than did the men, in comparison with the usual accommodations for man and beast. They soon got used to sleeping without lying down, and appeared to suffer no ill effects from so doing. They were fed with grain, groomed, and watered twice a day, and given hay in ample quantities for lunch. On occasions when the weather did not allow of mounted drills for several days, they were taken out and exercised. It is safe to say they never, before nor since, got better care than they did in Camp Penobscot. They were assigned to the several companies according to their color, three companies being given bay horses, two brown, two sorrel, two black, and one each being given gray, roan, and

chestnut horses; and this arrangement was maintained as far as was practicable, as long as the regiment remained in the service.

Dismounted drill commenced at an early day. Lieut. Col. Hight and Adj. Tucker, both excellent and efficient drill masters, and both from the regular army, although doing a large amount of work in organizing, found time to attend to this matter, and these two gave the greater portion of the enlisted men of the original regiment their first lessons in cavalry drill. The horse equipments were not received till late in November, and not all till the middle of December, when the men at once commenced to learn to drill on horseback. Those first mounted drills—will they ever be forgotten, so long as one lives who saw them? Most of the horses had never before been ridden on the back, and most of the men knew as little about it as did the horses. There was kicking and rearing, and running and jumping, and lying down and falling down, on the part of the horses, and swearing and yelling, and getting thrown and being kicked, and getting hurt and sore in various ways, by the men. There was crowding in the ranks, and getting out of place and striving to get back into place, and pushing forward and hanging back, and going backwards and sideways, and all ways but the right way, and all sorts of laps and mishaps, which, though amusing to look back upon now, and amusing at the time to all but the unfortunate ones, were anything but pleasant then to those immediately concerned. These difficulties, however, were rapidly overcome, and but few of the horses proved unfit for the cavalry service, and such as did were made to do duty as draught horses.

During these first lessons as troopers many incidents occurred worthy of record, could they only be recovered from the storehouse of memory. Among them is one which illustrates the unpleasantness of the situation, and shows some of the stuff American volunteers were made of. A "sailor on horseback" has been from time immemorial the butt of ridicule, yet Company K was largely composed of sea-faring men, and Capt. Prince was himself an old sea captain. On the occasion of a review of the regiment by Gov. Washburn, Joe

Gatchell of this company found himself and horse crowded out of his place in the line, and his best efforts failed to navigate the horse back into place. Capt. Prince noticed his situation, and forgetting his military in his anxiety that his company should present a correct appearance before His Excellency, he called out in the old quarter-deck tone and manner, "Come up there ! what in hell are you falling astern for ?" This put Joe in sailing trim at once, and quicker than thought he replied, "Why, captain, I can't get the damn thing in stays !" "Well, give her more headway, then !" was the reply. Another sailor, on climbing to the horse's back for the first time, remarked that he should have to have "a lanyard to keep him from falling off."

For some time the regiment was taught the old, double-rank cavalry drill, in which it made slow progress, and it seemed as if anything like perfection never could be attained. Finally the single-rank drill of Gen. Philip St. George Cooke was adopted, and from the first morning that the men were ordered to form in single rank, the regiment advanced rapidly in tactics. And it may be stated here that the efficiency of the regiment in the field and the excellent reputation it won are due, partially, at least, to the use of these tactics, from the facility with which a regiment can be handled and can change its position under them. Few regiments in the service, certainly no one with which this was brigaded, drilled in this manner. Indeed, such was the prejudice against the single-rank drill, that several times the commander of the regiment was ordered to form his men in double ranks, which he persistently neglected to do, though by a skilful make-up of his regimental line he conveyed the idea to the casual observer that he had obeyed the command. Drill was the daily order when the weather permitted, by squadron and by regiment, while dress parades, reviews, and parades through the streets of Augusta were of frequent occurrence, and 'tis but just to say that the regiment made a fine appearance on the parade-ground or on the street. The band, the members of which had been enlisted for that purpose, in a short time acquired a good degree of proficiency with their daily practice, and learned to play

while mounted, and on all parades they rode at the head of the regiment, on their gray horses, a novel as well as pleasing sight to the thousands of people who watched the evolutions of the regiment that winter. How quickly horses may be trained is shown by the fact that the members of the band received their saddles one morning, immediately began practice mounted, and succeeded so far that at dress parade that same evening they "beat off" mounted, and did it wonderfully well, for the time the horses had been under drill with the music.

Nor was dismounted drill neglected, though it occupied a place of secondary importance. Some time during the winter laths were procured, for the purpose of learning and practising the sabre exercise. These were made into swords of the most grotesque shape by the men, and the exercise was looked upon very generally as a farce, was laughed at by outsiders, and was discontinued after a very short time; yet there is no doubt that the rudiments of the use of the sabre learned with the aid of those wooden swords were never forgotten, and proved to be of advantage when the real sabre was put into the hands of the men. No arms were furnished, except a few old muskets for use on guard duty, till the regiment arrived at Washington.

The men for the most part acquired the drill readily, and, although they couldn't quite see what dress parade, and "right dress," and "on first squadron form close column!" and marching through the city, and drill, generally, had to do with fighting, and had already begun to learn the soldiers' prerogative of growling, yet they took an interest in it, and only growled when these interfered with their own private arrangements, or when the tents were more comfortable than the parade-ground. The officers, or at least those who meant business, made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the tactics, so far as related to their several duties, and those who did not—who enlisted for show, merely, or were commissioned to serve political ends or for personal reasons, without regard to capability or patriotism, and such were comparatively few in number—made but a short stay with the regiment after it got into the field, if, indeed, they did not leave it before that time.

Of the rations furnished the regiment that winter, but little



need be said. At first, when they were supplied by contract, they were good enough, and gave general satisfaction to all but chronic growlers. But soon after the muster-in the matter was taken in hand by the regimental quartermaster, and from that time, government furnished the rations. The first morning after this arrangement went into operation the air was filled with flying loaves of soft bread (and it was rumored the colonel was struck by one of these loaves), which the men claimed was not good, and which they refused to eat. This ebullition on the part of the men had the effect to cut off the supply of soft bread for the winter, and they had to do the best they could on hardtack, while their comrades in the field were drawing their daily rations of soft bread. The rations supplied were sufficient, such as they were, but the men could not help feeling that they were ill-treated, to which the fact that they were so treated at the capital of their own state, did not have a mollifying effect. But they made the best of it, and by trading what they drew for what they wanted, and buying what they could, they managed to live through it. Some companies traded the government rations for beans, — government having for some reason cut off the supply of this home production, — thus securing a good hot dish of baked beans, baked in the ground, every morning, which, with as good a supper as they could get from what was left in the morning, or from hardtack soaked and fried in pork fat and sugar, lasted till the next morning. The rations received afterwards in the field may have been no better than those furnished at Augusta, but they were certainly, as a general thing, more satisfactory, while at Augusta there was no apparent necessity for such treatment.

The regiment was paid off the last of January by Maj. Usher, and the money was very welcome, as it allowed the men to purchase tobacco, articles of food and clothing, and many other luxuries and necessities, of which they had till then been deprived. The men were paid from the date of enlistment up to the last day of December, and this was the only money they received from government during that winter. And this was not wasted. Very many sent a large portion of their pay home to wives and families, keeping for their own use only what was



absolutely necessary. An express office was opened on the ground, which was liberally patronized. Many availed themselves of the allotment system, which was strongly recommended by the state officials and others, and allotted a certain amount of their monthly pay to their families, which, they were told, would be forwarded to their families every two months, and would be a most excellent arrangement in case a man was sick in the hospital, or a prisoner, or was by any means unable to be present and receive his pay with his company, as his family would get it regularly, and thus be prevented from suffering. Upon this showing, many allotted certain amounts, the whole amount allotted in the regiment being \$9,041.50 per month, only to find afterwards that the system worked, practically, directly opposite to what was intended; for, if a man was absent from his company when it was paid off, the allotted money was not forwarded to his family until he himself had signed the pay-rolls, while the man in the company found his allotted money going home as regularly as he was paid off, which was as irregularly as possible, six, and even eight months, sometimes intervening between payments. It was also found, in practice, that if a man, for any reason, wished to discontinue his allotment, it was almost as much trouble to do so as the money was worth. Four private soldiers of the regiment were detailed to assist the paymaster and his clerk in completing the pay-rolls and preparing them for the payment; and when the work was done the paymaster complimented them very highly on the excellence and accuracy of their work, saying it was done vastly better than by the men detailed from another cavalry regiment for the same purpose a week or two previous, and better than by many of the troops which he had paid.

There was a project in the Legislature that winter to pay the men of this regiment and the others in camp at Augusta, the twenty-two dollars advance bounty paid to the men of the first ten regiments raised in the state, on the ground that all the volunteers should be treated alike. In opposition it was argued that the bounty was only offered as a special inducement for enlistments at the commencement of the war, when the greatest haste was demanded by the public exigencies; that since that

time two dollars, and additional rations, equal to two dollars more, have been added to the monthly pay of privates; that a bounty of one hundred dollars at the end of the war has since then been secured to volunteers; that the volunteers have remained at home during the summer season, and have received the large wages of that season, while the earlier volunteers have been in the field; that the late volunteers have six months less time to serve in the war than their brethren; that to pay this would require nearly \$200,000, a sum which the state would be obliged to obtain by a new loan; that it would be injustice to the tax-payers to pay out so large an amount, and that as this bounty was offered to the first ten regiments only, the men had not been promised it." How ridiculous the most of these arguments appear in the light of subsequent events! It is true the men were not legally promised this bounty, but they were led to expect it before they enlisted, and it would have been very welcome during that winter, when money was so scarce, and when so much comfort could have been derived, so many real needs supplied, by the aid of the small sum of twenty-two dollars each. This action appears all the more unjust when it is considered that in less than six months after it the state was paying three hundred dollars bounty, in addition to the government bounty of one hundred, for men to enlist.

The moral tone of the men and of the camp was on the whole good, comparing favorably with that of any other regiment. Soon after the men began to arrive, the different squads were drawn up in line on the camp-ground, when an order was read to them by the colonel, announcing, among other things, that he would allow no profanity by officers or men. For a day or two afterward "Gen. Jackson" was used as an expletive, and could be heard flying round camp in all directions and at all times, the boys having caught it up in a spirit of fun, from hearing the adjutant use it on drill the morning after the order was read, when he himself came very near violating it. But this soon died out, and it is safe to say that no camp was ever more free from this needless vice than was Camp Penobscot, though the boys were by no means saints, all of them. It is a fact that there were men in the regiment, and they were not

few, whose lips an oath never passed, in the service or out of it. The example and precept of these, backed by the colonel's order, had the effect to make those who were in the habit of swearing more careful, at least, so it cannot be said the order was productive of no good.

Soon after this there was issued another order by the colonel, stating that he would recommend for commission in the regiment no man, or recognize as such any non-commissioned officer who did not sign a regimental temperance pledge. This was readily complied with, for a large majority of the men had never acquired intemperate habits, and more than that, they did not mean to. Having been brought under the teachings of the "Maine Liquor Law," they had no idea of going back on them. Indeed, temperance pledges, drawn up by the men, had been circulated in some of the companies days before this order was promulgated, and in one company, at least, such a pledge was signed by every man on the ground. And it is a fact that many a man went through the whole term of service of the regiment without once tasting intoxicating liquor, though their opportunities were ample after they got into the field and foraging became a necessity, and they did not all sign the regimental pledge, either. It is of course true that there were men in the regiment who were in the habit of drinking liquors, and who did not renounce the habit, but such were in a decided minority. There is no doubt that the promulgation of this order, and the signing of the temperance pledge which it enforced, did a vast amount of good, as it gave many, for the first time away from home and home influences, the power to say "No!" and to mean it, when tempted by comrades or by well-meaning friends, to drink and forget their sufferings and hardships. That the pledge then signed was faithfully kept by very many, and that the influence of the example of the officers and non-commissioned officers was felt by the men, no one will doubt. That some did not keep its provisions is also true, but they were so few in number as to make almost exceptional cases; and many a temperance society in civil life has more of its members prove recreant to their vows during any four years, than did the First Maine Cavalry temperance organization.

While treating of the moral tone of the regiment, it should be stated that one of the first things done by one squad, after their arrival on the camp-ground, was to institute a weekly prayer meeting, and many pleasant and profitable prayer meetings were held in different company tents during that winter. There were also members who made a practice of attending Sunday services and prayer and conference meetings at Augusta and Hallowell, whenever they could obtain leave to do so, as well as the meetings, held on the ground or elsewhere, under the direction of Chaplain Teft, and others previous to his appointment as chaplain.

The discipline of the camp was strict. Perhaps not too strict, in a military sense, but the men considered it needlessly so. They had enlisted to obey orders, to conform to military rules, the Army Regulations, and the Articles of War, fully realizing what that meant,—and their subsequent record proves how well they carried out that intention,—but they could hardly see the need of being obliged to remain so closely in that uncomfortable camp after the day's duty was done, when there were opportunities of comfort and enjoyment outside. Nor could they understand the necessity of their being kept so near home, without the privilege of going home occasionally, when such going, as they could see, would be no disadvantage to the service, and might be the last time they ever would see their homes and their loved ones. Especially was this a hardship in the case of men who were sick. And the discipline, or rather the regulations of the camp, were unequal and irregular. At times, the restrictions were partially removed, and passes and furloughs were more free and more easily obtained, and then they would be shut off altogether. The consequence was, running guard was largely, and, on the whole, quite successfully practised, and many were the stories of narrow escapes from arrest related that winter, till it was almost an honor to have narrowly escaped capture—certainly a matter of pride—and simply running guard was considered nothing worthy of telling. Occasionally, a patrol would be sent down town, to pick up runaways; but the victims of this system were comparatively few. As a matter of course, the best men suffered most.

Those of a reckless disposition, who had not yet learned that the first duty of the soldier was to obey without question, or, as they put it themselves, who "dared to run guard," did so, and secured all the enjoyment of so doing; while those who were actuated by a spirit of honor, who would do nothing they could not do openly,—and there were very many such,—stayed in camp and made the best of it, though they could not help feeling that injustice was done them. Good and true men, living but a few miles from Augusta, were not allowed to, and did not, visit their homes after first going into camp, while others paid stolen visits, more than once, and enjoyed them all the more because they were stolen. It is no discredit, really, to those who ran guard that they did so. For the most part, they performed their duty faithfully and cheerfully while in camp, obeyed orders promptly, and were good soldiers; and it is not to be wondered at, that they should take the risk of discovery and punishment, for the sake of seeing their friends once more, or for the pleasures of civil life, when it was almost certain that in a short time these pleasures would be beyond their reach. Instead of being blamed, should they not, rather, now that it is all past, be considered fortunate, in that they did have the courage to take the risk? Punishment was severe for such, as for all breaches of discipline, and several wore the ball and chain for absenting themselves from camp, only to repeat the operation as soon as possible after the fetters were removed. Drunkenness was also severely punished, but the cases that came to the knowledge of the officers, or, in fact, that occurred at all, were comparatively few.

The orders of the camp, with the exception of those in regard to leaving it, were generally acquiesced in as cheerfully as could be expected, under the circumstances, and the camp always presented a quiet, orderly, neat appearance, barring the snow, and ice, and slosh, and mud, with which it was afflicted. The various calls were answered promptly, no matter what the weather; and if now and then there was growling, it was not strange, and it was the right of the soldier from time immemorial. The men learned, while in Camp Penobscot, to obey, in so far as they could do so without violating their own sense of

justice and necessity. It was not until they got into real service, and the presence of actual danger, that they carried this lesson to the fullest extent, and obeyed all orders, at whatever personal cost. They learned, while in Camp Penobscot, to respect their officers (as was natural they should do), only so far as the officers merited it by their conduct, or they were forced to by the Army Regulations. In the field, they respected those whose ability and courage won their respect, and none others, though they obeyed all, and treated all with the necessary outward respect. The lessons taught at Augusta, though not then fully learned, had a direct and powerful influence for good over the whole career of the regiment. It has been said that the regiment would not have won the proud position which it did, but for the severity of the discipline of the five months in Augusta. Referring to all necessary discipline, there is no doubt of the truth of the statement.

But it was not all discomfort and discontent at Camp Penobscot. The men had many things to comfort them, and make them happy. There were visits from friends to cheer them, and to start them anew in their service life. There were excursions from Portland, Lewiston, and elsewhere, to take up their attention, and vary the monotony of the weary routine. There was a good dinner Thanksgiving Day, furnished by the friends of the men and of the regiment, in such abundant measure, that the taste of hardtack was unknown for two or three days afterward. And, above all, there were cheering letters from kind friends at home, from wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, fathers, and brothers, the reading of which did them good,—more than the writers knew,—and made their situation not only bearable, but even pleasant, and a source of pride. Then there were papers, and other reading matter, sent to the men in large quantities, which filled up pleasantly and profitably many an otherwise lonesome hour, and were borrowed, and lent, and read, by this one and that one, till literally read to pieces. An arrangement was early made to have the mails brought to and carried from the regiment daily, which proved to be a great blessing, and for which the men could not then, nor can they now, be too thankful. Then there was fun in abundance in

camp, with song, and story, and jest, and dance, and with striving to live up to the idea, as far as was possible, under which they enlisted; viz., to make the best of everything, and to be jolly under all circumstances. Some of those evenings in the tents, with the "wart on the tent-pole," as the stoves were facetiously called, sending out a glowing heat, and the men clustered around, telling stories, or joking, or reading, or singing, or playing euchre, or other games, will never be forgotten, and now hold a place in the pleasantest of memory's corners. Then there was the consciousness of doing one's duty, of serving his loved country, though in a humbler and a different way from what was anticipated, yet serving it all the same, and all the time fitting for a more efficient, a nobler, a more glorious service by-and-by. All these, together with an occasional pass "down town," or a short furlough, served to keep the men in good spirits, in spite of surroundings which would have caused less patriotic and less noble men to surrender to circumstances and lie down to die.

During the winter some changes were made among the officers of the regiment. Col. Goddard, finding that his own business was suffering in his absence, felt compelled to resign, and did so, to take effect on March first, at which time he called the regiment together at his headquarters, and made a farewell address. Maj. Allen was commissioned colonel, Capt. Whitney of Co. A was commissioned major, in place of Maj. Allen, and Lieut. Thaxter of Co. A was commissioned captain, in place of Capt. Whitney. Lieut. Col. Hight resigned on being superseded by Maj. Allen, and returned to the command of his company, in the United States dragoons, but the vacancy caused by his resignation was not filled at that time. There were also a few changes among the line officers.

The first of March orders were received for the regiment to be transported to Washington by rail, a battalion of four companies to go at a time, and the first battalion to start on the tenth. So many times had rumors been floating about the camp to a like effect, that not much confidence was placed in this order. It was generally considered too good news to be true; and as the departure was postponed from day to day, for different assigned



reasons, till the fourteenth, confidence grew less. Finally, on the morning of Friday, the fourteenth, after Cos. A, D, E, and F, had struck their tents, and were packed up, in spite of the fact that orders were received not to start just yet, — and these orders were repeated three or four times during the day, according to rumors, — Col. Allen concluded, as all was ready, to start; and these companies started. Eight horses and their riders were put into each box freight car, with a bale of hay for feed; the horses were stalled, four in each end of the car, facing inwards, with the hay in the centre; and the men stayed between the two rows of horses, to take care of them. The train started about dark, but had not gone more than a dozen miles before the rear portion became unshackled, and the two rear cars, containing men and horses belonging to Co. E, were tipped over. Fortunately, no one was hurt; the rest of the train was stopped, half the wrecked men went on in the train, and the others, with the horses, returned to camp, to go with the next squad. This battalion reached the National capital in due season, having left Col. Allen in New York, suffering from illness.

The second battalion, composed of Cos. B, H, I, and M, was ordered to start on the sixteenth, but a heavy snow storm set in, — the heaviest of the season, — which delayed their departure till the twentieth, when they also started, under command of Maj. Douty, and arrived in Washington without accident, on the twenty-fourth. On this last-named date the remaining battalion, comprising Cos. C, G, K, and L, under command of Maj. Stowell, also took their departure, Co. G, the last company to bid farewell to Camp Penobscot, giving the camp three rousing cheers as they marched out, with three more for the good old state of Maine, as they marched by the State House. Soon after starting, Quartermaster Sergt. McIntire, of Co. G, while attempting to soothe a nervous horse, was thrown from the car and severely injured; he was taken back to Augusta, and rejoined the regiment in a few weeks. The route taken was to New York by box cars, as already stated, thence by steam ferry to Elizabeth City, N. J., and thence, the horses in cattle cars, and the men in passenger cars, *via* Harrisburg, to Baltimore and Washington. The third battalion arrived in



Washington the morning of the twenty-eighth, having got a good square meal at the rooms of the "Union Relief Association" at Baltimore, just after midnight. The men tried to take breakfast at the "Soldiers' Retreat," but the "retreat" was so filthy, the rations were served in such a slovenly manner, and the general surroundings were so gloomy, that they could eat but little, and there was a feeling of homesickness and despondency, more general, probably, than at any other time in the history of the regiment. The forenoon was spent at the "Soldiers' Rest," a place no more pleasant or inviting than the "retreat," and in waiting by the side of the railroad, a mile or more from the station, for the train with the horses, which arrived about noon; and before night this battalion had joined the remainder of the regiment, in camp on Capitol Hill. As it reached there at a late hour, but few of the men pitched tents, the remainder sleeping that night in some old buildings, where they suffered more from cold than they had done amid the cold and snows of their native state, at Camp Penobscot.

The next day, twenty-ninth, tents were pitched, and the boys made themselves as comfortable as possible, though a down east acquaintance, in the form of a cold snow storm, paid them a visit which lasted a couple of days. Previous to this time (nineteenth), a detail from Co. D, under command of Capt. Smith and Lieuts. Goddard and Stevens, had been sent to Upton's Hill, Va., to guard a large amount of government property, left there when the Army of the Potomac left its winter quarters, early in the month,—the first detail from the regiment,—and now a relief was sent out there. During the day sabres and pistols were issued to the last battalion (the other two battalions had already been supplied), and the boys began to feel that they were soldiers in fact, as well as in name. Rumors were current in camp that Gens. Fremont and Banks had both made application for this regiment, as soon as they learned it had left Maine; however this may be, orders were received on this day for five companies to proceed to Harper's Ferry, to serve under Gen. Banks. And thus the First Maine Cavalry, on the twenty-ninth of March, 1862, five months after its organization, was at Washington, armed and equipped, and a portion of it under marching orders.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

GUARDING THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD. — INCIDENTS AT MARTINSBURG. — THE "INTOXICATION OF POWER." — UNDER GEN. BANKS. — THE FIRST DUTY IN PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY. — THE FIRST SKIRMISH AND THE FIRST CHARGE. — SKIRMISH NEAR STRASBURG. — BANKS' RETREAT. — PREPARING TO FIGHT. — "I CAME HERE TO FIGHT, CAPTAIN." — AN IMPORTANT SCOUTING EXPEDITION. — STUBBORN RESISTANCE TO ASHEY'S FORCE. — VALUABLE SERVICES OF THE FIRST MAINE BATTALION. — THE FIRST CASUALTY. — "THE MIDDLETOWN DISASTER." — A FEARFUL CHARGE. — ESCAPE OF THE BATTALION. — BATTLE OF WINCHESTER. — RETREAT ACROSS THE POTOMAC. — EXPERIENCES OF THE FIRST WOUNDED MAN. — A PRISON EXPERIENCE. — INCIDENTS OF THE DISASTER. — THE RETURN UP THE VALLEY. — MORE SKIRMISHING. — THE BATTALION REJOINS THE REGIMENT.

SUNDAY morning, March thirtieth, in accordance with the orders received the day previous, Cos. A, B, E, H, and M, under command of Maj. Douty, started to march to Harper's Ferry, by way of Frederick. As this battalion was destined to first meet the enemy in combat, it is proper that its fortunes should be first followed. On arriving at Harper's Ferry it was joined to what was known as the "Railroad Brigade," commanded by Col. Miles, the duty of which was to guard the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and prevent squads of the enemy, guerillas, or southern sympathizers, from making raids on the road, burning bridges, tearing up the track, or otherwise injuring the road (which would do serious damage to the Union cause), and to scout around the country in search of the enemy in whatever guise. This duty was for the most part arduous and tiresome, for the simple reason that guard duty was the hardest portion of the service, being dull, as well as hard and constant work. The several companies were separated, and assigned to duty at different points along the road, Co. A being

stationed at Martinsburg, Co. B at Great Cacapon River, Co. E at Black River Creek, Co. H at Hancock, and Co. M at Harper's Ferry, Co. B being furthest west. There was little to relieve the tedium of the duty, after the first novelty of camp life in active service were off; an occasional scout after guerrillas or to "feel" some noisy secessionist, some of which trips were very pleasant, being the only variety the boys enjoyed, except such as they found for themselves.

This story is told of two Co. A boys, while at Martinsburg:—

Co. A had been in camp at Martinsburg but a few days, when Sergt. C. and a comrade obtained a pass to visit the town, to return by two o'clock that afternoon. They busied themselves very pleasantly about the streets until nearly noon, and were growing hungry and considering the matter of dinner, when a neatly-attired, middle-aged woman came out from a store, and started up the street, ahead of them. As she noticed the old flag (at the provost marshal's office) waving above her, she gracefully bounded over the curbstone into the gutter, where mud and water were flowing ankle deep, and waded there a few steps before again taking the sidewalk, rather than pass under the "hated rag." The sergeant, his ire a bit roused, quietly remarked, "There: where she lives we'll dine to-day." "Agreed," replied his comrade; and, unnoticed, they followed her, until she entered a nice-looking brick dwelling. They were quickly at the bell-pull, which was answered by a tidy-looking little colored girl, who ran into the sitting-room with fright, the Maine boys following her. The mistress of the house was much surprised at their audacity, but they apologized to her for their rudeness, with all the grace they could command, and seated themselves before the fire. After a long time waiting, one of the comrades asked the woman the time of day, to which she replied that she did not know, as there was some trouble with her clock, and it did not go. "Why, sergeant," said the other, a happy thought striking him, "perhaps you might repair it for her; you used to do such work, when you were at home." At this her sullen features wore a look of gladness, as she asked, "Are you a jeweler?"

"That was my business, before I came here," replied the sergeant, with an air of indifference.

"I would give almost anything if you would repair it, for I miss it so much, I hardly know what to do without it."

"I should be pleased to examine your clock, and, if possible, to put it in order for you; but our time must be nearly up, and we have had no dinner yet."

"Come right into the dining-room; dinner is all ready, and on the table, and you shall be as welcome as you are kind and generous," said the now thoroughly gracious woman.

They did not require a second invitation, and it is needless to say they did no discredit to the soldiers' traditional excellent appetite. When they were

satisfied, they proceeded to examine the troubled clock, an ancient time-piece, standing in the corner of the room. The sergeant looked at it with as professional an air as he could assume, never having seen the inside of a clock before, and then called for a screw-driver and hammer, which were brought to him. He carefully took the clock to pieces, and examined the works long and critically, all the time wondering how he was to get out of the scrape, while the woman stood by, anxious to see her clock once more in running order. Finally, he told her that he had found the cause of the trouble — "the chit-wheel was gone." The use of this important wheel he eloquently explained to her, and then saying a new one could be procured, he cut out a paper pattern, the like of which was never before seen, and sent his comrade down town to get one as quick as he could, as they had already stayed over their time. The comrade departed, and the sergeant waited patiently for a while, still carefully scrutinizing the dissected clock, and then bade the woman good-by, leaving the works scattered about the table, saying he feared his comrade had been captured by the provost guard, and that he would also get into trouble, if he did not return. The boys returned to camp, reported to their commanding officer, and saved a reprimand by telling their little story. The story was not long in getting through the camp, and the "chit-wheel" was a source of merriment for many a day, the boys long remembering the woman wading in the gutter, the nice, warm dinner, and the old, troubled clock; and even now, they sometimes wonder "how the old thing works."

When Co. A left Martinsburg, Corp. Sidney W. Clark was detailed to remain there a few days, to take care of the sick, who were distributed around at private houses, as the hospital was broken up, and he was the only Union soldier in the town. Among others left there sick was his brother, Private Prentice M. Clark. One day, as the corporal and his brother were riding through the streets, the latter saw a rebel flag flying from a window of one of the houses, and, as he called the corporal's attention to it, they were greeted with a shower of stones and brick-bats, from thirty or forty yelling old men and boys. They rode along, without paying any attention to this salute; but when they returned, and were again stoned, the corporal suddenly turned his horse upon the crowd, at full speed, when they retired. Reining his horse upon the sidewalk to the window, he pulled down the flag and took it away with him, and, after that, was not molested while he remained there.

An incident that occurred to Capt. Cilley, while his company (B) was on the way to Great Cacapon River, by rail, gives a good bit of human nature, and illustrates the "intoxi-



gation" of the power of command. It was evident the train would not reach the station till near midnight, and Capt. Cilley felt some anxiety in regard to unloading the horses in the dark. So strong did this anxiety become, that at one of the stations he went forward to see the conductor, who was with the engineer on the engine, and very meekly suggested that it would be difficult and dangerous to unload horses from the cars at night. To his surprise, the conductor turned to him, and as meekly replied, "Sir, the train is under your command." Stopping a moment, to drink in the pleasant dissipation of his anxiety, and the delicious feeling of authority, in an entirely different tone and manner, the captain gave orders to the conductor: "You will go to the nearest turn-out in the vicinity of Great Cacapon, and wait on the turn-out till morning, when you will proceed to Great Cacapon, and notify me of your readiness to unload." The order was obeyed.

After a short time of guard and scouting duty, during which a number of guerillas and a quantity of arms were captured (one scouting party of twenty being gone four days, and capturing eight prisoners and seven horses), Co. B was ordered to Berkley Hot Springs, Bath, where two large stables furnished quarters for the horses, and the celebrated hot springs and marble baths excellent bathing opportunities for the men.

The several companies remained on duty as stated, till the ninth of May, when orders were received, at night, to join the forces under Gen. Banks; and on the twelfth the battalion was together at Newmarket, and attached to the cavalry brigade commanded by Gen. Hatch. During this march the battalion lost three horses, apparently by poisoning. From here all baggage was sent to the rear, except what could be carried in the saddle-bags and on the horses, which began to look like "hot work" in prospect, an idea which did not lose force from the rumors that prevailed, that Stonewall Jackson's force was near by. A few days later, it moved up the valley beyond Strasburg, and performed its first picket duty and scouting in the vicinity of the enemy's forces. Nothing of importance transpired till the twentieth, when Cos. B, H, and M, under command of Lieut. Col. Douty (who had been promoted from

major, on the tenth, in place of Lieut. Col. Hight) made a reconnoissance to Woodstock, where they found the rebels, and had a smart skirmish with them, ending in a charge by a portion of Co. B, under command of Lieut. Cutler, which drove the enemy through the village, and our little force took temporary possession of it. On the twenty-second, Cos. H and M, under command of Capt. Brown, had a skirmish beyond Strasburg. These skirmishes, in which the men gave evidence that they had in them such stuff as cavaliers are made of, were good training for what was so soon coming.

Gen. Banks had possession of the valley of the Shenandoah, with a force of but seven thousand men, Gen. Shields' division of ten thousand having been sent to other fields. Of this force, about four thousand were at Strasburg, where were the general's headquarters, two thousand were guarding railroads at distant points, and one regiment, the First Maryland Cavalry, together with a small force of infantry and one section of artillery,—in all about one thousand men, all under command of Col. Kenley, of the First Maryland,—was at Front Royal, nearly a dozen miles away. The withdrawal of Shields' division opened the door for an attempt by Stonewall Jackson to capture the whole of Banks' force, for he aimed at nothing less, and regain possession of the valley. With his usual rapidity of action, his force, full twenty-five thousand strong, was set in motion; and on the twenty-third of May he attacked the force at Front Royal, and almost entirely destroyed it, though the men fought like heroes. Intelligence of this, and also of the advance of the enemy in the direction of Strasburg, and his strength, reached Gen. Banks the same evening. There could be but one interpretation of the movement, which was, that Jackson intended to get between Banks' force and Winchester, thus intercepting supplies and re-enforcements, and cut off all possibility of retreat. Instant decision and action were necessary on the part of Gen. Banks. Three courses were left to him, as he says, in his official report,—first, to retreat across Little North Mountain to the Potomac River on the west; second, an attack upon the enemy's flanks on the Front Royal road; third, a rapid movement direct upon Win-



chester, with a view to anticipate the enemy's occupation of the town by seizing it himself, thus placing his command in communication with its original base of operations, in the line of re-enforcements by Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, and securing a safe retreat, in case of disaster. To remain at Strasburg was to be surrounded; to move over the mountains was to abandon the train at the outset, and subject the command to flank attacks, without possibility of succor; and to attack, the enemy being in such overwhelming force, could only result in certain destruction. It was therefore determined to enter the lists with the enemy in a race or a battle, as the latter should choose, for the possession of Winchester, the key of the valley, and to Gen. Banks the position of safety.

Preparations were at once made to carry out this idea, though it was after nine o'clock the next morning, Saturday, the twenty-fourth, before the column was on the march toward Winchester, the cavalry under Gen. Hatch being left at Strasburg as rear guard for the army, with orders to remain there as long as possible, and keep the enemy in check, the attack being expected in that direction. But to attack there was not Stonewall Jackson's way; he had sent Ewell along the pike from Front Royal to Winchester, to reach the latter place before Banks, if possible, and Ewell had started several hours before Banks. The two armies were now marching on the two sides of an equilateral triangle, of which the road from Strasburg to Front Royal was the base, and the pikes from both these places toward Winchester the two sides. There was little difference between the distances on either road, and Ewell, with a larger force than Banks, had some hours the start, and a good prospect of reaching Winchester and choosing his own position before Banks' dilatory force should arrive. Then Jackson, after Ewell was well on the way, sent a large force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, under command of Gen. Ashby, of cavalry fame, across to Middletown, seven miles from Strasburg, and four from Newtown, where the two pikes intersected, by a dirt road, to strike Banks in the rear, and bring him between the two forces, thus compelling him to surrender. A force of the enemy arrived at Middletown before the advance of Banks' column.

and was driven off after a sharp skirmish and a change in the formation of the column.

When Col. Douty's battalion, which had left its camp beyond Strasburg during the night before in the darkness and rain, arrived at Middletown, it was prepared for hard marching and fighting by sending all sick men and disabled horses to the rear. An incident which occurred here will serve to illustrate the sort of stuff of which the Maine cavaliers was composed. As Capt. Cilley passed down the line of his company (B) to cull out disabled men and horses, he saw in the ranks Charles A. McIntyre, of Warren, with both sides of his face terribly swollen, and suffering severely with the mumps. He was ordered by the captain to fall out, to which he replied: "I came here to fight, captain; this is the first chance we have had; I want to go in." He went in. When these preparations were completed, it was learned that Col. Douty, with his battalion and two companies of the Vermont cavalry, had been ordered to reconnoitre along the dirt road to the Front Royal pike, to ascertain if the enemy was in force in that vicinity, gain all possible information of his movements, report often, and, if he met the enemy advancing, to hold him in check as long as possible. The little force proceeded a few miles when it encountered Ashby's force, consisting of some three thousand cavalry and a battery, and which was *en route* for Middletown by this very road. Ashby found a determined foe in the little force under Col. Douty, "stubborn as mules," he afterwards expressed it, who held him in check gallantly for some hours, and was driven very slowly back to Middletown only by the guns of the battery, sustaining no loss. The persistence with which the men resisted his advance, and the skill with which they were handled, led Ashby, as he afterwards said, to believe that there were plenty of troops behind the little force, and gave Jackson an idea that Banks might, perhaps, have been re-enforced by McDowell. At any rate, it was best to be on his guard, so he hastily sent dispatches to Ewell, who was well on his way to Winchester, to halt his column and wait further orders, causing him some delay, and materially changing his plans, to the great advantage of Gen. Banks. The benefit of

this delay and change of movement on the part of Jackson will be evident, when it is considered that, had he marched directly forward on the Front Royal pike, and left only an equal force to meet Col. Douty's battalion, he would have struck Banks at the junction of the two pikes at Newtown, in advance of the wagon train, and Banks' inferior force would have been obliged to form for battle with their own immense wagon train and *impedimenta* between them and the enemy, and confusion would have been the result. As it was, the enemy reached Newtown in season to bring on a severe engagement there, which lasted till after dark, and which necessitated sending troops back to check them; but the trains were, by that time, safe and out of the way, while Ewell's force, which arrived in the vicinity of Winchester before the force of Banks, did not, owing to the loss of time by the halt spoken of, reach there in time to secure the town, or so good a position as it otherwise would have done. Gen. Ashby afterwards told Surgeon Haley, of the regiment, who was captured later on the same day, that the delay of Jackson, in going through the mud road instead of pressing on through the pike, saved Banks' army.

1755174

Fighting stubbornly for every inch of ground, Col. Douty's force finally reached Middletown, having delayed Ashby for hours, and having lost no men and but one horse. Here they found Gen. Hatch, with the whole cavalry force, or rear guard, waiting for the Fifth New York and a portion of the First Vermont Cavalry, which had been cut off at Cedar Creek, and who were compelled to save themselves by a detour and a forced march to Martinsburg, by a road near the mountains. Gen. Hatch, who was momentarily expecting the arrival of these regiments, his rear guard, and did not like to proceed without them, kept Col. Douty's battalion on the skirmish line in front of the village, where it had a lively time. In the meantime, the enemy, quietly and without being perceived, moved a large force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery to the pike, thus getting in front of Gen. Hatch's force, and between him and the main column. The enemy also brought up additional guns, and was making hot work for the skirmishers,

when Gen. Hatch, seeing his danger, remarked to Col. Douty: "We must cut our way through." To assist in carrying out this intention, the battalion left the skirmish line, to take position on the pike for a charge.

In making this change, Capt. Cilley, who was riding at the head of his company (B), near an orchard, through the trees in which the shells were crashing, assuring his men that the sound of shell and canister was much worse than the actual danger, was hit by a shell, and fell from his horse in much the same deliberate manner in which a squirrel falls to the ground when shot. This was the first shot that had taken effect in the regiment, and the first sight of a man wounded and apparently dead, caused some confusion in the ranks, which was fortunate for Co. B, as the delay occasioned by it prevented the company from joining in the disastrous charge on the pike which followed. It is reported that the orderly sergeant of the company at this time took shelter in rear of a brick church near by, and, when asked what he was doing there, replied frankly that he didn't know what else to do.

The order was given to advance; Gen. Hatch, who with his staff and escort was at the head of the column, some distance in advance of Col. Douty's battalion, seeing a battery of the enemy with a strong support in the road, which at that point was narrow, with a high wall on each side, turned off on a road leading to the left, and passing along a parallel road, after several ineffectual attempts joined the main column. A blinding cloud of dust hid this sudden movement from Col. Douty's view, and at the same time prevented him from seeing the obstruction in his front until too late to avert what is known as the "Middletown Disaster." Rushing forward in rear of the two companies of the First Vermont Cavalry then in Col. Douty's command, at a rapid rate of speed, in column of "fours," and supposing they were following the general, the battalion, with the exception of Co. B, came suddenly upon this battery before they were aware of its presence, and in a narrow road where maneuvering was out of the question. The consequences were frightful; the head of the column was instantly stopped, and the men next, unable to halt their horses in season, and in



turn pushed forward by the horses in the rear, rushed on, till men and animals were piled up in a mixed mass of humanity, horse-flesh and cavalry arms and equipments, in the utmost confusion; some of the men were wounded by the drawn sabres of their comrades, others were crushed by the horses and unable to extricate themselves.

But few could escape, and the loss to Cos. A, E, and M was severe, a large number of men being wounded or taken prisoners, while the loss in horses was equally large. (It is a remarkable fact that but two men of this battalion were killed or mortally wounded.) Cos. A, E, and M were terribly cut up. When Co. A arrived at Winchester it had but eighteen men, though thirty or more succeeded in escaping capture or eluding their guards, and rejoined the company in a day or two; and the same is true of the other companies. Cos. B and H lost but few men. Capt. Cilley (who had been commissioned major *vice* Maj. Douty promoted, but was still serving with his company, not having been mustered into his new grade), was left on the field wounded, and taken prisoner. Surgeon Haley, who remained with Capt. Cilley, was also taken prisoner, as were two men left with the captain; Capt. Putnam of Co. E was wounded, and Lieut. Estes of Co. A was taken prisoner. The wagon belonging to Co. E, with the company books and papers, and the private effects of the officers, fell into the hands of the enemy.

Escaping from his perilous position, Col. Douty with his battalion, now reduced to a mere handful of men, fell back on the pike, and by taking an intersecting road, and making a detour to the left, after a hard march, rejoined the main column early the next morning, and was immediately ordered to support a battery. The terrible work of the day before had greatly exhausted the few men who were left, but orders were imperative, and, after a single hour's rest, they were aroused at five o'clock in the morning by the rattle of musketry, and the roar of cannon, to bear their part in the battle of Winchester, where Banks decided to test the enemy's strength, and for some time by hard fighting, held in check Jackson's whole force. But further retreat was inevitable, and it was continued through

Martinsburg and across the Potomac to Williamsburg, Col. Douty's battalion acting a portion of the time as rear guard, and Cos. B and H winning new laurels while covering the retreat of the Tenth Maine Infantry at Winchester, by keeping a formidable regiment of cavalry at bay.

The official account of this days' work, as found on the annual return of the regiment for 1862, on file in the adjutant general's office in Augusta, says:—

On the morning of the twenty-fourth of May, Lieut. Col. C. S. Douty, with his command, was ordered by Gen. Banks to proceed, with two days' rations, from Strasburg, Va., across towards Front Royal, on the dirt road intersecting from Middletown the pike from Front Royal to Winchester, to ascertain if the rebels were in any force near the Front Royal and Winchester pike, to learn what was possible in regard to their movements, and to send frequent messengers back with all the information gained. (The distance from Middletown across to the Front Royal and Winchester pike on this dirt road was seven and one-half miles. The dirt road intersects the Front Royal and Winchester pike about one and one-half miles from Front Royal, and runs nearly southeast from Middletown. The Strasburg and Winchester pike and the Front Royal and Winchester pike run north in the form of a triangle, forming a junction at Winchester. The distance from Strasburg to Winchester is nineteen miles, and the distance from Front Royal to Winchester is eighteen miles.) Col. Douty accordingly moved his command across on this dirt road to within one and one-half miles of its intersection with the Front Royal and Winchester pike, when he met the advance guard of the rebel Gen. Jackson's army, which he drove back, following them to within a half mile of the pike, where he was met by an old woman who entreated him to turn back, informing him that rebel Gen. Ewell with a strong force had passed along the pike towards Winchester, and that Jackson was coming across on the dirt road to get in rear of Gen. Banks, and that his (Col. Douty's) command would be captured unless he turned back to Middletown. (Jackson's object evidently was to send Ewell on to Winchester with ten thousand men, to arrive there in advance of Gen. Banks, who was retreating on the Strasburg and Winchester pike, while he—Jackson—would march his force across on this dirt road and get in rear of Gen. Banks' command.) Col. Douty told the old woman not to be alarmed for his safety; that he had forty thousand Yankees to back him. He then drew up his command—about four hundred cavalry—in line of battle in front of a large belt of timber which extended on both sides of the dirt road, sending out his skirmishers, who met the advance of Jackson's army (a portion of Ashby's cavalry), and attacking it, drove it back, checking the advance of the rebels. Jackson and Ashby, having come up within sight of the line of battle, and having received the communication from the old woman in regard to the "forty thousand Yankees," an order was immediately forwarded to Ewell, who turned his force to rejoin Jackson, Ashby, immediately bringing up his



force of three thousand cavalry and a light battery, began to reconnoitre with his cavalry in the vicinity of Col. Douty's line of skirmishers, who shot two of the enemy, causing them to be very cautious in their manner of approaching. In the meantime the battery had taken its position and began shelling the line of battle and the timber in its rear, thinking, perhaps, to annoy the "forty thousand Yankees" that Jackson supposed were supporting the line, which was forced to fall back "inch by inch only as it was shelled" (as Gen. Ashby afterwards stated to one of Col. Douty's officers who was taken prisoner), but improving every advantageous spot of ground in checking the advance of the entire rebel force on the dirt road to Middletown. This force was held in check at intervals for four hours, which gave almost the entire train of Gen. Banks time to pass through Middletown towards Winchester in advance of the rebel force. Col. Douty with his command fell back to Middletown (with only the loss of one horse) where he met Brig. Gen. Hatch, commanding the cavalry brigade, who ordered him to "remain in line of battle at Middletown until Maj. Gen. Banks passed through," he not being aware that Gen. Banks had already passed through. Col. Douty remained here with his command until it was cut off by the rebels, who then commanded the pike leading towards Winchester with infantry and artillery, when an order was given to charge. Supposing this order to have originated from Gen. Hatch, Col. Douty with his command immediately charged towards the enemy's line, receiving several volleys of musketry from the rebel infantry, who arose from behind the stone walls that lined the pike, while the shells from the rebel artillery broke in and about their ranks, killing fifteen horses and wounding many more, men and horses falling in a mass. The command succeeded in charging through the line and joining the main body of Gen. Banks' force, near Newtown, with a loss of sixty-four men, wounded and prisoners, and one hundred horses killed and captured. At Newtown the command remained supporting a battery, until being ordered to fall back it proceeded to Winchester. Had Ewell not been turned back by Jackson's order in consequence of the intelligence of the "forty thousand Yankees," which the old woman conveyed to Jackson, he would have arrived at Winchester at least four hours in advance of Gen. Banks' force, and Gen. Banks' whole command would have been cut off.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth of May the command was in line of battle below Winchester, and was ordered to charge back and forth through the city for the purpose of keeping back a scattered rebel force which was harassing our force. This was accomplished under the musketry of the rebels from the windows of the houses without any loss. The command thus covered the retreat of Gen. Banks' command until it arrived at Williamsport.

Gen. Cilley, in an address at the grave of Col. Douty, in Dover, on the occasion of the regimental reunion in that town, in 1881, thus speaks of this engagement:—

The problem presented to Banks was, who should reach Winchester first. A broad highway, or macadamized pike, led from either army, and found a

junction near Winchester. A dirt road from Middletown connected the two pikes, and with their lines formed a triangle. On this road, in the early morn of May 24, 1862, Lieut. Col. Douty, with five companies of the First Maine and two companies of the First Vermont Cavalry, advanced through fields and oak groves, as peaceful in their verdure as a dream-day in May. Capt. Summat, with his company, was detached to our right to watch a ford of the Shenandoah, while the remaining six companies pressed on to the Front Royal pike. As we neared the pike, a few shots in front caused the colonel to deploy his force. In the brief interval required to make known the proximity of two hostile forces, Col. Douty, with quick activity, improved by drawing from citizens information of the movement and number of Jackson's army, very adroitly left the impression that he was the advance of Banks' army, which was following to attack the flanks of the rebel force. None of this cavalry were armed with carbines, pistols and sabres being their only weapons. Frequent belts of wood, with fields intervening, afforded opportunity for skirmishing, but prevented mounted charges and use of sabre and pistol. Powerless to attack with advantage, Douty's only course was to amuse the enemy, deceive them in regard to the numbers opposing them, and delay them as much as possible. Wisely and well he performed this part. Jackson halted his army on the Front Royal pike, and sent all his cavalry, one battery, and a portion of his infantry, over to the dirt road, to repel Douty's attack and ascertain his strength. In front of this force Douty manœuvred his men, and drew the enemy slowly after him. Co. H, under Capt. Summat, rejoining on our right flank, made a charge with perfect alignment. It was brilliant and inspiring, but for what object made I never understood, except to show the enemy we were drilled horsemen. Slowly back toward Middletown Douty drew his men. Ashby's cavalry with artillery and foot followed. Douty's object was effected. Jackson was halted, and waited information on the Front Royal pike, and his cavalry, diverted from the direct road to Winchester, and obliged to march around two sides of the triangle, thus lost much valuable time. No more timely service could Gen. Banks require, or any officer render. We claim it saved Banks' army from an attack on its flanks before it could reach Winchester, an attack on an army encumbered with its baggage and drawn out in a straggling manner on the Strasburg pike. This claim is fully substantiated by Jackson's bitter denunciations on the absence of his cavalry. Gen. Dick Taylor, in his sketches of the Valley Campaign, reverts again and again to the fact that Ashby and his cavalry were in the rear when Jackson approached Winchester. Ashby himself said to our surgeon, Haley, "I could only drive your cavalry step by step by my artillery." The First Maine, under Douty, occupied his entire attention, and kept him employed. The blood spilled in the streets of Middletown was a vicarious sacrifice for the rest of Banks' army—a tribute to Douty's leadership and to his military honor. Of the disastrous charge at Middletown I have little to say; it was not ordered, or in any way directed by Douty. The two companies of the First Vermont Cavalry charged down the pike without orders. The First Maine followed in the attending clouds of dust like fellow champions, and were involved in their ruin as they fell on the obstructions and the enemy's guns occupying the road itself. Nothing could have been

more nicely wrought than the work of the morning up to this charge. The full credit of the work was due to Douty's hand and Douty's leadership, but that hand was for a moment withheld, that leadership a moment diverted for a wounded comrade's sake, and the disaster itself shows its previous value and true quality.

In Gen. Banks' official report of this retreat he speaks in the highest terms of the services of the whole cavalry force, saying: "By confession of friend and foe it was equal, if not superior, to the best of the enemy's long trained mounted troops."

The experience of Maj. Cilley, the first man to be wounded in the regiment, as he was the first man enlisted in the regiment, is thus told:—

Personally he knew nothing about being hit, or of any pain. His first consciousness was two or three days afterwards, when the knowledge came to him that he was lying on a lounge, with inability to move, and that he could now and then hear the steps of a woman crossing the room. His first idea of the feeling of his wounded arm was an indefinite impression that the arm felt as though it looked green, and seemed something foreign to him. On his return to consciousness, the doctor considered it his duty to inform him that he could not recover; but, reluctant to break the unpleasant tidings, the doctor sought the lady of the house, who, however, was not attracted to the task, so at last he applied to the major's orderly, Isaac B. Harris, who had been detailed to remain and take care of him. Harris thereupon went to Maj. Cilley, and announced: "Captain, do you know that you are mortally wounded, and cannot recover?" The orderly was somewhat astonished when the major replied: "Thunder! I am not going to die—what do you mean?" Harris stammered: "The—the doctor—told me so." "Well, the doctor doesn't know as much about it as I do—I intend to see this war finished," was the answer. When this was reported to the doctor, he had increased hopes of the major's recovery. An assistant surgeon of the First Vermont Cavalry, who had been left at Strasburg, hearing of Maj. Cilley's wound, went to the house where he was with a common handsaw and a butcher knife, and insisted that the arm should be amputated, alleging as his best reason and as a clincher to his other arguments, that he had "been in the service six months, and had not seen a single amputation performed." Archibald Spaulding, sent by Gov. Washburn to attend to the wounded Maine soldiers, from the best reports he could obtain, informed the governor that Maj. Cilley had been mortally wounded, and died immediately after being taken prisoner, and the major had the unusual experience of reading his own obituary. Maj. Cilley always felt that he owed his recovery to being carried immediately to the dwelling of John W. Wright, a merchant of Middletown, and receiving there the motherly care and nursing of his wife, Mrs. Wright. Indeed, his comrades attributed his chivalrous esteem of the women of Virginia to Mrs. Wright's kindness, as he was inclined to damn the men of that state, especially when

near any portion of Wise's command. Nearly three months he lay at Middletown, unable to be moved, and then was carried by easy stages to the Union lines at Winchester, and thence to Washington, where he received leave of absence to visit Maine. In December following he was again carried to Washington, with his wound still unhealed, and had an operation performed on it at Armory Square Hospital by Dr. Bliss, under whose treatment he remained till the April following. During this time of suffering and weakness at Washington, he formed the acquaintance and won the friendship of the lady who, after the war, became his wife. More than forty pieces of bone were taken from his arm in different surgical operations, and it did not heal till September, 1863. One of the last times his wound was dressed was when Gen. Meade fell back from the Rapidan to Centreville, and while a part of the brigade was under fire in front of Culpepper Court House.

Sergt. Alanson M. Warren, of Co. M, who was taken prisoner in this engagement, and went to Richmond with forty-one others of this regiment (though these were not all of the regiment that were captured on that day), furnishes these extracts from his diary:—

We were captured on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, and a portion marched to Front Royal, where we remained until the twenty-sixth, during which time we had only one small ration of bread.

May twenty-sixth. — Marched to Winchester, nineteen miles, without anything to eat. Here we joined another squad of prisoners, making in all about 1,100. Remained here till May thirty-first, our numbers increasing, until there were about 1,800.

May twenty-seventh. — Received one ration.

May thirty-first. — On the road for Lynchburg. Marched as far as Strasburg. Nothing to eat.

June first. — Marched to Woodstock. This is the second day without a mouthful to eat, and no water, except such as we could get from the puddles in the road.

June second. — Forward to Mount Jackson. One ration.

June third. — To Newmarket. One ration. Camped on the ground, with no shelter, in a heavy fall of rain.

June fourth. — On to Harrisonburg. Nothing to eat, and still raining.

June fifth. — The citizens of Harrisonburg provided rations for one day, for which they received only the good will and hearty cheers of the prisoners. Thomas Knight, of Co. M, escaped last night by crawling under the floor of the meeting-house, in which part of the prisoners lodged. Marched twenty-one miles to-day.

June sixth. — Marched to Waynesborough, encamped on a hill near a depot, waiting for a train to convey us to Lynchburg.

June seventh. — Received one ration of flour, which we were obliged to cook in the ashes, amidst a drenching rain. This is one hundred and eighteen miles from Winchester.



June eighth. — Marched six miles in the afternoon.

June ninth. — Having only half a breakfast, marched fourteen miles over the mountains.

June tenth. — Laying over to-day, waiting for the cars at Charlottesville.

June eleventh. — Conveyed by rail to Lynchburg. Nothing to eat, and so, of course, can eat nothing.

June twelfth. — Camped near Lynchburg. Expecting to be paroled. Rations, three crackers and a small piece of salt beef.

June fifteenth. — Weather so hot that we were obliged to make shelters of our blankets; and we have so few of them that we have to stow snugly.

June seventeenth. — Moved up to the fair-grounds. Some of the prisoners have sheds for shelter. Receive daily rations of flour and poor bacon.

July sixteenth. — Levi Delano, of Co. M, died.

August second. — George A. Dockham, Co. M, died.

August eighth. — Left Lynchburg, on the cars, for Richmond.

August ninth. — Arrived at Richmond, and quartered on Belle Island. Rations, small piece of bread per day, very small piece of meat once in three days.

September thirteenth. — Paroled and marched twelve miles to meet transports.

September fourteenth. — On board transports, under the old flag. Hurrah for home!

Sergt. Warren also gives these incidents of prison life : —

As we marched by the guard, on our arrival at Belle Isle, we were counted into squads of one hundred, and each squad placed in charge of one of the sergeants. It happened to be my lot to have charge of one of these squads. During the march we were hustled along like a flock of sheep, so that when we were counted off, each squad was composed of men from every state. On or about the sixth of September, the several sergeants in command received orders, just at night, to muster their men and await their turn to march to the officers' headquarters, and sign the parole papers. This created great excitement in camp, and when the order came to "Fall in," every man who could walk, and some who could not, were eager to join the ranks. I remember one man (I think he belonged in Ohio) succeeded, with the help of his comrades, in getting from his tent to the ranks. I saw at a glance that he could not, even with the aid of his comrades (who were themselves weak), reach our transports. As I supposed we were to march that night, and as it was generally understood that the sick were to be carried to Richmond, and from there forwarded in ambulances, I begged of him to return to his tent. He would not; and, by the advice of his friends, I ordered him to do so. He obeyed. God only knows my feelings at that moment. We were leaving him to, we knew not what, while we were going home. We marched out, signed the parole, and were marched back. Ere the sun rose the next morning, I was called to witness his death. And in less than one hour, two more of my squad were dead.

During the night of the twelfth of September we again received orders to march to headquarters, this time to answer to our names as they were



called from the parole. Since the night on which we signed the parole, one of my comrades had been sent over from the hospital at Richmond, consequently his name was not on the rolls. I told him to fall in and I would try and have his name put on. On arriving at headquarters we found only a little red-tape clerk from the office of Gen. Winder (then in command of Richmond) to receive our report. After reporting, I said: "There is a man in my squad whose name is not on these papers. Can it not be put on?"

Clerk. "Why was it not put on?"

Sergt. "He was in the hospital at the time we signed."

Clerk. "He has been returned since?"

Sergt. "Yes; can you let him sign?"

Clerk. "No; I have not the authority."

Sergt. "Can I not ask the officer of the day?" (then asleep in the room.)

Clerk (angrily). "No."

Sergt. "Can I not speak to the commander of the post?" (also asleep in the room.)

Clerk. "No; he has no more authority than I have."

Sergt. "Is there no way that he can be allowed to sign his name? He is very anxious to go home with us."

Clerk (very angry). "No. And if you say any more your own name shall be struck from the roll."

However, when we passed the guard the next morning the man went with us, and returned to his regiment without being obliged to sign a parole.

On the twelfth of June one of Fremont's scouts was placed in our midst, chained to a Union citizen. It was reported that he was to be tried as a spy. During the following night the boys in my company cut him loose, shaved him, and furnished him with a uniform, by one giving him a jacket, another pants, a third a hat, and so on. We took him into our company and gave him the name of Thomas Knight (one of our company who escaped at Harrisonburg). They searched our ranks for him, but his disguise was complete and he could not be detected. He was reported at all times under his assumed name, and was finally paroled under that name.

Of the many personal incidents of this disaster, the following have been preserved: Dr. Haley had a very excellent set of surgical instruments, which he patriotically, if not wisely, took with him into the field, instead of obtaining a set from the War Department. When he was taken prisoner the beauty of these instruments attracted the attention of one of Jackson's surgeons, who was so much pleased with them that he appropriated them to his own use: the loss of his instruments was ever after a standing joke upon the surgeon by his fellow officers.

A dozen or so of the boys who lost their horses in the fearful charge in Middletown,—among whom was Sergt. Horace M. White, of Co. E,—managed to elude capture by taking to the



woods and mountains, where they remained concealed till dark, when, keeping together, they struck out for the Potomac, and the Union army. They wandered all that night, kept out of sight the next day, Sunday, and that night again started. Being by this time extremely hungry, they made bold to apply at a lone house for food, where, to their great surprise, they were cordially welcomed, and hospitably treated by an old Scotchman and his wife, and sent on their way refreshed and rejoicing. Monday night they reached the Potomac, when Sergt. White, being an old Penobscot River driver, crossed the river on a rude raft, confiscated the use of a ferry-boat, and carried it back, and the whole party was ferried over, and in due time arrived safely within the Union lines.

Robert Nutter, a private of Co. E, was taken prisoner, but managed to escape at Mount Jackson; he returned to the regiment, bringing with him two rebel infantry men with their arms. He stated that he met them on the way, and "took them prisoners," and related the circumstance as seriously as though there was nothing amusing in the idea of an unarmed man compelling two armed men to surrender themselves as prisoners. This was not at the time considered a flattering demonstration of the rebel boast that "one Southerner was as good as five Yankees."

Lieut. Joseph C. Hill, Co. A, acting quartermaster of the battalion, was captured with his teams, and as he was seated upon a wagon a prisoner, his Yankee curiosity got the better of him, and he began a sly search to see what the wagon contained. He was so fortunate as to find a loaded revolver, which he at once took possession of, and, jumping from the team, he shot his guard, took his horse, and recapturing his own and some other teams, he took them back into the Union lines.

The battalion remained in the vicinity of Williamsport, refitting and remounting, scouting, picketing, etc., till June twelfth, when, the enemy having retreated, it moved with the army up the valley again, Cos. A and B stopping at Winchester, Co. H at Strasburg, and Cos. E and M proceeding to Front Royal; on this march Co. E bivouacked one rainy night near a church at Kerntown, and the boys made a liberal informal requisition upon



the white oak fence rails in the vicinity for fuel. This soon brought out the owner of the estate, who, with an extremely long face, and in a pitiful tone, remonstrated against this destruction of his property. "These rails," said he "are more than one hundred years old." "A hundred years!" replied one of the boys, "that's old enough; 'tis time they were burned." "I guess they are well seasoned, then," said another, throwing one on to the roaring fire, "they burn well." The boys would all have gladly spared the poor man's feelings, but they could not spare the rails; these had served him and his ancestors for more than a century, and they closed a long and useful career by doing good service for the boys of Co. E that night, who reverently, as they reaped the benefit of the glowing fire, pronounced the benediction, "Peace to your ashes."

While at Winchester on this visit, Co. A was camped some three miles from the town, and the officers took up their quarters in the house of an old rebel, somewhat against his wishes; his wife was much of a lady, and endeavored to make matters as comfortable as possible for her guests; but the most interesting feature of this household was a niece of vinegar aspect, who made herself miserable by endeavoring to show her disgust for the officers and men. She did not speak to one of them while they were there, nor did her features once throw away their rebel look or relapse into a smile.

On the twentieth Cos. A and B moved from Winchester to Front Royal, when the whole battalion was placed in Brig. Gen. Crawford's command. While here the duties consisted chiefly of scouting in various directions, in order to learn if the enemy was in the valley in any force, and some long and hard marches were made; but the camp-ground was a very fine one, surrounded by mountains, the air was cool, and the boys had no reason to find fault.

An incident which occurred at that time, showing how adventuresome spirits sometimes amused themselves, in spite of stringent orders, is thus related by Corp. Cook of Co. B:—

I was one afternoon sitting in front of my tent cleaning my revolver, when a sergeant of the Tenth Maine Infantry passed by, and seeing the pistol, inquired if I would take a tramp that night after roll-call. I replied that



I would, and he said, "Then meet me over by that tree, and bring your revolver," and passed on. I posted myself beside the designated tree at the appointed time, and was soon joined by the sergeant and five members of his company, armed with water-pails instead of rifles. A column was formed, the sergeant taking the advance, carrying a pepper-box revolver at an angle of forty-five degrees, and myself bringing up the rear, ready to repel an attack from that quarter if necessary; and we at once took up a line of march into the deep forest, over hills, through valleys, sloughs and underbrush, until my legs almost failed me, and I began to envy the foot-pads, who, to my oft-made inquiry, "Where are we going, and are we not most there?" replied, "Only on a lark to see a rebel," and trudged along apparently as fresh as ever. At last, after innumerable hair-breadth escapes from pitfalls, swamps, precipices and rebels, we arrived at a clearing, where the inevitable Virginia dog warned us that we were near a habitation, and I learned that the bee-hives of this estate were the prize to repay the danger and hardships we had incurred. The dog was quickly silenced, the owner of the place aroused, and a supper of the best in the house ordered. As we entered the house a small boy slipped almost unperceived out of the back door, but no notice was taken of it at the time. Supper was long in coming, the man in answer to all inquiries as to when it would be ready, replying "immediately," in a surly manner and with a sinister glance at the back door. Finally a good meal of nice bread, new milk, and honey (a marked improvement over government rations, we thought), was obtained and disposed of, and we proceeded to business. Five bee-hives were taken from their resting-places to the front of the house, we, at the earnest persuasion of the old man, leaving the sixth hive, "to pay for our supper." A fire of hay and straw served to drive away the bees, and also served as a beacon to any stray rebel or Union patrol, either of which was alike to be dreaded. The pails were well filled with the sweet spoils, and we were resting around the fire to gather strength for the long tramp before us, when we heard the clang of sabres and the sound of tearing down fences, which caused us to "get" as fast as possible. We ran into the woods on the opposite side of the clearing from the sounds, and formed a line of battle in the shade, the infantry boys, armed with fence rails, taking the position of "charge bayonets," each with the right foot resting on a pail of honey, as if to defend that with their lives, while the officers of the command got their revolvers ready. In a few moments there entered the clearing seven mounted men guided by the small boy (on foot), whom we now remembered seeing leave the house as we first entered, and who had evidently been sent by the old man to notify the guerillas of this visit of the Union soldiers. Fortunately we were not discovered, and after the enemy was out of sight we took a roundabout way to the camp, and had made quite a circuit of the woods, when we heard the exclamation, "There they are!" and found we had almost run into the arms of our pursuers. An immediate and prolonged silence quelled suspicion, and after a long spell of listening the patrol moved away, and we again cautiously wended our way until we arrived at a long open plain that lay between us and camp, which must be crossed before we were safe. We remained in the edge of the woods for some time, considering the matter, but as daylight was beginning to appear, we found we must make a run for



our camp or be caught by our own comrades. We made a dash, but had not gone one-fourth the distance before the mounted patrol was in hot pursuit, and bullets were hissing after us lively. At last we reached the ditch that separated us from camp, and as we crossed the fallen tree that served as a bridge we felt at home, and opened on the patrol with our revolvers, the sergeant not forgetting to empty his pepper-box at them, which caused them to retreat as fast as they had advanced. After some crawling around I arrived in camp in safety, and found the horses all saddled and the men standing "to horse," cursing Stonewall Jackson for routing them out so early in the morning. Next day a large pan of honey graced the mess-table at regimental headquarters, and as it was presented there Lieut. Col. Douty, who was passing, looked up and inquired, "Was that the cause of last night's muster?" at which I made my salute in due form, and without stopping to answer came away.

On the second of July Cos. A and M, and two companies of the Michigan cavalry, under command of Capt. Thaxter, had a skirmish with the enemy's pickets at Milford, thirteen miles from Front Royal, in which the Michiganders lost one man taken prisoner. On the fifth Cos. A and B, under the same commander, had a skirmish at Sperryville, and on the sixth the whole brigade, the battalion being under command of Capt. Summat, made a reconnoissance to Luray, where another skirmish took place, two companies of the Vermont cavalry and Co. A of this regiment charging through the town and driving a force of Ashby's cavalry a mile beyond, when the pursuit was stopped and the brigade returned to Front Royal. The most of the time, from the twentieth of June till the tenth of July, was spent in scouting and performing a large amount of like service, and on July tenth the battalion rejoined the remainder of the regiment, then at Warrenton.



CHAPTER III.

FIRST CAMPAIGN WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

DEPARTURE FROM WASHINGTON. — FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF VIRGINIA. — FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE. — WAR SCENES ALONG THE MARCH. — THE FIRST BIVOUAC. — A ROUGH INTRODUCTION TO CAMPAIGNING. — THE FIRST EXPEDITION. — FIRST EXPERIENCES IN FORAGING. — A MIDNIGHT RECONNOISSANCE. — A RIDE IN A PELTING RAIN. — THE FIRST RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT THE FRONT. — A QUEER TASTE TO MEAT AND MILK. — VIRGINIA THUNDER STORMS. — THE FIRST BURIAL IN THE "SACRED SOIL." — SUCCESSFUL RAID ON CULPEPPER. — "CAMP STANTON." — HEALTH OF THE MEN. — THE MARCH TO FREDERICKSBURG. — IN CAMP AT FALMOUTH. — REVIEW BY PRES. LINCOLN. — SHELTER TENTS. — ON THE MARCH AGAIN. — IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY. — CHARGE INTO WINCHESTER, AND SURPRISE OF THE REBELS. — BACK TO MANASSAS. — CHERRIES! CHERRIES! — AT WEAVERVILLE. — ON THE ROAD TO FREEDOM. — FOURTH OF JULY. — ARRIVAL OF LIEUT. COL. DOUTY'S BATTALION. — AT WARRENTON. — "NOT A GODLY GOOD MAN." — PICKETING, SCOUTING, ETC. — THE STAY AT WATERLOO.

THAT portion of the regiment left in camp on Capitol Hill, Washington, when Maj. Douty's battalion departed for Harper's Ferry, which was considered the regiment proper and is so designated, remained there nearly a week, during which the time was spent in drill, mounted and dismounted, and in the manual of arms, and in generally preparing for active service. On the second of April orders were received to commence a march for Warrenton Junction, Va., on the fourth, but, for some reason, the departure was postponed for one day. On the night of the fourth the regiment was assembled on foot, when stirring addresses were made by Chaplain Teft and by Gen. Fremont's chaplain, and the "Red, White, and Blue," and other songs, patriotic and otherwise, were sung by some Maine ladies, then residing in Washington, as a cheering "send-off" to the boys.

At noon Saturday, April fifth, the regiment, under command



of Maj. Stowell, broke camp, and after a march through the "city of magnificent distances," accompanied by a baggage train long enough for a whole corps later in the war, crossed the famous "Long Bridge," trod the sacred soil of Virginia for the first time, and were on the way to the front and to active service. At this time Gen. McClellan had changed his plan of operations, and, with the greater portion of the Army of the Potomac, was *en route* for Yorktown, to operate on Richmond from that direction, and commence what is known as the Peninsula campaign, leaving but a small force, under command of Gen. McDowell, in the direct front of Washington; and to join this latter force the regiment was ordered. Gen. Banks also had a force in the Shenandoah valley, and Gen. Fremont in Western Virginia.

The first impressions of Virginia were not very favorable. The roads were muddy and in bad order, and houses were few, far between, not particularly good, even before the war, and now presenting a dilapidated, tumble-down appearance. The whole country wore a deserted, unhealthy look, to which the earth-works, abandoned camp-grounds, and the waste and destruction which accompany an army, even when not in active operation, added an extra gloom. There was an indescribable feeling of sadness on the part of the boys, as they were introduced to and began to learn what the devastation of war meant, which the exhilaration of being at last on the way to the front,—on their first actual march,—could hardly overcome.

The regiment reached Bailey's cross-roads about three o'clock, where a short rest was taken, and at dark halted for the night at Fairfax Court House, a place of interest to the boys just then, from the fact that a short time before a dashing and successful cavalry charge had been made into the village. The county buildings here, famous in the history of Virginia and of the country, were deserted, and had been sadly desecrated. From top to bottom the walls were defaced, while record-books, deeds, bonds, wills, inventories, mortgages, and papers of all kinds were scattered about the floors, with every appearance of having been overhauled time and again, not that what was



really valuable might be saved, but for curiosities, to be preserved as war relics; and of course they had to be looked over again now, and probably again and again after that, till not a leaf of the records was left. The horses were picketed in the yards, and a portion of the boys were quartered in the buildings, and the remainder outside. There was a novelty about the situation, which, added to the crowded, uncomfortable quarters, prevented much very good sleep that night.

The next morning the regiment was on the march at nine o'clock, and by noon Centreville was reached, where a halt was made, during which the boys thoroughly inspected the rebel earth-works, and the quarters occupied by the rebel army the previous winter, all which were of much interest as giving new ideas of war. Some of the rebel "quaker guns," manned with stuffed gunners crowned with old hats, were still in position, to mockingly warn approaching Union men to come no farther. Bull Run was crossed during the afternoon (over a half-built bridge, the old bridge having been destroyed by the rebels in their flight), some two miles from the battle-field that bears its name—a small stream, not so large as the Little Androscoggin. Dead horses strewed the way on the day's march, filling the air with that peculiar stench which afterwards became familiar to all soldiers. Many a soldier's grave by the roadside, with its rude head-board and ruder inscription, or no head-board at all, even though the grave of an enemy, sent a thrill to the hearts of the Maine boys, and told them, plainer than words could do, more of what war really was. Everything that day told of war in a new aspect; and the boys were better soldiers that night than they had been in the morning, in that they were more familiar with some of its scenes, and knew better what the service entailed.

At dark the regiment went into camp at Manassas Junction, the horses were picketed by the side of the road, and no tents being pitched (there were none then except the large, unwieldy Sibley tents carried from Augusta), the boys had their first experience in sleeping out-of-doors. The weather was fair, the boys, though tired, were in good spirits, and inclined to make the best of the circumstances, and much fun was made in



getting to bed. The best places were picked out, there being a general desire to get under the shelter of the wagons. Many a man went to sleep that night laughing at advice flying round freely, such as, "Leave the window up a little way, to have plenty of fresh air," etc.

Next morning, April seventh, the boys waked up in good spirits, and the regiment was soon on the move. Shortly after starting a mixed storm commenced — drizzle and rain, then rain, drizzle, drizzle and snow, and then snow; and the marching was made more uncomfortable by the condition of the roads, which fast grew muddy and rough. In the afternoon creeks came in the way so often that it was considered there was but one, and that so crooked that the regiment landed on the same side every time it forded it. A warlike appearance was given to the country by the presence along the road of several infantry regiments, of which the First California was generally considered to be the best looking. The boys got cold, wet, hungry and cross before night, and considered soldiering a little rough. The last time the creek was forded it was very deep, having been swollen by the storm; the shores were steep, the landing bad, and several of the boys managed to get thrown into the water, which made fun for others, if not for themselves. A few miles farther on the regiment was drawn up in some woods near Warrenton Junction, and ordered to dismount and go into camp.

But "go into camp" was a mere form of words. The horses were hitched up, and that is about all that was done. It was soon learned that the wagons were the other side of the creek, five miles away, stuck in the mud or unable to cross the swollen stream; consequently the regiment was without rations, forage, tents, axes, cooking utensils, dishes, or anything else needed for comfort, these being in the wagons, and was in the woods where the ground was fast growing softer and muddier, with the snow falling like Maine. The boys thought this decidedly rough, but the experience was a good instructor, and they were not caught again in the same way, — they did not leave everything in the wagons after that, — and if they had they would have known better how to take care of themselves. Rousing fires were

built, and what comfort could be got out of them was extracted ; a few barrels of hard bread were procured from the New England Cavalry (a regiment from Rhode Island and New Hampshire, who were camped near by, and who had named the locality "Camp Mud,") which the boys ate without coffee or accompaniments, with what relish they could. A portion of the boys wandered off and found shelter in some of the few houses in the vicinity, others found friends in the New England Cavalry and in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts Infantry regiments, camped close by, and quartered with them ; but the majority remained on the ground and lived through it, they never knew how. Shed roofs were constructed as well as possible of the horse blankets, drawn over poles cut with axes borrowed from the other regiments, while leaves were scraped together for beds. Under this insufficient shelter they tried to sleep, the rain and snow still falling, and many of them waked in the night to be driven out by finding themselves lying in nice little puddles of dirty water, the "soft beds" of leaves assisting in this wonderfully ; and all that night could have been seen men who had been driven from their beds or who had not had any, sitting or standing on logs by the fire, trying to keep comfortable. Many a man spoiled a good pair of boots that night by standing too near the fire, in his fruitless endeavors to keep warm and somewhere near dry ; but all stood it nobly, comforting themselves with the thought that "there never was but one storm that didn't come to an end, and this is the one," and with the fact that the boys in the other regiments, who had been longer in Virginia, said this was unusually bad weather.

The morning brought no change for the better, except daylight ; the storm of rain and drizzle still continued in all its force, and lasted all day, and there was no prospect of the wagons coming up at present. The half-starved horses looked cold and spiritless, and the best that could be done for their encouragement was to take them out of the "mud pots" they had made during the night and hitch them in dryer spots, only to have them make new "mud pots" in a few minutes. Some beef was obtained, killed by the carbines of the New England Cavalry (the First Maine had no carbines till some time later).

which was sliced and toasted over the fire on the end of a stick, reminding the boys of the picture in the old geography of Napoleon's troops in bivouac, and they made as merry over it as they could, and when toasted, ate the meat without pepper, salt, or bread. Later in the day two days' rations of pork and hard bread were issued, procured from somewhere; but there was no way to cook the pork except as the beef, *a la* Napoleon. Just at night about half a feed of grain was obtained by some means and given to the horses. Comfort was hardly to be sought after; a few hung round the fires and horses all day, "suffering comfort," as they termed it, at a hearty rate, but the most wandered off for the best shelter they could find; quite a party took refuge in a deserted blacksmith shop made of logs, a mile or more from the regiment, which with a big fire in the forge, though leaky, they were willing, under the circumstances, to call "bully quarters." There was plenty of beef in the vicinity which Rhode Island carbines killed, and it was cooked in various primitive ways, one quarter being hung up over the fire in the forge at night and allowed to roast, being turned round occasionally, as someone waked and thought to do so, furnishing them with plenty of roast beef the next morning. Thus passed the first day at Warrenton Junction; and the second night was about like the first, only more had found shelter.

The next day it still stormed, the air was colder, the mud was deeper, and the boys passed the time much the same as the day before; viz., working hard to keep somewhere near comfortable. They would have blessed a sutler then, but the few in the vicinity had nothing to eat. However, they made the best of it, and as a whole did no discredit to the spirit of being jolly under all circumstances; there was singing, and joking, and story telling, and good spirits, almost beyond belief when looked back upon. About noon the horses were saddled, and the regiment marched about a mile to Cedar Creek, the railroad bridge over which had been destroyed by the rebels on their departure from this vicinity. Workmen were engaged in rebuilding the bridge, but it had not sufficiently progressed to be passable, and on the uncertain footing formed by the ruins of the former bridge the men crossed the swollen creek on foot and proceeded



to Catlett's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where a train had arrived bringing forage, rations, and sutlers' supplies. Hay and grain, about enough for two feeds, were issued to the regiment, which the boys "sole-carted" to and across the creek; and then mounting, each with his bundle, they marched back to the woods and gave the half-starved horses a good square meal, much to the satisfaction of both men and horses. That was all the variety of that day, and the night was as the one before.

A severe joke was played in the old blacksmith shop that night, which somewhat relieved the monotony. All the corners large enough to sleep in were filled with the tired-out, hungry men, and several were obliged to stand, or at best sit, and sleep so if they could. About midnight a happy thought struck one who had been trying in vain to sleep standing, and giving those similarly situated the hint, he waked the quiet sleepers, and suggested they better be ready for emergencies—that he had heard someone prowling around outside the shop, and if the rebels should come they could easily capture the whole party unless they were ready for them. At this there was a general rush to put on their arms (for most of them had carelessly taken off their belts that they might rest easier, showing a good degree of ignorance of the art of war) and an examination of revolvers; and when they would again lie down they found their places occupied by those who had created the scare. The joke was taken in good part, especially by those who thus got a good resting-place.

The third morning the enjoyment of the romance of the situation began to grow somewhat stale, as the men found the ground covered with an inch or more of snow, and very little, if anything, to eat, and some of them began to get discouraged and even blue. Still there were some who maintained their jollity throughout, to the surprise of themselves as well as of their comrades, but these grew less in number on this day. In the afternoon rations were drawn, both from the commissary and from the cattle roaming in the woods, which had a salutary effect; but the men were not really happy when they lay down to sleep that night in their different quarters, though the storm



had ceased, and there was a prospect of better weather for the morrow.

The fourth morning, Friday, April eleventh, matters brightened. The weather was fine, and camp was moved a mile or more away to dry ground in some fine, clean woods, where there was some prospect for comfort; a good supply of forage was procured from Catlett's Station, and there was an end to the rough introduction to Virginia, which had consisted, besides the last day's dreary and uncomfortable march, of three days of rain, snow, wind and cold, with hardly anything for men or horses to eat; nothing in which to cook what little the men did have; no shelter, the horses standing in six to twelve inches of mud all the time, and the men the same most of the time, and the men wet through and through incessantly. In a sanitary point of view the men stood it well, which was due, in a great measure, to superior physique and to the abundance of cheerful dispositions.

This night the first expedition from the regiment was sent out, which consisted of Cos. D, F and G, under command of Maj. Whitney. One day's rations were taken in the haversacks, and twelve rounds of ammunition were issued; the command reported to Col. Robert B. Lawton, of the New England Cavalry, who was in readiness with seven companies of his own regiment, and the whole force started just before dark, and rode to the pretty little village of Warrenton, ten miles away, it having been reported that the famous Black Horse Cavalry had visited the village the previous night. Nothing was found there, and the expedition returned, arriving at camp the next morning, having been in the saddle just twelve hours. This night ride was an entirely new and novel experience to the boys, and they entered into the spirit of the occasion, and enjoyed it much. It was as if they had suddenly entered upon a new existence, so thoroughly different was it from anything they had previously known of, except by reading. A private letter, written on the thirteenth, two days after, will give some idea of how the expedition was regarded by the men at the time:—

Last Friday Cos. D, F, and G of this regiment, and seven companies of the New England regiment of cavalry, were ordered to be in readiness to



start off at six o'clock in the evening, with one day's rations in their haversacks, under sealed orders. We packed up our saddles, and when we got ready twelve rounds of cartridges were dealt out to each man, and the secret leaked out. We were going to Warrenton, some ten or twelve miles, where it was reported the Black Horse Cavalry had been the night before. We were in the saddle at six, but did not get fairly started until about seven. The orders were to keep quiet as possible, and no loud talking. We soon struck into the woods, and then commenced the finest ride ever known. There we were, on a bright moonlight night, in a fine stretch of woods, riding horseback—now through mud to the horses' knees, now in water to their bellies, now trotting over and through places that would have made us shudder to walk over by daylight, now getting a switch in the face from overhanging limbs, now losing a cap by the same means, now taking a good smart gallop over a smooth place, now over a stump and round trees, now in a ditch and now over a fence, now jumping a gully—frogs singing, sabres clashing, stars shining—pleasant scenery all the way—with just excitement enough to make us fearless. Didn't I enjoy it? I let myself out to the full enjoyment of it, and drank to the full of the wild scene; for one I did not wish to talk. I was happy enough—talk would have destroyed the spell. Then I had compensation to the full extent for the drag of last winter, and blessed the day that I chose cavalry instead of infantry. "John C. Fremont" was sure footed, not a stumble during the trip. That ride was worth a great deal to me, and I have heard many of the boys say that they never were so happy before as on that ride. There's where one *lives*. Such a ride gives one a taste of life not to be found elsewhere. On we went until about half-past ten, when we halted. Orders passed along the line in a low tone: "Let every man have his revolver ready—keep quiet as possible." We were put in single file and went on at a walk. We heard the town clock strike eleven in the distance, and the barking of dogs. Our greatest fear was that the barking might give to the rebels notice of our coming. We followed a path round the town, through fields and over fences, no noise but the tread of the horses on the soft ground. I rode about an hour with my hand on the handle of my revolver, but getting tired of that, and beginning to think we never should get there, I left it in the holster, ready for instant use. Soon we halted, and then learned we had got the town entirely surrounded, while one company had gone through the town to reconnoitre, and they were to blow the "assembly" when they met with any trouble. We sat on our horses listening for the bugle, while the clock struck twelve, and then one, but no bugle. Then we moved on, formed "two's," and soon found ourselves facing—the town clock. The rebels had not been there that night, and all was quiet. After a little consultation between the commanders, it was decided to come right back. At ten minutes past two the column started, and I was again surprised. At Centreville, Manassas, and all the places I had seen in Virginia, there was no place at all, but now we were passing through the prettiest village I ever saw, just after midnight. A New England look of tidiness dwelt over everything, neat, substantial buildings, mostly brick, wide streets lined with trees, green lawns and plenty of trees, and a quiet, cosy look. We passed through only one street, but could see four churches and a court house that will favorably compare,



outside, with that at Auburn. I was then glad we had had no brush with the rebels, for it seemed too bad to destroy so pretty a place. As you may suppose, we hardly wanted to come right back, being somewhat tired as soon as the excitement was over, and I was afraid the ride back would drag heavily, knowing we must go slow; but after getting fairly started we began to "go it" again, and had a fine ride back, though by no means equal to the one of the night before — that cannot be surpassed — seldom equalled.

We got back here about sunrise, and a pretty looking set we were. If Falstaff's army had been as dirty as they were ragged, they might have been compared to us yesterday morning. Horses and men were all covered with the red sacred soil of Virginia. One good thing, it only sticks till it is dry, and then almost drops off. We were in the saddle twelve hours without stirring from it, and could have ridden some farther had occasion required. There is not a man in the company but will ride better and with more confidence in himself and horse since then. If for nothing else, our going down there did us much good in that way.

The boys made themselves as comfortable as they could in the new camp, and succeeded admirably till Sunday, when the trains arrived, tents were pitched, and all was serene. Rations and forage were getting short, the facilities for transportation to Washington not being sufficient to supply the troops in camp here, so on this day a foraging party was sent out under command of Lieut. Myrick, of Co. K, which returned in the evening, having been highly successful. At this time receipts were given for the forage taken, on the supposition that government would pay for the same at the close of the war, if the parties holding such receipts could prove their loyalty.

Monday, April fourteenth, the First Maine Cavalry, the New England Cavalry, Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts Infantry regiments, Ninth New York State Militia, and a battery, some six thousand troops in all, were reviewed by Brig. Gen. Abercrombie, commanding; and it became generally known that the regiment had been assigned to Gen. Abercrombie's brigade, Gen. Ord's division, and Co. I was detailed as provost guard at the general's headquarters.

Early on the morning of the fifteenth most of the regiment, accompanied by a squadron of the New England Cavalry, and a company of the Seventeenth Indiana Infantry, went on a foraging expedition for the brigade, and returned at night, having been gone twelve hours, nine of which the men passed in the



saddle, bringing with them wagons loaded with hams, corn, hay, poultry, honey, butter, meal, flour, eggs, and the good things of the land, and two prisoners. A little camp incident grew out of this expedition, which created great amusement among the boys of Co. G, and wonder among the officers of the regiment except one, who took his with different emotions. During the day some of Co. G's boys confiscated a small lot of beans, and returned to camp elated with anticipations of tasting once more the good old New England dish, and of again having a good square meal, something they could not conscientiously say they had had since leaving Maine. The captain heard of this, and in turn confiscated the beans. Of course the boys could say nothing against this effectively, but the sequel will show they were not without redress. The captain had his man prepare the beans for baking, and then, knowing they would taste good to all, sent a polite note to the officers of the regiment, inviting them, with his compliments, to breakfast with him the next morning. This was generally accepted, and anticipation ran high at the various headquarters that night; but alas! Along towards morning the boys of Co. G were quietly waked by the switch guard, and after silently enjoying the expected good square meal, which was relished all the more in view of the circumstances under which it was eaten, as quietly returned to bed. Daylight discovered the fact to the astonished and would-be hospitable captain that his oven had been desecrated, and not a bean was left. Again was his boy obliged to visit the several officers with a polite note, this time begging, with compliments, to be excused from their company at breakfast that morning. He never was certain who was the person most to blame in the matter, but his manner toward one of the boys ever after showed that he had suspicions, which the boys knew were correct.

The night of Wednesday, sixteenth, Cos. G and K, with four companies of the New England Cavalry, made a reconnoissance, under command of Lieut. Col. Willard Sayles of the New England Cavalry, starting at nine o'clock, doing considerable marching in all sorts of directions, considerable sitting still while houses were being searched, and arriving back at camp

next morning, bringing one prisoner, said to be a spy. The boys were thoroughly tired out, the trip having been most tedious,—as they thought needlessly so.

The next Saturday a cold rain storm set in, which lasted for four days, the weather being more uncomfortable than during a northeast storm in Maine. Monday Co. G was sent to Bealton Station, about six miles away, the rain pouring at the time, to see if the station had been burned the night before, as was reported. The station was all right, and the boys, not knowing how often they were in the next two years to be in that locality, did not stop to reconnoitre much, but went back as fast as possible. They arrived in camp wet through, and were given a ration of whiskey and quinine to prevent catching cold, which, however, but few took, and there was no perceptible difference in the health of those who did take it and those who did not.

Col. Allen rejoined the regiment on Tuesday, twenty-second, but did not take active command at once, as he was still suffering from illness, and on Sunday, twenty-seventh, the first religious services in Virginia were held by the chaplain.

The regiment remained in this camp, occasionally sending out a foraging party, doing some picket duty, and drilling in the manual of arms, the charge, and in leaping ditches, when the weather would permit, till the twenty-eighth, when the camp was moved a short distance into an open field and laid out according to tactics, the company tents being in one continuous line, with company headquarters in the rear of their respective companies, and regimental headquarters in rear of all. About this time the boys noticed a queer and decidedly unpleasant taste to the fresh meat, and to the milk, whenever they were so fortunate as to get any. It was like onions, somewhat, but stronger and harsher. It was found that all around, for miles, there sprang up in the spring with the grass, but more rapid in growth, a species of garlic, which the cattle, in their anxiety for something green, ate with the grass, and which infected not only the milk of the cows, but the flesh of all cattle so thoroughly that it was almost impossible to eat it, and large quantities of meat were thrown away by the boys for this reason. It was said the meat was eatable if one held a raw onion in one



hand for an occasional bite, but few could eat it unless half starved, without such accompaniment, and onions were not on the list of army rations. This peculiarity was noticed every spring when the regiment was in this locality, and disappeared later in the season, as the grass grew stronger and more plentiful.¹ Tuesday night, twenty-ninth, the first dress parade in Virginia was held, Col. Allen being in command.

About the first of May Gen. Hartsuff took command of the brigade (second brigade, first division, fifth corps), Gen. Abercrombie being assigned to other service. The second of May the boys had an introduction to a Virginia thunder storm. It came up suddenly, giving hardly warning enough to allow the men to scamper in from the field, where the regiment had formed for dress parade. It was one incessant flash and roar, while, as was said at the time, "the rain came down in sheets, with hail between the sheets," and it was impossible to see an object a dozen feet away. Tents were but little protection, the water driving through them quite freely, and although the shower was of short duration, at its close the camp-ground was covered with water like one great pond. At six o'clock the same evening the regiment attended the funeral of David Sennett, of Co. D, who died of diphtheria,—the first death in the regiment after leaving Augusta.

On the afternoon of Sunday, May fourth, divine service was commenced by Chaplain Teft (his second in Virginia), but his opening prayer was interrupted by an order for the regiment to get ready to move immediately, with three days' rations. The meeting was unceremoniously adjourned, and preparations were at once made for moving.

About five o'clock the regiment started, under command of Maj. Stowell, Col. Allen being too ill to go, to make a reconnoissance to Culpepper Court House. The Rappahannock River was reached about midnight, and as the ford was in bad condition, the water running swiftly and to the tops of the saddles, some time was spent in crossing, and some of the boys, not

¹ This garlic is said to be one of the legacies of the Revolutionary war. The Hessians brought the garlic, of which they were very fond, with them from Germany, and from that it sprung up wild, and is found the most plentiful in this region, and round about, where the Hessian troops were in camp.

satisfied with having the lower part of the body wet, left their horses and got wet all over alike. Considerable sport was made during the passage of the ford at the expense of the unfortunate ones, and this, together with the shouts of the officers to their men to "Keep the horse's head up stream!" "Keep further to the right!" etc., and the exploits of the various riders on the passage, made up a combination of strange sights and sounds which was extremely novel then, and which will never be forgotten by those who were there. Never again did the regiment make such a fuss crossing a stream. After crossing, the regiment halted for half an hour or so, when boots were emptied of water, clothes wrung out, saddle-bags and haversacks drained, and all the water got rid of as far as it was possible to do so. A short ride brought the regiment to the plantation of Richard H. Cunningham (known as "Elkwood Plantation, Farley Hill"), who, by the way, was not at home, where the horses were picketed on the spacious grounds, and the boys, except the necessary pickets, slept in the magnificently furnished but now deserted mansion, in the best places they could find, many of them luxuriating on feather beds with wet clothes, boots, and arms all on.

Early in the morning the regiment was again on the move, having thrown out advance and rear guards and flankers, and proceeding "at a walk." The advance guard, Co. L, Capt. Taylor, arrived in the vicinity of Brandy Station in advance of the main column, when Lieut. Vaughn, who was in command of the extreme advance, consisting of fifteen men, discovered a force of rebel cavalry in line but a few yards distant. Hastily forming his men in line of battle, the lieutenant charged this force, which immediately retreated without firing a shot, and he followed them to and through Culpepper, capturing eight prisoners. Capt. Taylor, with the rest of the company, followed his advance. The regiment kept on, halting half a mile from the village, and Co. D, Capt. Smith, and Co. G, Capt. Burbank, were ordered to advance. Galloping into the village (receiving a welcome from a few ladies with waving handkerchiefs) these companies halted in front of the court house, while scouts were sent out in various directions. The men of

the village were sour-looking and reserved, but the negroes and boys were free in giving information, and from them it was learned that a force of some fifty cavalry left there about half an hour before, when they learned of the approach of the regiment. An old negro woman created some amusement by occasionally peeping out from behind a door, saying a few words, and then dodging back, as if fearful of being seen by someone who would inform her master that she was communicating with the Yankee soldiers. But the information gained from her proved to be true. After remaining there a short time, the result of the expedition being accomplished, the two companies withdrew from the village, and drew up in line outside, to protect Capt. Taylor and his command in their withdrawal. Capt. Taylor in due time joined these companies, when the return march was commenced, Co. G serving as rear guard. A few miles from the village there was a brief halt to bait the horses and allow the men to eat a small ration. Then the march was resumed without molestation, though there were one or two scares, as was but natural at that time; the Rappahannock was crossed just before dark, with less trouble than on the previous night, and camp was reached about midnight, after a tedious march, the men being thoroughly tired out with their thirty or forty mile ride that day. This reconnoissance was a very successful one. It was a bold push for the regiment, which was thus the first force to cross the Rappahannock. It was the furthest advance into Virginia that had at that time been made by Union troops in that direction, and important information was gained. So the boys of the First Maine Cavalry were the first Union troops the Culpepperians ever saw. They saw the regiment many times after this, though.

The prisoners captured, if they were not soldiers, were with the rebel troops, and armed, and evidently thought to get clear by being in citizen's dress. Two of them were recognized as men that had visited the camp a few days previous, pretending to look for horses. One of them, an old man armed with an umbrella, was sworn and let go when the command arrived at the river that night, there being no prospect of his being of any service to the enemy. A year later, as the prisoners taken from

the regiment at the fight at Brandy Station reached Culpepper, they were welcomed by the same old man, whose joy at seeing so many Yankee prisoners was unbounded. Then they wished he had not been released.

A day or two after this the brigade was moved a short distance across Cedar Creek, and went into camp near Catlett's Station. This camp, which was named "Camp Stanton," was in a good locality, and with pleasant surroundings, and had the boys been allowed the privileges they afterwards were, they would have enjoyed the time spent here very much. But at this time "private property must be respected," though the boys could not really see why. The regiment chose an excellent position near the mansion of the owner of the plantation (in which were brigade headquarters), in a beautiful field fenced from the other grounds by the traditional zig-zag Virginia fence, built of superb rails, which the boys had already learned made just the best fire-wood in the world, and as they viewed their new camp-ground in the beauty of the spring verdure, the expressive army word "bully" was brought into general requisition. But they soon found that they had no privileges at all there. Not a rail must be taken from the fences, and the visions of cozy fires disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. The grounds must be kept clean and neat. To such an extent was this "protection of private property" carried that life on the splendid camp-ground became an intolerable bore. Fortunately the regiment remained there but a short time; and when it returned the next spring but little of the glory of the place was left, a new order of things having taken place, the comfort and health of our own soldiers having come to be considered of more importance than the wishes of wealthy rebels.

On the ninth of May the regiment was paid for the months of January, February, March and April (a large part of the money received being sent home), and on the eleventh was reviewed with the brigade.

At noon of the twelfth the regiment, with the brigade, started on the march to Fredericksburg, Cos. D, K, and L being the advance guard and flankers, and the remainder of the regiment in rear of the column. Several who were too ill to march



but not enough so, or who had too much pluck to go to the hospital, rode in the wagons on the baggage, which was not the pleasantest mode of transportation, as may well be imagined, while quite a number were sent to Washington for hospital treatment, the change of climate and water, and the exposure to the weather and the irregularity of diet during the first week in Virginia having told severely on the health of the regiment. Diarrhoea had been and then was very prevalent, a large majority of the men having been affected with it more or less, some of them seriously, and there were also a few cases of typhoid fever, and some suffering from other ailments.

After a march of six or eight miles the advance went into camp at five o'clock, but the rear did not arrive till half-past nine. Next morning reveille sounded at four o'clock, and at half-past six the companies in the rear the previous day, which now took the advance, were on the way, while the others, now in the rear, did not get started till two hours later. The march was a long one, twenty miles or more, the heat almost insufferable, and at times the dust so dense that one could hardly see the horses in front of him. The cavalry men called it an exceedingly hard march, and the infantry suffered terribly. The line was strung along for miles, the men straggling badly, and the teams pulling along as if on their own hook. The advance went into camp about two o'clock in the afternoon, while the rear did not arrive till half-past six, and the infantry straggled in all through the night, not more than one-third of any regiment coming in together. One regiment arrived at camp with but eight men in one company, and one officer and one man in another. Many of them were passed by the rear guard, resting and even sleeping by the wayside, singly and in squads, or crawling along as best they could. Some of the cavalry boys kindly gave up their horses to the tired infantry men and took a walk, thereby resting themselves as well as their less favored brothers-in-arms. The country through which the march was made was a fine one, not having yet been devastated by the ravages of war, and the fine plantations, grand mansions, clean-looking white oak groves, and large fields, looking so fresh in their beautiful spring green, would have made the ride one of



real pleasure but for the heat and dust. The rear guard encountered large numbers of contrabands during the day, with whom they talked freely, and some amusing incidents occurred. One woman, who appeared to be quite intelligent, said her mistress told her the Yankees would sell the negroes to make money, but she didn't believe it. She was very well posted on the events of the war, its causes, and on the rebel successes and defeats. The negroes appeared to be happy at seeing our troops, and expressed their joy in hundreds of extravagant ways.

Next morning the march was resumed at seven o'clock, Cos. D, K, and L again in the advance and the remainder in the rear; before eight it began to rain, and continued to do so all day. During the afternoon the brigade reached Falmouth, on the opposite side of the Rappahannock from Fredericksburg, which was occupied by a portion of McDowell's forces; and after any quantity of marching back and forth, a camp-ground for the regiment was finally decided upon, and then there was nothing to do but for the advance to wait patiently in the rain for the trains to come up, to get their tents to pitch, while the rear, which did not reach camp till after dark, had their waiting to do along the road.

The regiment remained in camp here till Sunday, eighteenth, when it was moved a short distance to a better location. The next Tuesday the brigade, together with Rickett's brigade (the two forming Gen. Ord's division), was reviewed by Gen. McDowell, and three days later, Friday, May twenty-third, McDowell's whole force was reviewed by President Lincoln, accompanied by Secretary of War Stanton, M. Mercier, the French Minister, and other distinguished gentlemen, as well as by Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Stanton, and other ladies.

While here the tents which were brought from Augusta were taken from the regiment, and shelter tents (named by the boys "dog kennels") were supplied. These were made of two square pieces of cloth, say six feet square, fitted with guys and loops for fastening to the tent-pins, and with buttons and button-holes all round, so that two or any number could be buttoned together, and a tent of any size formed. It was the intention

THE JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
VOLUME XLII
PART I
1911

CONTENTS
PAGES
The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1
The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1

The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1
The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1

The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1
The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1

The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1
The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1

The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1
The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1

The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1
The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1

The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1
The Evolution of the Human Brain, by Prof. G. S. Huxley, F.R.S. 1

that each man should carry one piece, or one-half of a tent, it being very light, and thus every two men would always be supplied with a tent ample for the purposes of shelter. Tent-poles, in sections, were also furnished, but the boys sooner learned to cut poles in the woods or split them from rails than they did to carry these without losing them. The boys were at first inclined to look upon these tents with derision, but they eventually proved to be the best tent for active campaigning in the history of wars.

Sunday, May twenty-fifth, the regiment was ordered to march to Alexandria, accompanied by three batteries, under command of Col. Allen, the infantry having gone to Aquia Creek to take transports for the same place. The command was in motion at six o'clock in the evening, and after a tedious march went into bivouac in the road at half-past eleven, having made five miles in as many hours, owing to continuous delays caused by the artillery and wagons getting stuck in the mud.

The regiment left at Falmouth thirty-four sick men in a little old building which had been used as a hospital; some of them very ill, but the majority suffering from diarrhœa. Among the number was Corp. Cyrus T. Reed, of Co. G, who was sunstruck while waiting in the hot sun for the column to start. These thirty-four men, with a surgeon who was too sick to be of much service, with no nurses or waiters, no medicine except quinine and salts, and with nothing left for them to eat but some hard bread, remained there three days, when they were sent to Washington, by rail to Aquia Creek and thence by steamer, where they were distributed among the hospitals, the worst cases being taken to the hospitals in that city, and the remainder going to the hospital at Fairfax Seminary, near Alexandria. The surgeon did the best he could, — flat on his back, — directing those in the best condition what to do for those requiring care, but was unable to procure medicine, or any relief, although he made frequent applications to medical directors in Fredericksburg, till the third day. The boys thought they had indeed got into a tight place, left alone in that way; but by the aid of some negroes living near, who cooked biscuit, hoe cake, gruel, etc., for pay, they managed to live through it.

Monday the march was resumed early in the morning, the regiment acting as advance and rear guard. Marching was better than on the day before, and the route was enlivened by fine views of the country and of the Potomac, with numerous vessels sailing up and down. The command went into camp at about ten o'clock in the evening, near Dumfries, having stopped near Aquia Creek for dinner, and marched about seventeen miles. The next day, passed through Dumfries, and marched about twenty miles, bivouacking at Occoquan. During the day a courier arrived from Gen. McDowell bearing despatches altering the destination of the command, on account of the movements of the rebels, who were reported to be in considerable force near Centreville, and the route was changed toward Manassas, where the command arrived at noon of the twenty-eighth, and joined the remainder of McDowell's corps, camping there that night. The next morning the whole force, with the First Maine in the advance, took up the line of march for Front Royal, in the Shenandoah valley, up which Stonewall Jackson's force was returning after driving Banks. The regiment (leaving Capt. Cowan, of Co. I, very ill in a house by the roadside) passed through Thoroughfare Gap and camped that night on the other side of the Blue Ridge; the next day went fifteen miles further and camped on the estate of the late Chief Justice Marshall, and the third day, thirty-first, reached Front Royal at dark, after a long day's march in the rain, and camped just outside the village on the Manassas Gap road.

The regiment remained in the vicinity of Front Royal till the eighteenth of June, picketing, patrolling, scouting, etc. On the second the camp was moved across the Shenandoah, and on the fourth the troops were all ordered back again. In the meantime a heavy storm of rain visited that locality, causing the river to rise very rapidly (twenty feet in as many hours), and the morning of the fifth all the bridges were swept away, with the exception of one which the enemy had destroyed a day or two before, by floating huge trunks of trees and rafts down the rapid current against it. Three companies of cavalry and considerable infantry were thus cut off and imprisoned for a few days, but finally recrossed by ferry.

On the second of June Cos. C and D, under command of Maj. Whitney, were sent out by order of Gen. McDowell to communicate with Gen. Banks, then at Williamsport. They started late in the afternoon, and just at dark halted in the woods a couple of miles from Winchester, which was then in possession of the enemy, where they remained that night in a drenching rain without fires, as the light of them would indicate their presence to the enemy, without shelter, cold, wet, and decidedly uncomfortable, the men getting what consolation they could from the fact that the storm and darkness were advantageous to the success of their dangerous enterprise, and that there was no loss without some gain. Early next morning they dashed into the town, creating a complete surprise to the rebel soldiery, about three hundred strong, who were guarding a large number of Union prisoners captured during Banks' retreat a few days before, and fearing no attack from that direction, had no pickets out. The consternation and frightened looks and actions of soldiers and citizens, as well as the joyous surprise of the prisoners, were vastly amusing to the Maine cavaliers, and many laughable incidents occurred. The rebels, supposing this was the advance of a large force, were ready to surrender at discretion, and some of them threw down their arms in dismay, while others took to flight. Prisoners leaped from their beds, and running over their guard, made a bold push for freedom, and a few of them, among whom were some captured from Lieut. Col. Douty's battalion at Middletown, escaped. In fact they all might have been released with ease, had not the little force other work to do. So complete was the surprise, that when Lieut. Montgomery, of Co. D, rode up alone to a small squad of rebels who were on guard over some prisoners, and demanded of one of them his gun, the thoroughly frightened rebel gave it up without a word, and gazed after the retreating form of the lieutenant in blank astonishment. The orders being simply to communicate with Gen. Banks, and not stop to fight, the command made no stay here, but pushed on. Maj. Whitney had that morning found a guide, who stated that a rebel force was in camp just beyond Winchester, and the major fully expected to find such a force; but instead, after marching a few

miles he found Gen. Banks' pickets, and soon reached the general's headquarters, delivered his orders and received new ones, and starting on the return, rejoined the regiment on the next day, having pushed through a city held by the rebels.

While encamped here a few members of the regiment, when returning from a scouting expedition, met a negro some five miles from camp, who informed them that they were inside the rebel pickets. They laughed at this, but soon one of the party who had fallen a short distance in rear of the remainder, saw three or four soldiers in gray in a clump of bushes by the side of the road, one of whom had his musket aimed at him. He at once threw himself on the opposite side of his horse, when there was a report of a musket, and a bullet whizzed over the saddle. The rebels rushed forward with a shout, evidently expecting to pick him up, but by the time they got where he was supposed to be lying, he was well out of danger. The next day a reconnaissance was made in this direction, but no signs of the enemy were discovered.

On the afternoon of the seventeenth Cos. K, G, and I, under command of Maj. Stowell, again started for Manassas Junction, which they reached the next day just after sunset, having marched forty-two miles the second day, and two days later the other four squadrons arrived there, as escort for the trains. This march will long be remembered, for the weather was clear and cool, and never before or since did the boys feast so heartily on cherries. They had found a few in the vicinity of Front Royal, but it was dangerous going far from the camp for them there. The whole route was literally lined with cherry-trees, from a medium to an immense size, all hanging full of large, ripe, luscious cherries. At first the orders were to let them alone, but such orders were ineffective, and when the surgeon pronounced them excellent in a sanitary point of view, the colonel, finding that the men would eat them any way, and having due regard for the orders not to take any property belonging to the enemy, applied to the general commanding for permission for his men to pick a few. He was told, "Let them eat all they want." Then another difficulty suggested itself. For the boys to stop and eat cherries, all they wanted, would

delay the march and demoralize the line, so he asked permission for the men to break off small branches to save time, to which he received the reply: "Let them break off as large branches as they choose — whole trees, if they like." Gen. Hartsuff stock went up with the boys then, and they gladly obeyed his injunction. Now there was a feast on cherries. As a tree loomed up by the roadside, scores of the boys would leave the line and go for it, and quicker than it takes to tell it, they were in the tree, loaded with branches, and down and in the line again. At times the regiment bore the appearance of a travelling cherry orchard, as the men rode along, each one with a liberal branch, from which he was eating as fast as possible. Bushels and bushels were picked and eaten, and they proved to be, as recommended by the surgeon, excellent in a sanitary point of view. And the boys did not go without cherries for a week or more, while the memory thereof was ever afterwards a red letter in the reminiscences of that summer's campaign.

After remaining at Manassas a couple of days the regiment moved on the twenty-second to near Bristersburg, and on the next day took the back track a few miles to Weaverville, where it remained, drilling a bit now and then, and doing picket and patrol duty, scouting, etc., and for the most of the time grazing the horses in the beautiful clover fields, till July fifth, living all the time on cherries.

Private Emery T. Gatchell, of Co. K (afterwards hospital steward), relates this incident, which occurred while the regiment was in this vicinity:

About sunset one night I received an order to report to Gen. Hartsuff for duty as orderly, and upon inquiring of the orderly sergeant if it was necessary for me to report at the general's headquarters, then near Manassas, that night, was told that it was not. But something seemed to say to me that it was, and I started. After riding some six miles I reached a desolate, gloomy piece of woods, through which progress was cheerless and slow, on account of the depth of the mud. When part way through this dismal region, I noticed some halting on the part of my horse, as if it heard an unusual sound. I listened carefully, not feeling sure that I was out of the reach of guerillas, but could at first hear nothing. Still the horse acted strangely, and at last I halted it, when I heard what seemed to be the cries of a woman in distress. Wondering what a woman could be doing in such a place, I lost no time in hastening in the direction from

which the sound came. I soon discovered a young colored woman, who informed me that her husband was a few feet distant, as she supposed, dying. I at once dismounted, and was guided by the woman to a small clump of bushes, where she had improvised a hut and fixed a sort of bed, on which her husband was lying, apparently in great misery. Upon making inquiries, I judged (and rightly it proved) cramp colic to be the trouble; and procuring a cloth wet with water, I commenced rubbing the stomach and bowels of the sick man in a lively manner, and in a short time had the satisfaction of seeing him much relieved, when I prepared to pursue my journey. Before going, however, I inquired how it happened that these people were in such a dreary place at that time of night, and learned that they were runaway slaves, on their way to Alexandria and to liberty, taking with them their only child, a six months' old babe. I left, pondering as I went what influence it was that caused me to start for the general's headquarters that night, in spite of the sergeant's opinion, and thus be instrumental in saving human life, where it would have been fearfully sad for the mother and child to be left without husband and father. It was a touching sight to see these poor beings travelling, they knew not where, but to some far-off promised land, where the word freedom had to them a significant meaning; and the thought that I was able to be of service to them was always one of great satisfaction.

On the second of July the regiment was attached to Gen. Duryea's brigade, Gen. Rickett's division.

The Fourth of July was duly observed. A day or two previous a meeting of the officers was held, at which it was resolved, at the suggestion of the colonel, to be for the honor of the state that her sons should not forget the birthday of the nation whose life they were trying to preserve, but should celebrate it in the best possible manner, and a committee was appointed to perfect the arrangements. On the morning of the "glad day of America" reveille turned the men out at half-past three o'clock, probably to give them a slight taste of the old-time morning of the Fourth. A flag-staff had been placed in position at headquarters, under direction of Lieut. Virgin, of Co. G, and at sunrise there was a grand flag-raising and a national salute by the entire regiment, under direction of Capt. Taylor, of Co. L; then regular camp duties till half-past nine, when the regiment joined the brigade in a review by the new commander, Gen. Duryea. In the afternoon the regiment assembled in the woods, where there was music by the band, reading of the Declaration of Independence by Lieut. Kimball, of Co. C, speeches, suited to the occasion, by Cpts.

Smith, of Co. D, Boothby, of Co. F, and others, and singing by Lieuts. Bigelow, Co. F, Chadbourne, Co. I, Pray, Co. I, and Myrick, Co. K, and Adj. Stevens. These exercises were followed by a foot-race for three prizes, five, three, and two dollars, which were won by members of Co. C, L, and K, respectively; a sack-race, which made a "right smart heap" of sport, and in which a comrade of Co. G proved the best man, and took three dollars for so proving; and a race for a greased pig (furnished by Capt. Cowan), in which fun grew fast and furious, a Co. D man carrying off the porker and the prize, three dollars. A sweepstakes race for officers' horses, for a purse of twenty-five dollars, was arranged, to take place at half-past six in the evening, at which seven horses were entered. During the race the horse of Capt. Smith, of Co. D, who was riding behind the racers, fell, and the captain was thrown over the horse's head, receiving quite serious injuries in the shoulder, compelling him to retire from duty for twenty days. At eight o'clock there was a grand bonfire in lieu of fireworks, closing the celebration, which was doubtless even more heartily enjoyed by the boys than the more elaborate celebrations in their own state were by those who participated in them.

On the fifth the regiment marched to Warrenton, a distance of a dozen miles, Cos. F and K advance and Co. G rear guard, and were followed during the day by the remainder of the division. The advance dashed into the town at a trot, creating considerable excitement among the citizens, and camped some two miles from town on the road toward Sulphur Springs. The following day, Sunday, Cos. D, F, and G went on a reconnoissance to the springs, and the next day Cos. F and K went to Waterloo. This last detachment captured a rebel mail carrier who was on his way to Richmond with a heavy mail, and sent prisoner and mail to headquarters to be disposed of, and also met a cavalry detachment sent out from Front Royal by Gen. Banks to reconnoitre; and as each party took the other to be the enemy, an exciting chase occurred after a small party of them, but good fortune and good judgment prevented anything serious happening.

The regiment remained in the vicinity of Warrenton, doing

picket and patrol duty, reconnoitring, etc., till the twenty-second, being joined by Lieut. Col. Douty's battalion from the Shenandoah valley on the tenth, and changing camp to the north of and nearer to the village on the twelfth. During this time Co. E received an order to detail a man for duty at Gen. Rickett's headquarters. The first sergeant, thinking the man was merely wanted for police duty, sent a stout, good-natured man, but of not very prepossessing appearance. When Noah, as he was called, reported to the general, the latter looked at him, evidently not favorably impressed by his looks, and said: "I wanted a *good* man; are you a *good* man?" Noah straightened himself up and replied in a very deliberate manner: "Wall, gen'ral, I aint a godly good man, but I was always counted a good man on a farm." The general had no more remarks to make, but he found Noah a good man.

On the eighteenth Cos. G, I, and K, under command of Maj. Whitney, started in a pelting rain storm which had been continuing for some hours, for a reconnoissance across the Rappahannock. After a ride of fifteen miles the river was reached at three o'clock in the afternoon, but it was found so much swollen that crossing was impossible, so the boys made themselves as comfortable as they could for the night in some unoccupied houses at Rappahannock Station, foraging for subsistence. The next day the river was still impassable, and at noon the major decided to return to camp, which was reached that evening. All the streams in the vicinity were much swollen by the rain, so much so that the pickets under Lieut. Cary, of Co. K, who had been relieved on the eighteenth, could not get back to camp until the afternoon of the next day.

On the twenty-second the regiment, with the whole division, marched to Waterloo, a distance of nine miles or so, to re-enforce Gen. Shields, who apprehended an attack from Stonewall Jackson, and remained there, doing little but camp duty, till August fifth, in a locality where men and horses would have starved to death if obliged to subsist on the country.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAMPAIGN UNDER POPE.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA. — GEN. POPE'S FAMOUS ORDERS. — HIS PLANS. — THE BOYS LEARNING TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES. — DECIDEDLY UNPLEASANT SENSATIONS. — DECREASE IN THE NUMBERS OF THE REGIMENT. — REVIEW BY GEN. POPE. — "FORWARD!" — AT CULPEPPER. — BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN. — UNDER FIRE FOR THE FIRST TIME. — MAGNIFICENT ARTILLERY DUEL. — A TRYING EXPERIENCE. — BIVOUAC ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE. — ARTILLERY FIRE IN THE NIGHT. — POPE'S RETREAT. — THE REGIMENT REAR GUARD FOR THE RETREATING ARMY. — FIRST BRANDY STATION FIGHT. — THE FIGHT AT WATERLOO. — A SKIRMISH IN A THUNDER STORM. — THE RAID ON CATLETT'S STATION. — BACKING AND FILLING. — SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN. — SCOUTING AND PICKETING DURING THE BATTLE. — BIVOUAC AT CENTREVILLE. — A COOL AMMUNITION TEAMSTER. — BACK TOWARD WASHINGTON. — SUFFERINGS OF THE BOYS DURING THE RETREAT. — AN ENGLISH OPINION OF THE REGIMENT. — MUSTER-OUT OF THE BAND.

THE first of August, 1862, found the regiment at Waterloo, Va., and all together, the five companies which had been serving in the Shenandoah valley under Gen. Banks for nearly four months having rejoined the main body. The forces under command of Gens. Banks, Fremont and McDowell, which had been acting independently, had been consolidated into one army, called the "Army of Virginia," and placed under command of Maj. Gen. John Pope, as were also the defences of Washington. The field force of this army was thirty-eight thousand men, and a portion of this was in poor condition. Gen. Pope had made such disposition of the troops as he deemed best suited to carry out the wishes of the government, and had issued his famous orders, discarding lines of retreat and a base of supplies, ordering the arrest of all male citizens found within his lines, declaring that the army must subsist on the enemy's country, announcing his headquarters to be in the saddle, etc., which, though received with derision

by the enemy, had put new life into the men and officers of his own command, who in their turn laughed at the declaration of the rebel government that Gen. Pope and his officers would not be entitled to the privileges of prisoners of war if captured. They felt that their new commander meant business, and they were tired of marching back and forth for nothing, of guarding and protecting the enemy's property, and of the alternative of going hungry or running the risk of punishment for foraging, when their foes were so well off. They believed in Gen. Pope, and they welcomed him to their command with a feeling that he was the man for the place.

The Army of the Potomac, under Gen. McClellan, had been defeated on the peninsula, and not only forced to "change its base," but was closely pressed by the enemy. Gen. Pope's instructions were to protect Washington, to prevent the enemy from occupying the Shenandoah valley, and to draw the enemy's troops from McClellan's front if possible, to allow the latter to operate with greater ease against Richmond, or, as it proved, to enable him to withdraw successfully from his position at Harrison's Landing, and to take shipping for Aquia Creek and Alexandria. With this end in view the Army of Virginia was so placed that any attempt on the part of the enemy to enter the valley would render the whole force liable to be cut off, and at the same time Washington was guarded by the whole strength of the army. Then, with the view of drawing troops from McClellan's front, and with the intention, should the enemy throw all his forces in the direction of Washington, of resisting his advance at all hazards, and so delay and embarrass his movements as to gain all the time possible for the arrival of the Army of the Potomac behind the Rappahannock, Gen. Pope commenced the operations which, though successful as far as releasing McClellan's force was concerned, resulted in what is known as "Pope's Retreat," and in a second defeat of the Union forces on the famous battlefield of Bull Run.

The men had now become "old campaigners." They had learned, by that best of schools, experience, how to take care of themselves, under any or all circumstances. Each man carried at least one, and many of them two, pieces of shelter

tent, and so the men were ready to go into camp at any time, in any place where ordered, and with any weather, and make themselves comparatively comfortable. They had learned to carry their own rations, and to cook their own coffee and pork or beef, instead of having them carried in the wagons, and depending upon a company cook, and thus were in no danger of being again caught as were the seven companies on their arrival at Warrenton Junction the April before. In short, each one had learned, or was fast learning, to depend on himself and his own resources, and thus was ready for any emergency, as far as his own health and comfort were concerned.

It may not be out of place just here to speak of another unpleasant experience of the boys, and one which does not usually appear in the records of campaigns, the history of brave deeds, or even in the accounts of the sufferings of the boys in blue. It was not long after their arrival on the sacred soil before some of the boys began to feel queerly. There was a sort of crawling of the flesh, accompanied with a strong desire to scratch. The reason of this was not understood at first; and even after suspicion was aroused, there was an inclination not to believe the humiliating truth. The reason will be explained in the reply of one of the boys who was asked one day by an officer, who noticed his shrugging shoulders and the general movements of the body within his clothes: "Have you got fleas?" "Fleas! d'ye think I'm a dog? No; them's *lice*." This was the fact, but how loth the boys were to accept it. They would have sold out cheaply, and considered this degradation the worst that could befall them. They would retire to some private spot, that no one else should learn of their awful condition, and there hold a private inspection of their clothing, and ruthlessly murder all the detested animals they could find. It is but truth to say they never felt so meanly before. But as one after another discovered that he was not the only one so afflicted, that he was not the only one so utterly disgraced, the humiliation grew less, and each one felt better to know others were enjoying the same misery. The vermin got into the regiment in various ways, — brought from general hospitals and from soldiers' retreats by men who had stopped in those

places, caught in old houses and on deserted camp-grounds, caught by having clothes washed by the people, white and black, living in the vicinity of the different camp-grounds, and in dozens of ways. It is probable that not a single member of this, or any other regiment, from first to last, that ever reached Washington and beyond, escaped this infliction. But they soon learned how to flank this enemy. By keeping out of old buildings and away from old camp-grounds, by doing their own washing, or getting some comrade to do it for them, instead of carrying it to the citizens to be done, by frequent inspections, by changing their clothing often when circumstances would permit,—those who tented together changing at the same time always,—and by getting over their modesty, so that as soon as one found evidences of vermin on his person he informed his tent-mate, and an entire change of underclothing was instantly made, the boys managed, as a general thing, to keep free for most of the time, though when so situated as not to be able to fulfil these conditions, as during active campaigning, they were often troubled, but this trouble was comparatively of short duration, and easily relieved, when circumstances favored. This refers, of course, to the men while they were with the regiment. In prisons, parole-camps, hospitals, convalescent-camps, etc., it was a different thing. Many incidents could be related in this line, but, as it is not a pleasant subject to consider, one will suffice. Some of the boys will remember seeing the commander of the regiment one day, a year or more later than this time, pull off his shirt by the roadside, during a brief halt of the column, and hold an inspection, resulting in the exclamation: "Here they are, all drawn up in battle array—Fletcher (his colored servant), bring me a clean shirt!" The shirt was brought, put on, and the colonel went on his way rejoicing.

The regiment had been gradually growing less in numbers from the time it first trod the sacred soil. The change from the cold winter of Maine, with its comparative inaction, to the heat and rains of Virginia, and the hardships, exposure, and irregularities of eating and sleeping incident to active campaigning had been a severe one, and told on the constitutions

of many with fearful effect. A large number had gone to the hospital, some never again to see their comrades, yet the effective strength of the regiment would compare favorably with that of any other regiment in that army.

On the first day of the month all the troops in the vicinity were reviewed by the new commander, accompanied by Gens. McDowell, Ricketts, Hartsuff, Tower, and a regiment of staff officers. The evening of the same day two companies marched a dozen miles or so, on a guerilla hunt, but returned unsuccessful. On the second Cos. G and H went to Warrenton, and were engaged in patrolling in and around the village till the ninth, when they departed, and rejoined the regiment on the morning of the tenth at Cedar Mountain—the day after the battle at that place.

Tuesday, August fifth, the regiment took up the line of march for Culpepper, where it arrived the next day, and camped a couple of miles above the town. Here it remained till Thursday, and then went on picket three or four miles below the town, Co. D proceeding to Raccoon ford and picketing there, remaining until recalled in haste the next evening. Friday afternoon it was suddenly ordered forward, as the pickets of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry had been driven back from the Rapidan River. By a circuitous route through the woods the regiment reached a position some half a mile from the ground of the battle of Cedar Mountain, and was placed on the advance line of pickets, the second line, cavalry and infantry, having been doubled and trebled. Hardly had the outer line been formed when three mounted rebels, probably spies, attempted to enter the lines under cover of a fence, but were seen and driven back.

Saturday, the ninth, the day of the battle of Cedar or Slaughter's Mountain, was an eventful day for the regiment, as on that day the greater portion of it was under fire for the first time, and that, too, under the circumstances which most severely test soldiers. Reveille sounded at four o'clock in the morning, and at half-past six the regiment, with several others, forming Gen. Bayard's cavalry brigade, were drawn up in line in front of the enemy's batteries, though unaware of this latter



fact. For several hours the boys sat there patiently waiting, and at last the tiresome sitting still was relieved by the regiment being ordered to take a new position, a hundred rods or so to the rear. Before they were fairly in line again the rebel batteries opened upon them with shell, but they fell short, and the Union batteries replied with such vigor that the enemy's fire soon ceased, and all was quiet till about the middle of the afternoon, when a brisk fire of shot and shell was opened by the enemy, to which Union guns rapidly replied. For an hour or more the boys calmly sat on their horses between the contending forces and watched a magnificent artillery duel, the effect of the shells upon the enemy being distinctly visible and ofttimes cheering, and the scene losing no interest or excitement from the fact that the cavalry men of this and the other regiments were in nearly equal danger as the men more actively engaged. Fortunately for them, however, the enemy's gunnery was bad, or it was other forces at which it was aimed. The regiment was then on the left of the line, unsupported by any considerable force of infantry; and the pickets discovering a large body of the enemy evidently attempting a flank movement on the left, the fire of the batteries was turned in that direction, and the regiment ordered to retire. And now shot and shell fell among the troopers like hail as they marched from the field, but neither man nor horse was injured. Another position was taken, some half a mile in rear of the former one, whence four companies were sent out soon after to drive back a force of the enemy's cavalry, which was again trying a flank movement. A little later the regiment was driven from this position by a brisk and well-aimed artillery fire, the shells from which burst all around them, and finally bivouacked for the night on the field.

This ended the battle of Cedar Mountain proper, as far as the regiment was concerned. That night the enemy fell back, having got enough of Gen. Pope's force. In this engagement the regiment suffered no loss, nor did it render any very efficient service in the general acceptance of the term as applied to battles. But it performed nobly and unflinchingly the various duties assigned to it to perform, went where it was ordered



to go, and filled an important place, covering the left of the army, though it was not severely attacked; and that the general officers had at that time no more faith in the service of the cavalry was no fault of this regiment. That it was more trying to sit under the artillery fire and be doing nothing, with nothing to attract the attention but the sad work of shot and shell in the ranks of both friend and foe, and to follow the course of the flying missiles by the sound,—in short, that this passive service, this being merely interested spectators, this waiting in expectancy of being called into action, was a much harder experience, and more trying than would have been active participation, no old soldier will question for a moment.

It was a new experience for the boys of the seven companies, at least, and advanced them one more step toward being cavaliers. They now knew better what war really was, and saw something of its effects. Among the strange sights and sounds which came under their notice, there are but few that have been preserved from oblivion. Many will remember the brisk artillery fire after dark on the night of the ninth, and will recall the splendid appearance of the shells as they went screaming through the air, the light of their fuses resembling in form, speed, and direction through the sky the blaze of rockets, and lighting up the heavens as if with a cannonade of shooting stars.

The day after the battle was spent in reconnoitring around the flanks, but not near the field. On Monday the regiment started to advance, but was stopped at the battle-field with a flag of truce, and ordered to come no further. However, two companies were allowed to visit the field to collect the wounded, bury the dead, and render what assistance they could. Cos. D and K, under command of Capt. Smith, with the ambulance corps, were sent on this duty. This gave the boys the first realizing sense of the "horrors of war."

The next day after this visit an advance was made, when it was discovered that there was no force there, the enemy having withdrawn. Then came a couple of days of picketing, scouting and reconnoitring in various directions, in the vicinity of the battle-field, and then on Thursday, the fourteenth, the regiment moved to the Rapidan River and went on picket. A day

or two later it moved back to near the Cedar Mountain battlefield, and was there when "Pope's Retreat" began on the eighteenth. Gen. Pope having learned from a captured letter that the enemy designed overwhelming him before McClellan could come up, decided to withdraw across the Rappahannock, to prevent the successful accomplishment of this design. On Monday, eighteenth, the regiment was mustered in the forenoon to account for absentees, and soon after noon was ordered to prepare to move immediately. Horses were saddled and packed, the men mounted, and everything was in readiness to move by three o'clock, and from that time until half-past six the next morning the men remained on and by their horses, waiting for trains to pass and orders to start. The welcome order at last came, but the march was only for half a mile or so, when the regiment was drawn up in line of battle and remained in that position till four o'clock in the afternoon. Then, as rear guard of Gen. Pope's whole army, it moved out, passing through Culpepper Court House about dusk, and camping near Brandy Station, a station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad half a dozen miles from Culpepper, and went on picket on the Raccoon ford road, Cos. B and G being outposts.

The next morning, August twentieth, occurred the first fight of the regiment at Brandy Station. The first knowledge of the presence of the enemy was received by Sergt. Jumper and Corp. Grover, of Co. G, who while a short distance outside the line of pickets, on the look-out for rations that would relish better than the regular fare, with special reference to chickens, were captured without giving an alarm. Capt. Taylor, with two companies, had been sent out to reconnoitre in front, and before proceeding far he saw in the distance a large body of troops and a handkerchief waving at them from a house. Judging rightly that that salute could only be intended for rebel soldiers, he fell back to the reserve and prepared to receive the approaching enemy. Scarcely had he got into position, and before he had fairly notified the remainder of the regiment that the enemy was near, when the pickets were driven in, closely pursued by the rebels. This was a great surprise. Indeed, so little was danger anticipated that the horses, with the exception of those

detailed for duty, had been unsaddled the night before, and the men at the reserve had gone into camp and had passed the night as comfortably as could be (Co. G camping in a beautiful clump of sycamore trees near a spring), had slept soundly, and now a part were getting breakfast, a part getting up, some of them had got saddled, and all as free from concern as if really in camp, with their arms and equipments scattered around at will. There was bustle and confusion around the reserve for a few moments, some packing up, some saddling, some mounting, some getting ready to leave, and not much order about anything, and the men had scarcely got into line when the enemy appeared in force at the top of the hill behind which the line was formed. Order was restored in a few moments, as the men got ready for action. The carbineers were dismounted and a sharp skirmish ensued, both with carbines and revolvers (Co. L, Capt. Taylor, with drawn sabres, holding the road, and the remainder of the regiment coming to the rescue as soon as possible after the alarm sounded), which lasted about an hour and a half, when the regiment was relieved by the rest of the brigade. The battle raged for some time after this, the cavalry holding the enemy until the trains, artillery and infantry were all safely across the Rappahannock, when the cavalry also moved back, crossed the river, remained in line of battle for a while, and finally went into camp near Rappahannock Station. In this engagement the regiment's loss was several men wounded and prisoners, and three horses, while the service rendered was an important one,—that of keeping the enemy back till the remainder of the brigade could get there. The men were cool after the first flurry was over, and obeyed orders nobly. At that time there were but six carbines in each company, which had been issued a short time before for the purpose of forming a corps of carbineers, but these performed good service, and a force of two thousand men was held back by them and the use of the revolvers.

On the twenty-first artillery fire was commenced by both armies about nine o'clock in the morning, and soon after the regiment was in line of battle for an hour or so, when with the brigade it moved half a dozen miles in the direction of Water-



loo, and again formed in line of battle, supporting a battery. This position was maintained all night, the men holding their horses by the bridles. The next day the regiment and the battery moved a mile or-so toward Warrenton and there remained for the day, the battery in position, with the regiment as support. In the afternoon Cos. G and E were detailed to reconnoitre towards Sulphur Springs. This little force proceeded nearly to the bridge across the Rappahannock between Sulphur Springs and Jefferson, when the rebel infantry was discovered crossing the river. On the way back to the regiment Co. G received orders to go on picket, and did so, the outposts having quite a skirmish with the rebel outposts during a terrific thunder storm about sunset, and being driven in to the reserve. In the evening the company was relieved and rejoined the regiment, which went into camp about midnight. The storm this night was indeed terrific, even for Virginia, and is still remembered by the boys as *the* thunder storm of the service. The men were wet through and through, and when at last the welcome order came to "go into camp," utterly exhausted they threw themselves upon the wet ground, and without shelter from rain or protection from the mud underneath them, they slept as sweetly as though on beds of down.

On the night of the twenty-second Sergt. M. T. V. Bowman (then commissary sergeant of the regiment and subsequently lieutenant and commissary) was at Catlett's Station, having gone there for rations for the regiment, which were in the wagons ready to start for the front the next morning. He was in the tent conversing with the brigade quartermaster, when suddenly, to the surprise of every one, for there was no apprehension of danger, the train was attacked by Gen. Stuart's cavalry, which had swung around the Union army and was making a raid at this point, — a raid well remembered by Gen. Pope's forces. The attack was so furious and so well followed up that there was no time to harness the teams, — barely time for these two and another officer to secure their horses and mount, which they did, though nearly surrounded and amid a shower of bullets. They escaped capture by plunging into the woods, with the bullets whistling around them lively. Then

came a wild ride through the woods in the dark, dodging the branches of trees, going they knew not where — anywhere to escape their pursuers, until they arrived at a safe distance. Then, thinking it best to know definitely what was taking place before going further, Sergt. Bowman consented to go back to find out, the officers to wait for him there four hours. He had but started when the terrible thunder storm commenced; but this was rather an advantage than otherwise, as the lightning assisted him in finding his way. Riding until he heard the sounds of the enemy, he left his horse and advanced on foot until he could see Gen Pope's headquarter wagons burning, and see the enemy busily employed in breaking open boxes for what they could find. Ere long he heard a movement in his rear, and was ordered to halt; but not choosing to obey, a bullet was sent after him to enforce the order. He eluded his foe, found his horse, and was up and away, hotly pursued by the enemy. He reached his waiting friends, but the enemy was close behind, and he and his friends were forced to flee, and finally escaped unharmed, remaining concealed until daylight, and then finding their way to the Union forces.

Saturday, twenty-third, the regiment moved a short distance, and after remaining in line of battle all day, camped at night in a corn-field in the same line, holding the saddled and packed horses by the bridles all night, and, as was written home at the time, "tired, wet and hungry, but in good spirits."

For three or four days the regiment now marched hither and yon, now in one direction and now in another, now picketing, now supporting a battery, now scouting, now anything but rest, with but little to eat, and no encouragement. On the twenty-sixth it was joined to Gen. Fitz John Porter's corps, on the twenty-seventh reached Catlett's Station, and on the twenty-eighth moved to Manassas and was reviewed in the morning by Gen. Elliott, of Gen. Pope's staff, under whose direction it remained for a few days. That afternoon the regiment took the position it had become so well accustomed to take, the order of battle, several companies being sent off to reconnoitre in different directions, camping that night near Bull Run stream. Friday, twenty-ninth, commenced the second battle of Bull

Run. The regiment marched on the field at daylight; was formed in line of battle on the right of the army in the morning, and was kept in that position all day, under fire most of the time, but without being actively engaged. About noon one battalion, under command of Maj. Stowell, was sent to reconnoitre on the extreme right, and returned later in the day. A portion of Cos. G and K stood picket at night, and the remainder of the regiment slept on the field, the men keeping hold of the horses' bridles.

The regiment was early in line the next morning. The battle was renewed about nine o'clock by the enemy with his artillery. This was of short duration, however, and matters remained quiet till between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, when the cannonading again commenced, now furiously, on the right. The regiment was ordered on a reconnoissance to the extreme right, and when a mile or more out the rebel batteries turned their attention to it. No serious damage was received, and the object of the expedition having been accomplished the regiment returned, and found the enemy occupying the ground it had left but a short time before. By filing around some woods the regiment arrived on the field and found Gen. Pope's force beginning to give way. A panic ensued, which was rapidly increasing, when orders were received to "draw sabre" and stop stragglers and men who were leaving the field; and for some time this and another cavalry regiment were engaged, by persuasion, by upbraiding, and by the point of the sabre, in trying to prevent men from running away, and to restore order and confidence, but so strong was the feeling of defeat and discouragement that this service proved of little real effect. It should be understood that at this time the army was by no means demoralized. There were stragglers, and many of them, but the great bulk of the army was in good order and still fighting nobly. The regiment after a while moved to the rear half a mile and formed in line under the brow of a hill for the same purpose as before, but as it was soon found that the enemy's artillery had a good range of this position, another move was made, the regiment this time crossing Bull Run stream, where the line was again formed, it now being about



dusk. Finally the regiment moved back to Centreville, reaching there about midnight, and bivouacked for the night, being in front of the whole army. One mile from the battle-field all was perfectly quiet; men were cooking their suppers as coolly as if danger was something never known in the vicinity.

During this battle the regiment, though under fire a great portion of the time, was not actively engaged. Its loss was therefore slight; one or two prisoners who were serving as orderlies were captured while carrying despatches.

Just after the army began to give way, and while the regiment was drawn up in line in rear of the field, the attention of the men was attracted by the coolness of the driver of an ammunition wagon. Bent only on the performance of his duty, he drove his team where he was ordered, paying no attention to the showers of shot and shell, no attention to the hosts of stragglers, passing retreating wagons of all sorts and paying no attention to the advice of the frightened drivers, steadily he made his way, clear up to the front, till he passed out of sight in the smoke and dust of the battle, evidently *en route* for the battery to which the ammunition belonged. Though unknown, he won the admiration of the Maine boys for his coolness, bravery and strict adherence to duty under such circumstances, and is entitled to the honor of being one of the best soldiers on that ill-fated field, though "only a teamster."

The day after the battle, Sunday, thirty-first, was comparatively quiet. The regiment made a reconnoissance toward Cub Run, and after a bit of a skirmish with the enemy, returned and went on picket a couple of miles beyond Centreville, where it remained till nearly night of the next day, when it moved back to Fairfax Court House, reported for duty to Gen. Reno, commanding a division of Gen. Burnside's corps, and went into camp. Tuesday, September second, it moved toward Alexandria three or four miles, and had a touch of provost duty, stopping stragglers, etc., till the middle of the afternoon, when the line of march was again taken up, and the boys slept that night in a peach orchard, some three miles from Alexandria.

The campaign of Gen. Pope was now virtually over. Gen. McClellan on the second of September was placed in command

of the "forces for the defence of the national capital," though Gen. Pope was not relieved from the command of his army till nearly a week later, when he was assigned to a command in the northwest. During this campaign, lasting barely a month, the men had seen arduous and continuous service, and on their arrival at Alexandria were well worn out and were feeling somewhat discouraged at the thought that all the events of that month, with its hardships, fighting, sufferings and loss of life had gone for naught. They had had no tents since the sixth of August, had lived mostly on green corn cooked when they could get time to cook it, having very little hard bread or government rations of any sort, suffering intensely from heat, dust, hunger and thirst, and for the last fifteen days the saddles had not been off the horses two hours at a time. At night, formed in line of battle, they had dismounted and lain down in front of their horses, with the bridle thrown over the arm, or the halter attached to some part of the body. Men and horses were well worn out. The sufferings of that campaign can never be told, never imagined, even, and they were apparently for no good. The men were sad, exhausted and dispirited, though aside from the wear and tear, their sufferings were comparatively nothing. But amidst all this they never lost their faith in the eventual triumph of the cause for which they were suffering.

The quality of the regiment at this time was complimented by a writer to the *London Cornhill Magazine* of December, 1862, in an article entitled "Campaigning with Gen. Pope," who says: "Much of the Federal cavalry was wretchedly made up; but there was a Maine regiment of broad, long-armed swordsmen, whose equals I have never seen. In this regiment the horses of each company were of a distinct color. There was a regiment of lancers, likewise, whose pennons gave them a picturesque appearance. They were noted, mainly, for tumbling from their saddles." The First Maine boys will remember this regiment of lancers, whom they facetiously dubbed "turkey-stickers," by which name they were long known.

During the month of August the band, which had been a part and parcel of the regiment from its organization, and the



music of which had many a time cheered the men, and which had also won an enviable reputation throughout the army for its fine music, was mustered out of service as a needless and costly luxury, and went home, much to the sorrow of the members of the regiment.



CHAPTER V.

THE CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND.

LEE'S ADVANCE INTO MARYLAND. — GEN. McCLELLAN AGAIN IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY. — THE REGIMENT AT ALEXANDRIA. — A RECONNOISSANCE TO FAIRFAX. — THE WOUNDED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BULL RUN. — BACK ACROSS THE POTOMAC. — A HOT, DUSTY MARCH INTO MARYLAND. — HEAVY DETAILS FROM THE REGIMENT. — CAMPAIGNING AMONG FRIENDS. — A SKIRMISH WITH FITZ HUGH LEE. — CHARGE INTO AND OCCUPATION OF FREDERICK. — COL. ALLEN APPOINTED MILITARY GOVERNOR OF THE CITY AND CAPT. SMITH PROVOST MARSHAL. — ON DUTY IN THE CITY. — ARRIVAL OF RECRUITS. — DUTIES OF MILITARY GOVERNOR AND PROVOST MARSHAL. — IMPORTUNITIES OF REBEL WOMEN TO AID REBEL PRISONERS. — THE MAINE BOYS AT PRAYER MEETING. — CO. G AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN. — COS. H AND M AT ANTIETAM. — DEATH OF GEN. RENO. — CO. G AT BURNSIDE'S HEADQUARTERS.

AFTER the second battle of Bull Run, the rebel forces, under Gen. Robert E. Lee, remained extremely quiet, and with the exception of a fight at Chantilly on the second day, nothing of interest or importance occurred for some days. Finally it appeared that Lee, instead of striking at Washington, as was the chronic fear during the most of the war, was making his way into Maryland, with the intention of releasing the thousands in that state whom he had been led to believe were friends of southern independence, from the bondage of the United States government, and in the hope of adding large numbers to his force; then, doubtless, of giving the state of Pennsylvania a taste of the horrors of war in part retaliation for what his own state of Virginia had suffered, if not, with his army largely increased by the disloyalists of "My Maryland," of making an attack on Washington from that direction. His ill success in awakening any enthusiasm among the people of Maryland by his stirring addresses and kind offers to "aid them in throwing off the foreign yoke, to enable them to again enjoy



the inestimable right of freemen, to restore the independence and sovereignty of their state, and to regain the rights of which they had been so unjustly despoiled," and his disappointment thereat, are matters of familiar history, as are also his defeats at South Mountain and Antietam, and his subsequent retreat back into Virginia.

Gen. McClellan had been reinstated in command of the forces in the defence of the national capital, which forces were in the vicinity of that city. His services in the campaign in Maryland are also matters of history, and are not within the province of this work.

The regiment was near Alexandria the morning of September third, resting a bit. About noon Cos. E, G, K, and L, then comprising the third battalion, under command of Capt. Taylor, went on a reconnoissance toward Fairfax. They reached within two or three miles of the court house, where they found the rebel pickets, and after one or two slight skirmishes with no serious results, they returned a couple of miles and went on picket, remaining there that night, and rejoining the regiment the next day. Word having been received that the Union wounded left on the field of Bull Run had been uncared for, on the fourth Co. F was sent out as guard for an ambulance train, to take such as were still alive to where they would receive proper treatment. They found the wounded in a horrible condition, suffering from wounds, hunger, and, above all, from thirst, there being but few in the vicinity to attend to their wants, and those unable to attend to them all, had they been inclined. The wounds of many of these poor sufferers had become infested with vermin, and in some cases putrefaction and gangrene had set in. Many had died by inches, and many were still dying by inches. It was a fearful sight, and one which but few of the regiment were so unfortunate as to witness.

Friday, fifth, the regiment recrossed the Potomac and was again in Washington, going into camp that night on Seventh street, where it was expected there would be a season of rest for men and horses, both of which were greatly in need of it; but on Sunday the march was resumed, the regiment reaching



Leesboro. Md., at dark, after the hottest, dustiest march on record up to that time. The heat was almost insufferable, and the dust, which choked men and horses, was so dense as to sometimes render it impossible to see ten feet away. The regiment had been assigned to Gen. Reno's division, and Co. G was detailed as body-guard for the general just before starting on this march. A day or two later Cos. A and I were detailed as body-guard for Gen. Rodman, while Cos. M and H were doing similar duty in Fitz John Porter's corps. From this time to the twelfth the regiment was engaged in scouting and reconnoitring in different directions, during which the boys learned the difference between campaigning in the enemy's country and among their friends. It was something new in their experience as soldiers to meet with friendly faces, kind words, and, better than those, substantial assistance from the people living along their lines of march, and to feel, as they sought information from the citizens concerning the movements of the enemy, that they were not being misinformed.

Friday, twelfth, the vicinity of Frederick City was reached by the army, where Gen. R. E. Lee had made his headquarters, and whence the rebels had not yet gone. The regiment, that is the half dozen companies not on detached service, had the advance, and met Fitz Hugh Lee's cavalry some three miles from the city, where, about two o'clock in the afternoon, a severe skirmish occurred, in which the enemy was driven. Pursuit was given, and though the rebels attempted to make a stand in the streets of Frederick, they were forced to give way, and Union troops held the city after the rebels had occupied it one week. The loss was slight; the fighting was close, and several sabre cuts were given and received. The Union troops met with an enthusiastic reception at the hands of the Union citizens of the town. When the last armed rebel had been driven out or captured, the regiment went into camp, and by virtue of having been the first into the place, were allowed to take care of it. Col. Allen was by Gen. Burnside appointed military governor, Capt. Smith, Co. D, provost marshal, and the regiment provost guard. Adj. Stevens was appointed acting assistant adjutant general, and Capt. Boothby, Co. F, aid-de-camp.



The regiment, or about half of it, under command of Col. Douty, remained here till November second, patrolling the town night and day, scouting and reconnoitring, and doing provost duty generally. Some five hundred rebel prisoners were confined in the jail, and on the night of October fifteenth an attempt was made by their friends to set fire to the jail, hoping the prisoners would escape in the confusion. The plan did not work; an alarm was sounded, and though the regiment, with the exception of those actually on duty, was unsaddled and asleep, in less than ten minutes it was mounted and had surrounded the jail, and not a prisoner escaped, though many desperate attempts were made. The New York Fire Brigade, which was then in the town, took a hand in the game, and knowing how, soon had the fire under control.

The service here, though not extremely hard, was of much importance, protecting alike soldiers and citizens. There were quantities of guard and patrol duty to be performed. There was scouting almost daily, and picketing a few miles out from the city all the time. There were frequent reports brought to headquarters by the affrighted citizens from the surrounding country, of projected raids into the city by the enemy's cavalry or guerillas, to release the prisoners, or to kill or capture the Union soldiers and take their arms and equipments, or murder Union citizens, of which it would not do to take no notice; and many times was the regiment ordered out at a moment's notice to repel an attack from a foe, which existed only in the imagination of alarmed farmers, or which had been warned by friends from the city that preparations had been made to receive. Then there were the prisoners to guard, the secret and open enemies living in the town to be looked after, the scores of hospitals, after the battles of South Mountain, September fourteenth, and Antietam, on the seventeenth, to be guarded and otherwise attended to, together with any amount of orderly and safeguard duty to be performed. In short, it was a time of constant, unwearying watchfulness and care, and of continuous service. Still the boys felt that they were among friends, and rather enjoyed serving in and about the pleasant city of Frederick. While here some two hundred and fifty recruits

[Illegible Title]

[Illegible text block containing multiple lines of faint, mirrored text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

arrived from Maine, and were assigned to different companies, to take the places of those who had died or been discharged from the service. It is pleasant to record one fact in connection with the hospitals in this city, and that is, that the dreary life of the wounded and sick boys in blue was made pleasant by the visits of the ladies of Frederick. Although many of these acknowledged that their sympathies were with the south, they said they would not allow their sectional feelings to interfere when sufferers were in want. That they certainly ministered to the wants of our sick men is the testimony of one officially connected with the First Maine Cavalry hospital there, and they are and ever will be gratefully remembered.

Col. Allen as military governor, and his staff, and Capt. Smith as provost marshal, performed their difficult and arduous duties with general acceptance to all except the rebels, and even these were forced to acknowledge the fairness which characterized the treatment they received. Among the most vexatious things which came before Col. Allen in his new capacity were the persistent efforts of secession sympathizers in that city, and even from Baltimore, to get aid to their friends confined there in prison. Money, clothing, food, etc., were sent or carried there almost daily, for their benefit, and the office was besieged with rebel women hours at a time, with unblushing effrontery, for permission to go and see and cheer, or to take these articles into the jail and give to the dear, suffering boys. These requests were denied, with the exception that food and clothing (not gray) and small quantities of money were generally allowed to be sent in, and, in rare instances, taken in. Boxes of rebel uniforms were sent from Baltimore for these prisoners, directed in care of the military governor, and women came after them and pleaded, till even Col. Allen's large stock of patience was well-nigh exhausted, that they be given the suffering heroes, giving as an excuse for the color of the clothing, that gray was selected, not because it was the badge of secession, but because it was cheaper than cloth of any other color. Such excuses were too transparent, however, the colonel informing them firmly that if the boys were suffering so badly for clothing, they must bring some of another color. If ever

there was persistency displayed, it was by secession women at the office of the military governor of Frederick.

The duties of Capt. Smith as provost marshal were also arduous and difficult, and required a deal of discrimination and administrative ability. Upon being appointed to the office, he naturally looked into the Army Regulations, to see what his duties were. To his surprise the term was not to be found there, nor did the dictionary give him any assistance. Finally he came to the conclusion, as he expressed it, that he was a sort of king, and acted in that belief. He had almost unlimited power, and, it must be said, he used it well. The duties were vast and various, as the good order and well-being of the city was in his hands as executive officer of the military governor. In the first place, there was the care of the army passing through, which was no small job; then there were the liquor-saloons, houses of ill-fame, and resorts of all kinds to be kept under restraint, and, in short, all the police work of a city under martial law, and filled with discordant elements, to be looked after, as well as the care of the hospitals, the rebel prisoners, etc. No one can have any idea of his multifarious duties, unless he has been placed in a similar position.

Extracts from private letters, written by the clerk at the military governor's headquarters, will give some idea of the state of affairs there during that time:—

The secesh women here are pretty bold, and the men, even, are not so timid or secret as they might be. Very often a couple of the female rebels (they always hunt in pairs) come into the office to see Col. Allen. Then commences a series of begging for the privilege of furnishing clothing for the poor rebels who are here, setting forth in strong language their destitution, their being strangers in a strange land, etc., ending with, "Now, do, please, colonel—you don't know how much good it will do us." It makes me provoked, always, to hear them plead to be allowed to do some favor to a miserable rebel prisoner, but it always amuses me to hear the colonel talk to them. I don't see how he has the patience, but he talks as long as they do, appearing to feel the least bit sorry he can't grant them the favor, but at the same time refusing them so plainly that they can but understand what he means. Little consolation and still smaller favors they get out of him in that direction. A couple were in here the other day, and the colonel strongly hinted that they (the women) didn't come under his jurisdiction, by saying: "If you are secesh, and sympathize with the rebellion so strongly, you have no business here, under a Union government—you belong down in Vir-

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It then proceeds to a literature review, followed by a description of the methodology used in the study. The results of the study are presented in the next section, followed by a discussion of the findings and their implications. The paper concludes with a summary of the main points and a list of references.

The second part of the paper discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It then proceeds to a literature review, followed by a description of the methodology used in the study. The results of the study are presented in the next section, followed by a discussion of the findings and their implications. The paper concludes with a summary of the main points and a list of references.

ginia." He talks good-naturedly all the time, but still they know he means what he says. Yesterday a couple were in here, and one of them hung on for a long time for the colonel to let a rebel prisoner, who was wounded and taken at Antietam, I think, and who had been luxuriating and getting well at her house ever since, go to Baltimore with her, and she would see that he was taken care of after they got there. She said he didn't want to stay in Baltimore, but would report to the provost marshal there, as he was very anxious to get back to Richmond. Undoubtedly, but the colonel couldn't see it. I think when they left here they were pretty thoroughly convinced that when the poor, oppressed rebel did go to Baltimore, it would be with a squad, and under guard of a bayonet or two instead of a pair of bright eyes, which would be only too willing to go off guard duty. They can't play many odds on Col. Allen, if he did come from "down east."

I was a bit amused the other day at a little incident which shows which way the wind blows. I was standing at the gate before the office, talking with one of the orderlies, when a couple of young women came along. The orderly says, "There's a couple of secesh!" I looked at them quite curiously, you may be sure, when, just as they came within a few feet of us a big dog ran along and brushed against the dress of one of them. "Go away," said she, "you great Yankee dog;" and you ought to have seen the peculiar twist of the nose it required for her to say "Yankee." I could not help it,—I had to laugh, and laugh I did till they got out of sight. Rude in me, I know, but not having exercised the laughing muscles much lately, I hadn't them under perfect control.

Rumors of raids keep coming; a telegram came the other night that sixty rebel cavalry had crossed into Poolesville, which was confirmed by the report of the telegraph operators there, who were taken prisoners and paroled. The same night a party of four came up to Urbana, the town adjoining Frederick, about eight miles from this city, and calling at the house of the postmaster, a strong Union man, called him into his store and made prisoners of him and his clerk, a fine young fellow. Then they commenced plundering, and the postmaster managed to slip them. The leader of the gang got mad and ordered his men to shoot the clerk, so he should not get away; but the men refused, when he took a pistol and shot him himself. The ball entered the poor fellow's lungs, and he must die if he is not already dead. Can you find a word expressive enough to use in speaking of that act? I can't, without being profane. The gang left, and got safely across the river, the citizens of the town not caring to interfere. The postmaster remained all night scouting round, not daring to go home, having no arms, and came here yesterday morning.

When the troops passed through here, after the rebs first came into Maryland, they burned and destroyed a large amount of fence, as well as crops, hay, etc. After they were gone a board of appraisal was appointed by the military governor, to appraise all such damages, so that the owner might eventually receive his pay. The board spent some time in examining into these affairs, and compelled each man to take the oath of allegiance before they would investigate his claim. One old fellow brought in a claim; the oath was tendered him. He said he could not take that oath with a clear conscience. He left, but kept coming to see if something could not be done

without his taking the oath. Nothing. Finally he compromised with his conscience, and one day came to the provost marshal's office, where the oath was administered to him. Then he came down to this office to get some of the board to go to his premises; but, alas! the board had closed, and the poor fellow could not get any sight for his pay, after having taken the oath. His neighbors joke him on it considerably. It was hard. Too bad he should have dirtied his conscience for nothing.

Another service was performed by the boys of the First Maine while there, which, though not strictly coming under the head of military duty, shows to some extent the *morale* of the men. A revival meeting was in progress in the Methodist church, soon after the regiment went into quarters there, in which many of the boys took an active part, leading in prayer, in singing, and in the general exercises of the meeting, and introducing many revival hymns, till then unknown to the people of that city, which gave new life to the spirit of the meetings, and received the thanks of the good people of the church for their services. Many of the boys will remember those meetings, held nightly in the church near headquarters, and what times of religious excitement they were, exceeding anything ever seen in their own state. Scores, whites and negroes, would be affected with a strange power, and there would be singing, and praying, and shouting, almost to the verge of hysterics, and wild excitement everywhere. Strong men would be stricken down in an instant, and prostrated on the floor. Now and then there would be half a dozen or more prostrate in the aisle or on the platform at a time. Although many of the boys went there only for the gratification of their curiosity, and could see nothing in these manifestations but food for mirth, their down-east training and reverence for sacred things prevented them from any unmanly conduct.

While the major part of the regiment was at Frederick, the two great battles of South Mountain and Antietam were fought, in which only the companies serving on detached duty took part. Co. G was at the first named, where it served as body-guard for Gen. Reno, who was there killed, and Cos. H and M served at Antietam, under Gen. Porter. The history of the companies serving away from the regiment is worthy of record, but cannot now be obtained, so the wanderings of one will suffice, and perhaps give some idea of that sort of service.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON, 1704

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON, 1704

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON, 1704

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON, 1704

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON, 1704

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

IN THE YEAR 1649

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

Co. G was detailed as orderlies and escort for Gen. Reno on the seventh of September, and, as the regiment was in his division, its whereabouts and wanderings were nearly the same as those of the regiment, till Frederick was reached, on the twelfth. The company did not remain there, but, keeping with the general, moved to Middletown on the thirteenth, and on the fourteenth to South Mountain, arriving there after the battle began. The boys had a fine view of the battle from afar off, performing efficient services as orderlies when required, till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when there was a slight wavering of the lines, and the company was sent out to stop stragglers, which duty it performed till dark. In the meantime Gen. Reno passed to the front, and took command of his division in person, till the enemy was completely routed. At this point the general was mortally wounded, and taken to the rear, and died ten minutes afterwards, at eight o'clock. The company escorted the brave general's body back to Middletown that night, and the next day was detailed as orderlies and guard at Gen. Burnside's headquarter train. On the seventeenth the company with the train moved through Boonesboro' to near Antietam, where they went into camp at dusk, knowing nothing of the great battle which was fought and the great Union victory which was won that day, unless by reports and the sounds of the cannon and musketry, except that one or two of the boys went up to see the fight, one of whom had a horse shot under him while there. Till the twenty-ninth the company performed guard duty for the train, when a move was made half a dozen miles or so towards Harper's Ferry, and camp was pitched near Sharpsburg. Here they remained till October sixth, when another move was made, and on the seventh they went into camp at Knoxville, where they remained till the twenty-seventh, and moved to Lovettsville. November third another forward movement commenced, and marching became the almost daily routine.

As an evidence of the nature of the duty performed, and the hardships suffered during the few months the regiment had been in active service, it may be stated that from March to November first, some seven hundred horses were lost in action and worn out in service.

the first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the

the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the

the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the

the tenth is the fact that the
the eleventh is the fact that the
the twelfth is the fact that the

the thirteenth is the fact that the
the fourteenth is the fact that the
the fifteenth is the fact that the

the sixteenth is the fact that the
the seventeenth is the fact that the
the eighteenth is the fact that the

the nineteenth is the fact that the
the twentieth is the fact that the
the twenty-first is the fact that the

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAMPAIGN UNDER BURNSIDE.

GEN. McCLELLAN RELIEVED BY GEN. BURNSIDE. — RESIGNATION OF COL. ALLEN. — CROSSING THE POTOMAC ON PONTOONS. — "ON TO RICHMOND" AGAIN. — CO. L ON DETAIL. — CO. F IN A SKIRMISH. — ONCE MORE AT WARRENTON. — AT SULPHUR SPRINGS. — FORAGING A FINE ART. — AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION. — "GREASED HEEL." — FOR FREDERICKSBURG. — CAMPAIGNING IN A COLD STORM. — SHORT RATIONS AND FORAGE. — CO. K ON A RECONNOISSANCE. — BROOKS' STATION. — COLD SNOW STORM. — FALMOUTH. — COLD WEATHER AND SCANTY CLOTHING. — BAREFOOTED BOYS. — THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG. — SUPPORTING A BATTERY. — BIVOUAC UNDER FIRE. — DEATH OF GEN. BAYARD. — IN "WINTER QUARTERS."

AFTER the successes at South Mountain and Antietam, Gen. McClellan was relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside assigned to that position. Gen. McClellan turned over the command to Gen. Burnside on the tenth of November, at Warrenton, Va., which the latter accepted "with diffidence for myself, but with a proud confidence in the unswerving loyalty and determination of the gallant army now entrusted to my care, and with a steadfast assurance that a just cause must prevail." On the same day Gen. McClellan bade farewell to his troops.

On the second of November the regiment was relieved from provost duty at Frederick, and ordered to report to Gen. Reynolds at Rectortown, Va., to serve with his brigade. Col. Allen and the staff officers of the military governor were left on duty in that city, where they remained till the following January, when Col. Allen and Adj. Stevens resigned, on account of ill health, and went home, and Capts. Smith and Boothby rejoined the regiment. Under command of Col. Douty the regiment broke camp, and marching through Jeffer-



sonville and Petersville, halted for the night near the Potomac, and next morning reached Berlin, on the banks of the river, at an early hour. Here a pontoon bridge was constructed (the magnificent bridge across the Potomac at that place having fallen a victim to the ravages of war), on which the boys crossed, with a feeling of mingled curiosity and insecurity, carefully leading their horses along the frail roadway, and half expecting all the time that the whole thing would go to the bottom the next moment. Such was the impression received on crossing a pontoon bridge for the first time, as the boats swayed to and fro with the current, or rose and sank under the tread of the horses, and men and horses reeled as if drunken. All got over safely, however, and had a better opinion of the efficacy of pontoons when they again stood on solid ground, though that was "sacred soil," than when in the centre of the river on the bridge. After a pleasant march of half a dozen miles the regiment went into bivouac, and the next day marched through Willow Mount and Philomont (where shattered buildings, demolished fences, trampled fields, fresh graves, and frightened people told a sad tale of a fight that took place there three days before) to Union, a little town some five miles east from Snicker's Gap, in the mountains, where it camped that night. The next day it continued the march, halting for a time at Upperville, where the boys had a view of Gen. McClellan and staff as they passed by, and slept that night in the woods. Another inroad was here made on the strength of the regiment by detailing Co. L, Capt. Taylor, for duty at First Army Corps headquarters, where it remained for some time. On the sixth the regiment marched to Salem, which place the enemy left the day before, and there took the advance of the army in that direction. Co. F was sent forward as advance guard, and when within three miles of Warrenton (thirteen miles from Salem) came up with the enemy's rear guard, attacked and drove them through Warrenton, and then fell back upon the artillery. During this skirmish several prisoners were captured. A portion of the advance guard had given chase to the rebels, and the others were waiting for the main body to come up. While thus waiting, they espied a

mounted rebel a little ahead of them, to whom they gave chase, but he proved to be well mounted, and they gave it up. In escaping from them, however, he ran directly into another portion of the party, and was captured and put under guard of two men, to be taken to the rear. As they were on their way they saw two more armed rebel horsemen approaching them. Instantly placing their prisoner in front, they leveled their carbines and ordered the men to "Halt, dismount, advance, and deliver up your pieces, breech first!" The order was obeyed, and the two men reported with their prisoners, who belonged to the Third Virginia Cavalry.

In the evening the regiment advanced to Warrenton, making further captures, and held the place till Gen. Bayard arrived with his command and relieved it. As the boys again found themselves in the pretty town of Warrenton, they could not help recalling their first visit, by moonlight, seven months before, and the several visits since that time; and as these thoughts brought back to their minds all the events of that summer, they may be pardoned if they wondered whether they were always to be marching back and forth in this way, as it were on one continual round. And they had occasion for similar thoughts many times after that.

Upon being relieved the regiment moved out and encamped on the road leading to White Sulphur Springs, and as the weather had become cold and the snow was beginning to fall, the boys pitched their tents for the first time since leaving Frederick. Next morning the regiment went on picket at the springs.

The regiment remained in this vicinity, with headquarters at Sulphur Springs, till the eleventh, picketing, patrolling, scouting and foraging for the horses, though it would not be surprising if some of the foraging was for the men themselves, and if occasionally the horses ranked second in these expeditions. They had by this time become used to foraging, and could take anything they wished to, for horses or men, without a compunction of conscience, and their experience had taught them to find articles hidden in the most unthought-of places. In fact, some of the boys had developed a genius for discovering hidden



things that far excelled the genius of those who did the concealing, and had raised foraging to a fine art.

Lieut. Charles W. Ford, of Co. K, at the reunion of the regiment at Portland, September 9, 1874, told these stories of foraging as having occurred at about this time:—

Late one stormy day we went into camp and had no rations. Our teams were behind, and I was in temporary command of the company. I sent for the sergeant, who had a hesitancy in his speech, and never would forage, but I told him he must. He said if I would give him a detail of ten men he would do what he could. I told him to make his own detail. He took them and a team, and in two hours he came back with the team and men loaded down; but instead of being elated at his success, he came in and seemed to be in great trouble. He came to me and said, "Lieutenant, I just realize w-what I have d-d-done, and if I get c-c-caught you must protect me." He said he went out with his men, and after a while he sighted in the distance a house and two stacks of hay, and saw a squad of infantry guarding a hill. Said he, "Boys, when I motion to you, come on." He immediately rode up and said, "Sergeant, what regiment do you belong to?" "One Hundred and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania." "Your regiment is ordered to move immediately, and you are ordered to report to your company." The infantry left, and as soon as they were out of sight this sergeant says, "Come on, boys," and they drove up, loaded, and came in. Col. Douty was in command of the regiment at the time. In two or three days the adjutant sent over, saying our boys were to be mustered, to see if the infantry sergeant could identify the man who gave him the order to report to his company. I immediately went down and informed this man, and he said I must protect him. The inspection was made, but the sergeant could not recognize the man. Our sergeant? Well, there wasn't any sergeant—he was cook over at headquarters.

The second or third day our regiment was ordered to take four days' rations, which used to last about a day and a half when on one of these raids. When coming out of the woods my company sighted a smoke-house or ham-house. They saw it first, as they usually did these things, and a detail was made to go over. If I remember right, Capt. Chadbourne was sent over to see that they did not get more than they wanted. They made a rush and went in. The captain sat on his horse near by. The old man who owned the smoke-house came out and said, "For God's sake, leave me some." A man from Co. I sang out, "Hoe in, you old fellow you, and get your share!" The old man saw the point, and ran in and brought out two hams and his wife another. "There, old man," said a member of Co. I, "you have got your share—keep away now!"

On the eleventh the regiment again broke camp, and marched to Rappahannock Station, where it remained, performing the usual variety of duty, until the seventeenth. While here a disease made its appearance among the horses called the

"greased heel." It was doubtless caused by wet weather, hard usage, short rations of improper food, and, perhaps more generally, from want of good care. A large number of horses in the regiment were disabled with this disease, some of them permanently, and some had to be killed; but as a whole the regiment suffered less from it than did some other regiments. Good care soon brought the lighter cases back into good condition, while the worst cases were taken away. Its duration was but short, and the regiment suffered none from it after this time, comparatively, though other regiments had more or less of it for a long time.

On the seventeenth the regiment again broke camp, Gen. Burnside's movement on Fredericksburg having commenced, and marched to Freeman's ford, on the Rappahannock, again joined Gen. Bayard's brigade, and went on picket in the rain. The enemy's pickets were on higher ground, and could be easily seen by the boys, while the latter were comparatively safe from their observation. Taking advantage of this fact, Sergt. Bryant, of Co. K, with three men, crossed the river twice for corn for the horses, narrowly escaping capture on the second visit by a squad of rebel soldiers, who had been informed of the presence of the Yankee foragers by the owner of the corn.

On the twentieth the regiment was relieved, reported at Gen. Bayard's headquarters at seven o'clock that evening, and was ordered to report to Gen. Reynolds, near Stafford Court House. After a march through thick woods, swamps, mud and mire, at one o'clock the next morning a halt was ordered, when the boys, tired and weary, threw themselves on the wet ground and slept till daybreak. A second day's march in the rain closed with a second night of the same sort. On Thursday the storm was more furious than ever; the rain fell in torrents, accompanied by fierce gusts of wind that drove it in the faces of the boys and through their clothing, in spite of rubber ponchos. The regiment forded streams and rivers, made its way up and down rough and rocky hills, passed through woods and corn-fields, and had a most uncomfortable march throughout till it reached Gen. Reynolds' headquarters, when it turned round and went back over the same road several miles, going into



camp in the woods near Aquia Creek. Blankets, overcoats, and all clothing, were wet through, the men were cold, wet, hungry and worn down with fatigue, and with no rations; the horses were in the same condition as the men, with no forage but a little miserable hay, which, as was said at the time, no Maine farmer would gather into his barn. It was conceded by all to be the most uncomfortable night yet experienced, save those three terrible nights at Warrenton Junction the April before.

Friday Cos. D, E, I, and K, under command of Capt. Taylor, were sent out to reconnoitre the railroad from Aquia Creek to Falmouth. Small rations of hard bread, sugar, and coffee, but no beef or pork, salt or fresh, were drawn, and the men made the best of matters. At a house near the camp milk could be procured for twenty-five cents in silver per quart, or in exchange for sugar, coffee, or salt, — one dipper of either for two of milk, — the daughter of southern chivalry averring that she would milk it on the ground before she would give a drop to a Yankee soldier. This remark, as the boys looked at the Union soldier on guard at the house for the protection of persons and property, caused them to wonder at the justice of the army furnishing guards over secesh property, while the owners might be in the rebel army fighting against them at the time. But they were not supposed to reason why anything was so or so.

Sunday, twenty-third, the regiment marched, in rear of the First Army Corps, to Brooks' Station, five miles from Aquia Creek, where it remained, picketing at various points, scouting, etc., till December tenth. There were at this time, out of a total of thirty-nine officers, twenty-one absent on detached duty, on furlough, or sick. Among the many reconnoissances made while there, Co. B went out some fifteen miles, but found no enemy, — nothing but a deserted country. On the fourth Co. G, which had been doing duty at Gen. Burnside's headquarter train since September fifteenth, rejoined the regiment. On the seventh the boys had a taste of home in the shape of a cold snow storm, which lasted from eight o'clock in the forenoon till eleven o'clock in the evening. While picketing in this vicinity, Theodore J. Batchelder, of Co. D, who was noted for

foraging and scouting on his own hook outside the lines of the army, passed out beyond the videttes, and was absent a day or two. On his return he found another regiment on picket; and as he had not the countersign, he not only could not pass in, but was in danger of being arrested. With a fertility of resource that had come to his aid frequently when outside the lines, he took position in the road as an advanced vidette. Soon an officer appeared, who wished to pass his post. Batchelder halted him in the usual manner, and at the answer "Friend," he of course replied, "Advance, friend, with the countersign." It was given him by the officer, when Batchelder rode to another part of the line, and giving the countersign, passed in, and in due time rejoined his company.

December eleventh the regiment was once more (and for the last time it proved) assigned to Gen. Bayard's cavalry brigade, and marched to near Falmouth, stopping that night in the woods near the river. The weather was intensely cold, and the worn-out uniforms of the men were but little protection for them. By some means the requisitions of the regimental quartermaster for clothing, especially for overcoats, had not been honored, and the men were in poor condition for living out of doors in such weather, many of them being barefooted, and not only without overcoats, but with jackets and trousers so worn out and torn as to be but slim protection from the inclemency of the season.

The attack on Fredericksburg commenced on the eleventh, but the regiment was not engaged till the next morning, when it crossed the river at seven o'clock, on the lower pontoon, and was in various positions during the forenoon, exposed to a heavy artillery fire most of the time. About noon Cos. G and K were detailed to support a section of flying artillery, which was in turn supporting the advanced line of skirmishers. While on this service the two companies advanced to the foot of St. Mary's Heights, but before the engagement became general they were relieved by infantry and rejoined the regiment, which, drawn up in squadrons, was supporting Gibson's battery, Third United States Artillery. Scarcely had these two companies got into position when the enemy opened a



vigorous artillery fire, which was kept up for some time, the shells passing over and bursting all around the regiment. It was a fearful ordeal, but the men stood their ground bravely and without flinching, though there was an irresistible tendency to make polite obeisance when the peculiar *ouiz, ouiz, ouiz* of the shells was heard in the air. But one or two of the regiment were wounded, which was almost miraculous, considering its exposed position all day long. At dark the regiment went into bivouac, still under fire, expecting to remain there all night; but about ten o'clock it, in obedience to orders, recrossed the river, and marching six or seven miles below Falmouth, went on picket, relieving the Second New York Cavalry, where it remained quietly during the thirteenth and fourteenth, till the great battle of Fredericksburg was over. During the battle Gen. Bayard was killed, and Col. David McM. Gregg, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry (afterwards general) was put in command of the brigade.

On the fifteenth the regiment was relieved from picket and went into camp, and on the seventeenth moved to near Belle Plain Landing, where it went into winter quarters, the camp being named "Camp Bayard," in honor of the general.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WINTER AT CAMP BAYARD.

WINTER QUARTERS. — UNPLEASANT SURROUNDINGS. — WINTER DUTIES IN THE FIELD. — MILITARY METHOD OF DOING WORK. — PICKET DUTY ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK. — A VISITOR FROM THE NINTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY. — REBEL DESERTERS, CONTRABANDS, ETC. — PLEASURES OF PICKET DUTY. — FATIGUE DUTY AT BELLE PLAIN. — CAMP DUTY. — ORGANIZATION OF THE MULE TRAIN. — EXCELLENT RATIONS. — BOXES FROM HOME. — DESERTERS PUNISHED. — FORAGING EXPEDITION ON A LARGE SCALE. — REVIEW BY THE PRESIDENT. — CARE OF THE HORSES. — HEALTH AND SPIRITS OF THE MEN.

CAMP Bayard was not the pleasantest place in the world for winter quarters, nor was the life there such as to leave behind it the most agreeable memories. Had the camp-ground been named "Camp Mud," all would have agreed that it was more appropriate. The men, not expecting to remain there longer than a few days, had upon first going into camp made no preparations for comfort, but pitched their little shelter-tents and made up their beds on the ground. As it became evident that the regiment was to remain there, a few of the more energetic of the men built up walls of logs two or three feet, and by ingenuity made themselves quite comfortable quarters. But the majority contented themselves by laying a log or two on the ground, as a foundation for the tent and protection from water, and by digging out the front portion of the tent could sit quite comfortably on the bed, with their feet in this hole; and by digging a fire-place under ground and making a chimney of stones and mud, barrels, etc., in front of the tent, they managed to live through the winter, how, they do not exactly understand as they look back upon it now, though there was an unusual number sick, and typhoid fever raged with some severity. Before spring the number of good comfortable quar-



ters increased to some extent, and the men began to get an idea of how to live in camp in winter, which they did not afterward forget. Once or twice during the winter these "dog-holes" were filled with water, driving their occupants out, and once or twice some of the men awoke to find their cloth roofs down upon them, and held down by several inches of snow. But such incidents served to give variety to the life, and to make the men better appreciate what good was in the common course, if they did no other good. Mud ruled supreme, and as nasty, sticky mud as Virginia ever afforded. The weather was at times cold and raw, and snow, rain, drizzle, and even hail, made frequent unwelcome visitations. There were but very few days that could be called comfortable.

The duties were incessant. Picket on the lower Rappahannock half the time, and fatigue duty at Belle Plain Landing, unloading grain, etc., most of the remaining time, while now and then a portion of the regiment would be at both places.

As an instance of the military manner of doing work, the story may be told that one cold, drizzly day, when the greater part of the regiment was on picket, an order was received to send a detail to Belle Plain with three days' rations, for fatigue duty. Every private in camp that was able to go was sent, but the number was insufficient, and an imperative order came back for more men. Non-commissioned officers, musicians, sick men, and everything that could be scraped together, were sent off this time, and reached their destination just at dusk, after a hard, wet march. Shelter was put up as well as could be done, and the men made the best of an uncomfortable night, the rain turning to snow before morning. It appeared the next day that this strong detail was there to cut piles for the building of a new wharf; that by dividing the work equally among the men there for that purpose, the men must cut four piles each, and that it was necessary to stay there three days, as there were only axes enough for a few men to work at a time. The men could hardly see the necessity of sending so many men, a great many of whom were unused to wood chopping, to do so small a job, when half a dozen men could have been detailed who would have done the work better in much less time, but supposed it to

be strictly "military." And when at noon of the second day the project was abandoned, the detail went back with very light opinions of "military operations."

At first the regiment spent three days on picket and occasionally three at the landing, and then it was changed to ten days on picket, and ten divided between Belle Plain and camp, the latter being the most unpleasant part of the winter. It was a blessing that so little time was spent in camp. The time spent on picket duty was, on the whole, the pleasantest part of the winter. The pickets were posted on the banks of the river below Falmouth, in plain sight of the enemy's pickets. Just after the battle of Fredericksburg the pickets on both sides of the river fraternized, and became quite social. There was the best of good feeling between them. They talked, laughed, chafed each other about various battles, threatened in a good-humored way, and altogether acted in such a manner that one not acquainted with real war would never have suspected them to be enemies. A favorite mode of chafing was a salute, say from the southern side, "How are you, Yank?" to which, "How are you, Johnny?" would fly back instantly. "How are you, Bull Run?" would come next, and "How are you, Antietam?" be sent back; and so it would go, each side taunting the other with this or that defeat, till the list was exhausted, or till one or the other let his passion get the best of him and showed it by his reply, when the other would make the air ring with laughter; and it would not be strange if some of the "accidental" picket shots arose from this cause. And the pickets did not keep on their own side of the river at all, but went across at will. They supplied each other with the latest newspapers from either side, traded knives or any other commodity, and, what did both sides the most good, the boys furnished the rebel pickets with plenty of coffee, salt, etc., and got in exchange plenty of tobacco, articles very much needed by the men of the respective armies. Picketing in good weather was real pleasure during this state of affairs, but matters got to such a pass that it was found necessary to order all communication between the pickets stopped. This order was pretty well obeyed, but occasionally the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and trade

was carried on in a small way on the sly. One method of sustaining commercial relations was to build a raft a foot or so square, generally of corn stalks, fix in a mast with a late newspaper for a sail, load the raft with tobacco, and so set the sail that the wind would carry the raft across the river. The recipient would reciprocate in coffee, if he could do so; and it was quite common, on asking a man where he got his tobacco, to receive the reply, "I had a ship come in." Of course this was without the knowledge of the officers.

A good story of picket duty at this time is thus told by Corp. Joseph R. Curtis, of Co. I, then private:—

Early one morning when the regiment was picketing near Lamb Creek church, after orders had been issued to exercise the utmost vigilance, and to hold no communication with the enemy, as I was on my lonely beat, I was made aware, by the restlessness of my horse, that something was wrong in my front. I listened attentively, and soon heard the remark made on the other shore, "He has gone over to make the Yanks a visit." A moment more and I heard the sounds of an approaching boat, and dismounting, I crept down to the water's edge, where I could get a good view up and down the river, to see what was coming. Looking intently I discovered, through the morning mist, a boat containing a stalwart rebel soldier, nearing my post. I at once raised my carbine, and in a low voice sang out, "Halt! who goes there?" The boat stopped, and the occupant, rising to his feet, replied, "I am what you call a rebel, and am a sergeant in Co. B, Ninth Virginia Cavalry; but I am not on a hostile expedition, and have no arms with me." Holding up a letter, he continued, "I have a sister living in Oregon, and wish to send this to her: it contains the news of my mother's death: it is unsealed, and if I have written anything contraband you need not send it." I told him of my orders, which I dared not disobey, though my sympathies were with him. He now appealed still further to my sympathies, with such success that he was given permission to cross if he would say, on his honor, that he had no arms. He hesitated, but upon receiving a promise that he should be allowed to return to his comrades, he approached the shore. By this time the mist had lifted, and I could see on the other shore a score of rebels, anxiously waiting the result of their comrade's expedition. The Virginian landed, and an interesting conversation followed. He related much of his past life, said he was sick of the war, and that there was but little real sympathy on the part of the people with the leaders in the secession movement; but when I suggested that it would be better to remain on this side of the river, he replied, with a slight curl of the lip, "My enlistment and obligation to my government are as binding as yours, and I have no sympathy for deserters from either side," and started to return. At this moment the relief appeared on the scene, and the rebel was taken prisoner, in spite of my protestations, while I was put under guard and marched away with him, there being great excitement among the watching rebels on

the other side of the river. We were taken to the headquarters of Gen. Gregg, commanding the division, where I related all the circumstances, and gave the general the letter. This was read aloud, and found to contain nothing but a statement of the sergeant's mother's sickness, death, and dying words, and his own regrets at the cruel war. I laid strong stress on my promise to the rebel sergeant that he should go back, and requested that, whatever might be done to me, my promise should be faithfully kept. After questioning the sergeant, the general told the corporal of the relief that, under the circumstances, it would have been better to allow the rebel to return to his camp, and telling me that, while no wrong was done this time, it is not always safe to allow one's sympathies to interfere with duty, as by so doing much harm might be done the service, he directed that I should be put on the next relief, and that the rebel should accompany me to my old post, and be allowed to recross the river. Accordingly, a short time afterward, myself and the rebel, now firm friends, rode together at the head of the relief, to the post; and as the rebel's comrades across the river recognized him, they gave a wild shout of joy. With mutual congratulations over the result we separated, and the sergeant returned safely from his "visit to the Yanks," and was gladly welcomed by his companions.

Occasionally deserters came over and cheered the boys by accounts of dissatisfaction among the rebel troops, based, doubtless, upon their own feelings, but this slipshod sort of gratification got thin by use. One night a corporal and ten men came over together, passing the pickets by crawling through a ravine at the right of the line, and made their way to general headquarters without being discovered, where they surrendered themselves. Contrabands often came over in search of freedom. Among these were two who had travelled some distance, one of whom was engaged as a servant by Col. Douty, and the other by Capt. Virgin, of Co. G. They were smart, intelligent negroes, and proved good servants, but at first were inclined to be homesick, and mourned for the good things they had enjoyed, even in slavery.

The duty while on picket was also, except in very bad weather, comparatively easy. A portion of the regiment was always kept in reserve, and generally went into camp in the best locality that could be found, a mile or two from the outposts, and the men there had nothing to do but keep in readiness. On the ten-day trips the duty was divided up so that all portions of the regiment had some time on main reserve, and on the three-day trips one portion was on main reserve one trip

and another the next, thus treating all the companies alike as nearly as possible. This was very pleasant. The men made themselves as comfortable as they could, and they had thoroughly learned how. With pieces of tent, rubber blankets, etc., they made shelters, usually in the form of a shed, of all sizes, from large enough for a dozen or more to occupy to a single tent for a couple. In front of these, huge blazing fires kept things cheerful and warm by day and night. In these quarters the men enjoyed life, and much preferred them to the "dog-holes" at Camp Bayard. There was story-telling, joking, singing, card-playing, and the genial humor and good feeling which numbers always give to true men, and it was well-nigh impossible for the time to hang heavily. And, ranged side by side, with their feet to the fire, they slept comfortably, or lay awake and talked of home life or camp experiences till far into the night.

Toward the close of the winter orders were issued from army headquarters that the men at the main reserves should wear their arms at all times, day and night, and the horses remain saddled and bridled all the time, a change from the previous custom. The last portion of the order was obeyed, but the first didn't seem to fret the boys much. Accompanying this and serving as a foundation for it was another, providing that officers and men on picket duty who allowed themselves to be surprised and any portion of their command captured, should be responsible for all the property so lost to government, and the money value thereof would be charged to them. This was caused by the fact that pickets had been surprised on different parts of the line (not of this regiment, however), and quite large captures made. The boys in their fun construed the order into a prohibition against allowing themselves to be "astonished," and it thus passed into a by-word.

At the company reserves, from which the reliefs went on post, matters were much the same, only there was the sending forth of the fresh reliefs, and the return of the relief from the outposts, every two hours, the vidette duty to do, the arms to be worn at all times, etc., and sleep or enjoyment were not so uninterrupted, but there was much real comfort even there.



Some of the pleasantest memories of the service are of hours passed at the picket reserve during that winter; and the names "Lamb Creek church," "Sutton farm," and of other points along the river where the reserves were stationed, will always call up agreeable recollections. The men got better acquainted with each other under those circumstances than while being in camp with two, or at most four, in a tent. There were generally men enough at the different reserves for at least four, and sometimes five reliefs, so that the duty was not arduous. Two hours on post and six or eight off was certainly light work, though that was enough in some of the weather. It generally happened, however, that in the worst weather the duty was more severe, either from having a smaller number of men at the reserves, or a larger territory to picket.

At the time Gen. Burnside made his ineffectual movement on Fredericksburg (known in the army as the "time Burnside got stuck in the mud"), January twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third, the regiment was on picket three or four miles below Falmouth. A portion had been on duty there for three days, and on the twenty-first the remainder was sent out to relieve it. This last detail reached the different reserves just before dark, in a cold, driving rain; the first reliefs were at once sent on post, and the remainder busied themselves in putting up shelter, building fires, cooking coffee, etc. It was hard work, for there were no fence rails except a long distance away, and no trees for wood or tent-poles. By the time shelters were up, and they were not any great shakes for shelters, either, the men were wet, cold, hungry, and saucy. There were men enough for but three reliefs, and for three days in the cold rain did they perform that duty, all the time two hours on post and four hours off. On the second day, however, they were allowed to change the reserves and occupy some deserted negro huts, where they made a pretence of keeping dry and warm while off duty, although there were drawbacks to thorough enjoyment there. But the four hours off were not sufficient time in which to recover from the effects of the two on. That was the worst attack of picket duty that winter. To add to the general discomfort, the fog set in so thick one of the nights.



that men actually got lost on their beats, and wandered around in the dark without knowing where they were, till the fog lifted and allowed them to find their beaten track, only to repeat the operation in a few moments more, when the fog shut down again. There was probably not a man on post that night that did not get off his beat, if he pretended to patrol at all. The horses, when left to themselves, would work in the direction of the reserve camp by intuition, no matter where it was, or if they had only been there once. Upon being relieved, most of the men gave the horse its head, and away it went at a canter, over ground where the rider would have to pick his way carefully by daylight, arriving safely at the reserve every time, thus showing the superiority of the horse over its more intelligent rider. The relief that started out at two o'clock in the morning on this foggy occasion, got lost, and after wandering about for some time, brought up at the reserve, whence it started out again, and finally found the line of outposts with the aid of the answering cries of the poor fellows on duty, who had long been wondering why in the world that relief did not come. Among other duties at that time, the company on the right of the regimental line had to send a non-commissioned officer to Falmouth every two hours to patrol the road, and see that there was nothing unusual along the route. On the night mentioned the patrol started out at ten o'clock, got lost, and did not reach Falmouth at all. For nearly five hours he wandered about the fields and woods, not knowing where he was, his horse all the time working towards the reserve, and himself trying to guide the animal in what he considered the right direction, and was finally run into by the lost relief, and gave up the idea of patrolling to Falmouth. At twelve o'clock another patrol was sent out; he also got lost, and seeing his hopeless condition he trusted to his horse, and got back to the reserve in about two hours from the time he left it, without, however, having been to Falmouth.

Sergt. Winsor B. Smith, of Co. K, told this story of picket duty, at the reunion of the regiment in Pittsfield, August 25, 1880:—



You remember what we called Burnside's "mud march." You remember where we were. We left Camp Bayard and went down the Rappahannock on picket duty. We took three days' rations and three days' forage, as usual, and a storm came up as usual, and at the end of three days there was no relief, nor rations, nor forage for us, and still we stood in our places. The only way for us to cover the ground was to stand three hours off and three hours on. And it was not the advantage then that it is now to be a corporal. A corporal had to stand his post, and the captain and lieutenants had to take their turn, three hours on and three off. No rations nor forage came, but the rain kept right on, some of you will remember; and our reserve was up in the middle of the road, or what was the road, for about the fourth day it was more like a stream. We had quite a nice fire built on a raft, but had to keep renewing the raft in order to prevent the fire going out. When you came in and got off your horse you had the privilege of praying for the time to come when you could mount your horse and go back on your beat again, because that was the best part of it. Now, comrades, for those three days and three nights I stood that honestly and fairly, just as I agreed to when I signed the papers; but that fourth night down there, while marching up and down the bank of that river, the rain pouring down, soaked all through, nothing to eat, my old horse suffering the same as I was. I said to myself, "Look here, Smith, you cost Uncle Sam considerable money. He has got you pretty well broke in. Now you ought to be worth something to him, and you ought not to be wasted here in this manner. Those 'Johnnies' across the river there are just as badly off as you are. Your carbine has got six inches of solid mud right in its muzzle, there is not a cap on your revolver, and it would do no good if there were, for the tubes are all plugged up, and you could not get your sabre out of its scabbard if you tried ever so hard. If a 'Johnny' was bold enough to come over here to-night you wouldn't be fool enough to tackle him, so what is the use of your being here?" Now we were supposed to patrol a beat of about a half a mile in length, and down at the end of my beat there was one of those cattle-sheds, with a flat roof and a manger running through the centre, similar to the army coffins, said to have been made by the mile, and cut into requisite lengths. I went out there one night. I had got to be there three hours. When I first went on to the post I said to myself, "Now I am going to take my bridle rein in my hand, get into that manger, lie down and sleep just two hours and a half; then I am going to be up and out on my post in great suffering when my comrade comes to relieve me." Well, I was back on my beat on time, suffering awfully when the other fellow came down to relieve me. We relieved each other, having no officers to spare to do that business. Then I went to the rear, wishing for the time when it would be my turn to get into the manger again. I got in two and a half hours more in that sleeping-place, and so I kept it up until daylight, and still no relief and no fodder. But the next night I think my conscience began to smite me a little, else I began to lose confidence in my ability to wake up on time, and so oversleep five minutes. At any rate, I thought it was rather too bad for the other fellow to be staying out like that, so I said to him, although he was not of my set, "Look here; there is a nice shelter, good chance to lie down in that manger." "Oh, well," said he, "I wouldn't dare get in there,



for I would go to sleep." I said to him, "Suppose you do? I will wake you up if I come down and find you asleep." "Will you?" said he. I said "Yes." Said he, "Have you been in there?" I replied, "Yes, I have." Said he, "Look here: why in the devil didn't you tell me of that before? I have been getting in there right along for the last two nights, and suffering like the devil for fear you would catch me!" I confess I had no business to do that. I have no doubt I ought to have been shot. But I will guarantee that there was not a fire-arm in the First Maine Cavalry that could have shot me during that time.

The picket duty was all performed mounted, and no fires were allowed on the posts, while the enemy's pickets, just across the river and in plain sight, were infantry, had their tents close to their posts, relieving each other themselves regularly, had picket fires burning brightly all night long, and in wet weather could do duty under the shelter of the tents. This was peculiarly aggravating to the Union pickets, as the sounds of their jovial converse were borne across the river to their ears, especially on such nights as that above mentioned; and the men may be pardoned if they did not consider it just the best way. Nor was it pleasant to have a jolly Johnny, on a cold morning, standing by his cheerful fire in all the consciousness of being better situated, sing out to his shivering friend on horseback across the river, "Come over here and warm you, Yank; you are cold; I know you are by your looks." But these trifles, though unpleasant, had to be borne. The boys sometimes had their revenge, though, and many a time the stillness of the night was broken by the sharp crack of the carbine on some post, which caused the men at the reserve to jump into their saddles and wait for the next shot, and also caused a lively scattering of the rebel picket fires, till not a spark remained in sight. This last greatly amused the boys, and prevented any twinge of conscience on explaining to the officers that the shot was purely accidental, or that there were sounds heard as if some one was attempting to cross the river.

Although there were spasmodic efforts on the part of the commanding officers to be very strict concerning the pickets, the men soon got over each new stringent order, and performed their duty in their own way. Not that the duty was not well

performed, but it certainly was not always done according to the strict letter of Army Regulations or General Orders. It was the almost universal practice to enjoy the quiet solace of the pipe while on post, especially in the night-time, of which no complaint was ever made. Then again the men would not patrol with the carbine at a "carry," as instructed to do, except when they saw an officer coming. They kept strict watch at all times, and knew their duty thoroughly, though they chose to do it in the easiest way, and knew what was going on across the river as well as on their own side. They were thinking, not machine soldiers.

During this winter's picketing an incident occurred, which, if it did not originate a since familiar slang term, was the occasion of the earlier instances of its use. The regiment relieved a Maryland regiment one morning, and as the first relief (from Co. G) went on duty, the corporal of the Maryland relief on post accompanied Co. G's corporal, to show the latter the line and the posts and transmit the orders, and to call in his own men. As they rode along, the Maryland corporal related a joke that was played upon one of his men while there. Near the end of the upper beat was a grave, the headstone at which showed it to be some fifty years old. As the man referred to went on duty there for the first time, the one he relieved told him that at midnight the night before the ghost of a man without any head, riding on horseback, was seen there. This so frightened the man that he did not dare to go on duty on the midnight relief, but instead hired a comrade to do so for him. Co. G's corporal paid no attention to it at the time, but when he posted his relief at eleven o'clock that night he thought of the story of the ghostly visitation, and thinking to have a bit of sport with the man he left on that beat, Riley L. Jones, he told it to him. Jones, who was just then lighting his pipe, replied between whiffs, "Well, (puff) if there's any man (puff) comes round here (puff, puff) to-night (puff) without any head on (puff, puff) *I'll put a head on him.*" The corporal discovered that Jones wouldn't frighten worth a cent.

At Belle Plain Landing the facilities for camping were not so good, and there was abundance of mud thereabouts. The duty



there consisted mainly in unloading bags of grain from the vessels that transported it there. The men were divided into reliefs, so that generally two hours a day was all the service required of each man. They made themselves as comfortable as they could, and enjoyed the benefits of well-supplied sutlers and boat-loads of eatables. As a matter of fact they had become by this time able to enjoy themselves under all circumstances.

In camp the hardest work was to keep comfortable, and many of the men were inclined to wish for the clear, steady cold, and clean snow of Maine. What wood was originally in the vicinity of the camp-ground was soon used up, and before the winter was over the boys had to go a long distance for fuel. The camp-ground was always covered with from four to twenty inches of mud, or from two to twelve inches of snow, and wet feet were the rule rather than the exception. During what little time was spent in camp there were drills, company, regimental and brigade, at every opportunity, and frequent reviews and inspections, without much regard to weather, on one occasion a brigade review being held in a cold, drizzly rain, with the mud deep enough for all practical purposes, to say the least. There was but a small amount of guard duty to perform, excepting the guard over the horses. Fatigue duty was plenty. The horses could not be allowed to stand in the soft mud, so the stables were corduroyed, as were many of the company streets, most of which work was done on Sundays, when a spirit of reverence on the part of the president and commanding officers forbade drill, which called forth the lines, in imitation of the well-known sailor's refrain:—

Six days shalt thou labor and do all thou art able,

And the seventh attend inspection and corduroy the stable.

During the winter the greater part of the wagon train was dispensed with, and in its stead pack mules were put in use. It required a large amount of work to organize the mule train, and unpleasant work, too; and when it did get into working order it was no small job to transport forage and rations from Belle Plain by its means, or to transport the same to the pickets after the ten-day trips were instituted. In short, the men were

kept busy all the time, and gladly welcomed a detail for picket or fatigue duty away from camp. Religious services were held in camp but two or three times all winter, it being seldom that there were men enough in camp on Sunday for a congregation of sufficient size to make it worth the while of the chaplain to preach.

In January the men were paid four months' pay, up to the thirty-first of the October previous, and were thus enabled to re-enforce the larder from the sutlers' stores; but this food, although it tasted good, was not healthy. The rations issued were excellent. The regular rations, bread, hard and soft, pork, beef, coffee, etc., were good, and beside these, potatoes and other vegetables were issued frequently; so on account of food the men had no cause to complain. Many men received boxes from home, filled with familiar toothsome bits and with needed clothing, and considered themselves happy. Clothing was drawn at will, and every man could have an "extra blanket," if he wished, or two, for that matter. The mail facilities were also excellent, and writing and receiving letters and reading the home papers and other reading matter sent by kind friends, formed a standard enjoyment.

One cold, raw afternoon in April the regiment was ordered out to join in a brigade drill and parade, and after marching round till all was blue, the brigade was drawn up in a hollow triangle, and a blacksmith's forge hauled into the centre. After waiting in this situation a while, the colonel commanding the brigade (Col. Judson Kilpatrick) announced that the command was assembled to witness a scene he prayed God neither the men nor he might ever be called upon to witness again; viz., the punishment of two comrades for the fearful crime of desertion. The assistant adjutant general read the order, by which it appeared that the criminals belonged to Co. K, Second New York Cavalry. Then an improvised barber clipped the hair from half the head of one of them with scissors, while the other was allowed to go off with all his hair, and a blacksmith proceeded to brand, with a hot iron, a letter "D" on the left hip of each of them, an operation which caused one to wince a little and the other not at all. The guards then marched the



deserters, bareheaded, around the inside of the triangle and off the parade-ground, accompanied by a couple of drummers, beating anything but a tune, and the parade was dismissed. The boys looked upon the whole proceeding as a farce, and no one was frightened by this exhibition, or made more contented with his lot as a soldier. They believed that justice to true men demanded that deserters should be shot, and were inclined to consider any less punishment mere foolishness.

On the third of March Capt. Virgin, of Co. G, was detailed to take charge of a foraging expedition, consisting of seventy men from the regiment and a detachment of infantry. Marching to Belle Plain, they took transports down the Potomac to the mouth of the Rappahannock. After foraging through Northumberland and Westmoreland counties, the infantry, with a large quantity of provision and grain, and all the negroes they could carry, again took transports for Belle Plain, while the cavalry proceeded overland, under command of Capt. Virgin. This force encountered no enemy, and arrived in camp after five days absence, bringing with it eight rebel prisoners, one of whom was a major, and eighty mules and thirty horses, having made a successful trip, though they were well worn out on their return.

Several amusing incidents occurred on this trip. What negroes could not be accommodated on the transports were ordered to return to their masters: but several refused to do this, and followed the cavalry on foot to freedom. While on the march campward a splendid large, fiery mule was taken, which one of the negroes was given permission to ride. With eyes sparkling with happiness at this good fortune, he was on that mule's back in a twinkling, and as quickly on his own back on the ground. Nothing daunted, he was up and on the animal again, and again the mule threw him off. Now came a lively contest, and one which those who saw greatly enjoyed, and which the mule seemed to rather enjoy also. As fast as Sambo got on he got off. His pluck was good, and so was the mule's. He kept on mounting and dismounting, cheered by expressions like "Hang to him; you'll come top half of the time," and hundreds of others, such as only jolly soldiers could invent at

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is noted that the English language has a long and rich history, and that the study of its development is of great interest to scholars and to the general public alike. The paper then goes on to discuss the various factors that have influenced the development of the English language, including the influence of other languages, the influence of social and cultural changes, and the influence of technological advances. The paper concludes by noting that the study of the history of the English language is a fascinating and important field of research, and that it is one that should be pursued by all who are interested in the English language.

The second part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is noted that the English language has a long and rich history, and that the study of its development is of great interest to scholars and to the general public alike. The paper then goes on to discuss the various factors that have influenced the development of the English language, including the influence of other languages, the influence of social and cultural changes, and the influence of technological advances. The paper concludes by noting that the study of the history of the English language is a fascinating and important field of research, and that it is one that should be pursued by all who are interested in the English language.

The third part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is noted that the English language has a long and rich history, and that the study of its development is of great interest to scholars and to the general public alike. The paper then goes on to discuss the various factors that have influenced the development of the English language, including the influence of other languages, the influence of social and cultural changes, and the influence of technological advances. The paper concludes by noting that the study of the history of the English language is a fascinating and important field of research, and that it is one that should be pursued by all who are interested in the English language.

The fourth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is noted that the English language has a long and rich history, and that the study of its development is of great interest to scholars and to the general public alike. The paper then goes on to discuss the various factors that have influenced the development of the English language, including the influence of other languages, the influence of social and cultural changes, and the influence of technological advances. The paper concludes by noting that the study of the history of the English language is a fascinating and important field of research, and that it is one that should be pursued by all who are interested in the English language.

The fifth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is noted that the English language has a long and rich history, and that the study of its development is of great interest to scholars and to the general public alike. The paper then goes on to discuss the various factors that have influenced the development of the English language, including the influence of other languages, the influence of social and cultural changes, and the influence of technological advances. The paper concludes by noting that the study of the history of the English language is a fascinating and important field of research, and that it is one that should be pursued by all who are interested in the English language.

such a time, but finally got winded, and gave up the contest. The next morning, however, he waked up full of courage, and before noon he was riding "dat onery mool," with all the consciousness of well-earned triumph.

At the plantation where the cavalry stopped upon landing from the steamer, the planter had the utmost confidence in his negroes. He did not feel at all alarmed, saying, "My niggers won't run away,—they are used too well." Unfortunately for his assertion, two of them were missing next day. When the force returned these two paid a visit to massa and missis, were "much pleased to get back, and didn't want to go with the Yankees no how." The planter was again triumphant, and the negroes were reinstated in his good graces, but he soon discovered that they were too smart for him, as they got their clothing together, and were again off with the Yankees, bag and baggage, before he knew what they were about.

On the sixth of April the Army of the Potomac was reviewed near Falmouth by President Lincoln, accompanied by Gens. Halleck and Hooker, with major and brigadier generals by scores. The regiment of course participated. The only noticeable feature of the occasion was the immense amount of cavalry in the line.

Considering the arduous duties, the large amount of rainy, snowy, cold, and generally uncomfortable weather, the quantities of mud everywhere, the want of shelter, and, most of the time, of a dry place to stand, the horses stood the winter remarkably well, which must be attributed to the care they received from the men, and to having plenty of forage.

The men also stood it well. Physically they were in better condition than the winter before, in spite of the surroundings. There was, of course, the usual amount of growling and fault-finding at everything, which had now become chronic, but these served as escape valves, and the various duties were generally performed promptly and cheerfully. There was, the first of the winter, as the men reviewed their services up to that time, and could see no advantage gained, a strong tendency to despondency; but this gradually wore off, and as a whole the men maintained their well-won reputation for keeping in good spirits.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAMPAIGN UNDER HOOKER.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CAVALRY CORPS. — ROSTER OF OFFICERS AT THE OPENING OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1863. — FIRST PRACTICAL USE OF THE CAVALRY FORCE. — STONEMAN'S RAID. — CHARGE INTO LOUISA COURT HOUSE. — COS. B AND I MEET THE ENEMY. — DESTROYING PROPERTY. — SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM. — ACTUAL WORK OF THE RAID BEGUN. — EXPEDITION TO BURN A BRIDGE. — GALLANT AND SUCCESSFUL EXPLOIT. — ON THE BACK TRACK. — GLOOMY NIGHT RIDES. — SWIMMING THE RAPPAHANNOCK. — SCOUTING AND PICKETING AGAINST GUERRILLAS. — THE FIGHT AT BRANDY STATION. — FIRST CAVALRY CHARGE OF THE REGIMENT. — REORGANIZATION OF THE BRIGADE. — A RACE FOR MARYLAND. — BATTLE AT ALDIE. — DEATH OF COL. DOUTY AND CAPT. SUMMAT. — BATTLE AT MIDDLEBURG. — ADVENTURE OF CAPT. CHADBOURNE. — BATTLE AT UPPERVILLE. — AGAIN IN MARYLAND. — IN PENNSYLVANIA.

UP to the spring of 1863 the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, at least, had been of little use as a separate branch of the service. In the first place, the regular army officers had no faith in volunteer cavalry, characterizing it as a "mounted mob," while commanding officers had had little faith in it any way, and the remark, "I have never yet seen a dead cavalry man," was credited to half a dozen different prominent generals. Thus there was the prejudice against cavalry in general, and volunteer cavalry in particular, to overcome. Then it is a well-known fact that the people of the north were sadly deficient in horsemanship as compared to their southern foes, and that the northern cavalry men for the most part were obliged to learn to ride, in addition to learning the drill and other duties; and thus the work of making volunteer regiments of cavalry into good troopers was necessarily one which required much time and much actual experience. The cavalry force had been broken up and divided, — a regiment with this division or brigade, a company at this or that general's headquarters, a little



here and a little there, till it was rare to see a large body together, and it had been a common remark among the men, "Whose kite are we going to be tail to next?" The history of this regiment shows that it had served together but little of the time, and considerable of its duty had consisted of being attached to and detached from one or another brigade or division. A portion of it had served all over the Army of the Potomac, on all sorts of service. And the different companies had been broken up by the general desire on the part of commanding officers to have orderlies, clerks, etc., from the First Maine Cavalry, which, though complimentary, rather interfered with the efficiency of the regiment.¹ The men had often felt heartily ashamed of belonging to a branch of the service which it was costing the government so much to maintain, and which was of so little real service. To be sure, they had done all that had been set them to do; had worked as hard or harder than the infantry, yet they felt that they had done comparatively nothing. But a change came over all this, and during the winter of 1862 and 1863 the cavalry was organized and rendered effective. From this time it maintained a high rank, and wiped out the boasted superiority of the southern troopers. Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside commenced this work, and when Gen. Hooker, "Fighting Joe," was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac the later part of January, upon the resignation of Gen. Burnside, he continued it. The whole cavalry force was formed into brigades and divisions, and placed in command of Gen. Stoneman, under the name "Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac," as per General Order No. 6, dated Feb. 5, 1863.

On arriving at Camp Bayard the regiment was in Gen. Bayard's old brigade, then commanded by Col. David McM. Gregg, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Later the brigade was attached to the Third division, Cavalry corps, of which division Col. Gregg, who had been commissioned brigadier general, was placed in command, while the First Maine, Second New

¹ The monthly returns for August, 1862, show that one hundred and four men were on detached service, of which number eighty-four were serving as orderlies; while in September the number serving as orderlies was one hundred and five, and the whole number on detached service was two hundred and ten. Besides this, in September Cos. G, H, and M were on detached service at different headquarters.



York (Harris Light) and Tenth New York regiments constituted the First brigade, and were placed in command of Col. Judson Kilpatrick, of the Second New York. Brigade inspections, reviews and drills were frequent; the different regiments were thoroughly armed with carbines (the First Maine receiving Sharpe's, having before had a small number of the Burnside pattern, which were retained), and matters generally began to look as if the cavalry might amount to something, after all, a vision which subsequent events proved not to be delusive.

Gen. Charles H. Smith, in his address at the reunion of the regiment, at Pittsfield, August 25, 1880, thus speaks of the history of the regiment up to this time:—

Having arrived in Washington, the regiment entered upon the second period of its history. It there first received its arms, to wit: very long sabres and very short pistols. At that time the average Maine volunteer was less familiar with the use of fire-arms than with the uses of theodolites or telescopes. With revolver in hand, the trooper was more likely to shoot off his horse's ears, or kill his next comrade, than hit an enemy, however near. His little knowledge of his weapon made it, indeed, a dangerous thing. And when he undertook to wield his sabre, no one would have doubted for a moment but that he was, indeed, "wonderfully and fearfully made." Thus armed and prepared, or rather unprepared, the regiment passed to the front to encounter Virginia horsemen that had been reared in the saddle and bred to the use of the double-barrelled shot-gun. True, the shot-gun is not a very formidable weapon when compared with our modern Springfield rifle, but it could discount the cavalry pistol many times, and when within range, with buck and ball, it could do execution without the exercise of very much skill. For a time, therefore, we entertained very great respect for those shot-guns. Subsequently, however, as we all know, those advantages were reversed. If the north was less prepared at the beginning, it was more enterprising and progressive in the end, and with the introduction of our breech-loaders and long-range repeaters, the shot-gun quickly lost its prestige. But we had not as yet reached those better times. Our cavalry was no better organized than armed. It served in detachments here and there. Our regiment was splendidly mounted, and the men were intelligent and subordinate. It therefore became well and favorably known. It was called upon to detail orderlies, messengers, escorts and provost guards for nearly every general in the army. It was otherwise constantly engaged in guard, picket and scouting duty. During this period it was present at the battles of Cedar Mountain, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg, but took only a very subordinate part in each. To support batteries, as it was called, was a special duty of cavalry at that time, and thus, for the most part, we served as "they also serve who only stand and wait." The time for our cavalry had not yet come. Of course I do not for-



get the services rendered by the regiment in Banks' retreat in the valley, and the unfortunate charge at Middletown, of which our intrepid Cilley wears a perpetual reminder. Nor do I forget the gallant passage through Winchester of Maj. Whitney, with only two companies, while the town was held and occupied by rebels; nor a later gallant, almost reckless charge of Tucker and Coleman, with Co. B, at Louisa Court House. But these feats were only sporadic. They were not parts of a continuous similar service, such as we subsequently experienced. No victories as yet had perched upon our banners, and we had witnessed only such results as tended to depress rather than inspire us. And had the regiment terminated its career during this second period of its history, there would have been a feeling of disappointment, because as a regiment it had not had a chance to illustrate the career of its ideal heroic soldier. It had not as yet charged the cannon's mouth, nor seen the enemy go down beneath its own tread, nor plucked victory with its own hand, nor inscribed upon its banner those more brilliant deeds that have since become its pride and glory.

I have spoken of certain heroic deeds that circumstances prevented the regiment from achieving at this time, but I could not justly dismiss this second period of its existence without noticing some of the great benefits it gained from its varied daily experiences. In the first place, it learned to campaign, with all that term implies. It learned, by experience, to cast off all unnecessary impediments, such as picket-ropes, lariats, pins and nose-bags, and when forage was lacking, to stand by its horses, even at midnight, while they grazed. It learned to bivouac, and make itself comfortable, too, in bivouac. On the march, it learned during a halt of five minutes to cook coffee in tin cups over a blaze of burning fagot. It learned to make three days' rations last six days — that is, to eat one hardtack, and, with the help of cold water, imagine you had eaten two. It learned to forage liberally and discriminatingly. It learned how to kill a pig within hearing of the provost guard without letting it squeal. It also learned that wonderful art of kindling fires in drenching rains, in the wettest of places, with the wettest of material. I almost believe that campaigning soldiers could build a fire under water, if they really wanted to. I give one instance: It was on the Rappahannock, in 1862. The regiment halted after dark. There had been a long, continuous rain, and it was raining then. We groped our way by companies into a piece of woods where it was absolute darkness. One could not step except at his peril. The prospect was damp and dark indeed. It looked as though the night would have to be endured while standing in our places. But soon the gleam of sparks not larger than fire-flies were seen here and there. Some flickered and died, but others were fanned into life and growth, and in a little while cheerful fires were springing up throughout that great irregular camp. There were lights and shadows everywhere. Trees, horses and men presented a curious, mixed appearance. Coffee-cups and frying-pans were soon put to their uses. Jokes were in order, and merry voices and ringing laughter dispelled the last thought of hardship. I further remember that as the camp-fires grew higher, I looked up through the tree-tops as far as the fire-light could penetrate the immeasurable darkness above, and a more unusual and weird sight I never saw. No artist could copy it, no pencil could reproduce it. But even if it could have been repro-



duced, the time and place were not favorable for the exercise of such refinement. Coffee, hardtack and bacon offered greater attractions, and to skilfully arrange three-cornered rails from the adjoining fence for a bed, involved our highest idea of art at that time.

Reflection thus reveals to us the fact that the second period of our regimental history afforded us a most valuable experience, — an experience that was necessary, and that so admirably prepared us for our subsequent and more heroic career. It was a busy period. The regiment was seldom idle. It was a period of novelties. Everything, in fact, at the beginning was new to us. It is, therefore, rich in reminiscences — richer in that respect even than our subsequent services. It therefore constitutes a very important part of our history, and we cherish its memory as we affectionately cherish the memory of all those who shared it with us.

During the winter there were several changes in the field officers of the regiment. Lieut. Col. Douty was commissioned colonel on the resignation of Col. Allen. Capt. Smith, of Co. D, was commissioned major in place of Major Stowell, resigned, and about a month later he was promoted to lieutenant colonel, while Capt. Boothby, of Co. F, was promoted to major. Maj. Whitney resigned in March, but the vacancy was not filled at that time. Many changes had also taken place among the staff and line officers since the organization of the regiment, by resignation, promotion, etc., and a complete roster of the officers at the opening of the spring campaign of 1863, with the date of rank, is as follows, though all were not then serving with the regiment: —

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel, CALVIN S. DOUTY, Dover, March 20, 1863.

Lieutenant Colonel, CHARLES H. SMITH, Eastport, March 20, 1863.

Majors, JONATHAN P. CILLEY, Thomaston, May 8, 1862.

STEPHEN BOOTHBY, Portland, March 20, 1863.

Adjutant, ADDISON P. RUSSELL, Houlton, February 5, 1863.

Quartermaster, CLARENCE D. ULMER, Rockland, March 17, 1863.

Surgeon, GEORGE W. COLBY, Richmond, October 31, 1861.

Assistant Surgeons, ALEXANDER M. PARKER, Westbrook, March 26, 1863.

HORACE STEVENS, Skowhegan, March 26, 1863.

Commissary, EUSTIS C. BIGELOW, Portland, September 6, 1862.

Chaplain, SAMUEL FULLER, Brewer, November 29, 1862.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major, ELISHA A. CLIFFORD, Lincoln, February 16, 1863.

Quartermaster Sergeant, ORIN S. HASKELL, Levant, March 9, 1863.





Col. CALVIN S. DOUTY.
Killed at Aldie, June 17, 1863.



NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF — *Continued.*

Commissary Sergeant, MARTIN T. V. BOWMAN, Hallowell, May 1, 1862.
Hospital Stewards, SAMUEL C. LOVEJOY, Rockland, October 14, 1861.
 EMERY T. GATCHELL, Brunswick, September 28, 1862.
Saddler Sergeant, HENRY W. NORWOOD, Bangor, March 1, 1863.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

- CO. A. — *Captain*, SIDNEY W. THAXTER, Bangor, March 24, 1862.
First Lieutenant, LLEWELLYN G. ESTES, Oldtown, March 24, 1862.
Second Lieutenant, HORACE S. COLE, Hampden, February 5, 1863.
- CO. B. — *Captain*, BENJAMIN F. TUCKER, U. S. A., May 8, 1862.
First Lieutenant, WM. P. COLEMAN, Lincolnville, September 26, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, FRANK M. CUTLER, Union, October 4, 1861.
- CO. C. — *Captain*, ROBERT F. DYER, Augusta, October 20, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, GEORGE S. KIMBALL, Gardiner, October 20, 1861.
- CO. D. — *Captain*, ANDREW B. SPURLING, Orland, February 16, 1863.
First Lieutenant, WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, Orland, February 16, 1863.
Second Lieutenant, ANDREW H. BIBBER, Eastport, February 16, 1863.
- CO. E. — *First Lieutenant*, OSCO A. ELLIS, Lincoln, February 16, 1863.
Second Lieutenant, MARK NEVILLE, Littleton, February 16, 1863.
- CO. F. — *First Lieutenant*, WALSTEIN PHILLIPS, Portland, May 20, 1862.
Second Lieutenant, WILLIAM HARRIS, Machias, September 12, 1864.
- CO. G. — *Captain*, ISAAC G. VIRGIN, Dixfield, December 31, 1862.
First Lieutenant, GEORGE E. HUNTON, East Livermore, December 31, 1862.
Second Lieutenant, SAMUEL B. M. LOVEJOY, East Livermore, December 31, 1862.
- CO. H. — *Captain*, GEORGE J. SUMMAT, U. S. A., October 8, 1861.
First Lieutenant, HENRY C. HALL, Starks, October 23, 1862.
Second Lieutenant, WM. F. STONE, Portland, October 2, 1862.
- CO. I. — *Captain*, PAUL CHADBOURNE, Waterboro', December 2, 1862.
First Lieutenant, FRANK W. PRAY, Shapleigh, December 2, 1862.
Second Lieutenant, JOHN R. ANDREWS, Biddeford, December 2, 1862.
- CO. K. — *First Lieutenant*, JOHN D. MYRICK, Augusta, December 9, 1862.
Second Lieutenant, CHARLES W. FORD, Bristol, December 9, 1862.
- CO. L. — *Captain*, CONSTANTINE TAYLOR, U. S. A., January 15, 1862.
First Lieutenant, ZENAS VAUGHAN, Freeman, October 23, 1862.
Second Lieutenant, JOHN P. CARSON, Mount Vernon, November 21, 1862.
- CO. M. — *Captain*, GEORGE M. BROWN, Bangor, October 31, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, EPHRAIM H. TAYLOR, Lisbon, March 8, 1862.

The spring campaign of 1863 was noted for the first practical use of the cavalry force, and the first demonstration of its real worth. Gen. Hooker's plan was to send the cavalry on a



raid to the rear of the rebel army at Fredericksburg, to sever his communication with Richmond, thus cutting off his supplies and preventing his re-enforcement, and at the same time to attack him vigorously with his infantry and artillery in his position at Fredericksburg. This plan culminated in the battle at Chancellorsville, and in what is known as "Stoneman's Raid."

The welcome order to move, for nothing could be worse than Camp Bayard, was not received till Sunday, April twelfth; and at daylight the next morning the regiment started, with the division, to open the spring campaign, Cos. G and K being detailed as rear guard for the brigade. By Gen. Hooker's headquarters, through Falmouth and along the river bank, giving the boys a fine view of the city of Fredericksburg, looking so calm and quiet, the division went, and taking the river road, marched westward (up the river) till dark, and bivouacked in the woods near Deep Run. The roads were in a fair condition, and the march was a pleasant change from the mud of the winter quarters and the dull routine of the winter's service. Next day the march was continued to Rappahannock Station, where the enemy was found on the opposite side of the river, at the end of the bridge and in rifle-pits. Two companies forded the river below the bridge, under a sharp fire, while Cos. A and B, under command of Maj. Boothby, dismounted and charged across the bridge, driving the enemy from his entrenchments, and securing as the plunder of the occasion a fine pig which the rebels had just killed, but which, in their hasty flight, they had not time to take with them. This movement was only a feint, however, and our men retired, without loss, under an artillery fire from the hill beyond the rifle-pits.

The regiment camped in the woods that night, and the boys were waked up in a drenching rain at four o'clock the next morning, with orders to be ready to start in one hour. They were ready, but one, two, three, four, five hours slowly passed before the word came, during which time they hung round the bivouac fires, growing wetter and wetter and colder and colder every moment, trying their best to keep comfortable and cheerful. About nine o'clock the march was commenced, the regiment being rear guard for the train. And such marching!

The rain still poured, the roads were very muddy, progress, which would have been slow at best, was rendered more so by the difficulties that beset the train, and the boys began to feel thoroughly blue. One comrade offered a large premium to whoever would say something that would make him laugh, but to no purpose. Another, in imitation of the embryo sailor who was ordered to go aloft in a storm, thinking to create some amusement, rode up to his captain, and touching his hat, said, "Captain, I'd like to lose half a day." To his surprise, no less than to his amusement, the officer replied, in the most matter-of-fact way, "Where will you go to?" The soldier rode back to his place, musing upon the inability of some persons to understand a joke. Finally, after marching a mile or two in as many hours, the regiment was drawn up in the edge of some pine woods, where the trees shed more water than the skies were doing. A short distance away was what the boys called a "beautiful rail fence," and they went for those rails, filled with the idea that there was heat and comparative comfort in them. In a minute there was not a rail left on the fence. All had been transferred to little piles in rear of the several companies, ready to be made into cheerful fires. But no! An order was received to build no fires at all, as the smoke thereof might inform the enemy across the river of their presence, which, as an advance was intended, was injudicious. Then there was some violation of the anti-profanity order, and a right smart of growling. But in a short time the boys growled themselves into good humor, named the place "Camp Misery," and fairly demonstrated that the boys of the First Maine Cavalry could not get so cold, so wet, so hungry, or so tired but that they could laugh and sing. There was singing, and laughing, and joking, and hilarity enough to have given any enemy within two miles of the regiment notice of its presence. It was surprising, even to the men themselves, to see how jolly they could be under such circumstances. Men could be seen shivering in the cold and wet so they could not stand still, their teeth chattering like castanets, eating the cold slush, into which the rain had turned the hardtack in their haversacks, with one hand, and gnawing on a piece of raw pork held in the other,



their hands shaking so they could not get the food into their mouths more than every other time trying, and laughing as heartily as if in the happiest frame of mind. The boys of Co. G will remember what fun they had over the remark of one of their dry jokers, as he gnawed and gnawed at a piece of raw pork: "I guess this came from somewhere near the ear—it's used to being bitten." This state of affairs lasted an hour or so, when, it being decided to be impractical in the then state of the roads to attempt to advance across the river (a fact any private thought he could have assured the officers of hours before) fires were allowed, and the regiment camped there for the night, the boys getting a good night's sleep in their wet clothes and blankets.

The next day the regiment was saddled and packed before daylight, and remained ready to move at an instant's warning, till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the order came to move. There was about a mile of hard, heavy marching, in an opposite direction from the river, the roads being very muddy, and then the regiment went into camp in some clean oak woods, where it remained till the morning of the eighteenth, when "on picket" was the order. There was some difficulty in finding the locality that it was desired to picket, the march thereto being one of various twists and turns; but finally it was reached, and two companies sent on post. The first relief had not stood its time before the pickets were called in, and after another winding and twisting march, the regiment went into camp in the rockiest place the boys had seen in Virginia away from the mountains.

The next day, Sunday, nineteenth, a detail was sent out foraging, under command of Lieut. Pray, of Co. I (the horses had had nothing to eat for three days), which returned at night with a small quantity of forage. Among the amusing incidents of this expedition was a visit to a large house where a couple of young ladies with gloved hands made no concealment of their southern sympathies, and frequently expressed the wish that "some of our soldiers would come along and take you'uns to Richmond." One of the boys went into the house, and by judiciously quoting Scripture at the old lady, a

thorough Christian secessionist, succeeded in winning her good graces to such an extent that she cooked him a "good square meal." Belonging to the plantation was a large barn, that looked as if it might contain forage sufficient for a whole army. The fact that the door was locked aroused the suspicions of the officer in command that there was something in there that he wanted, and he demanded of the old lady the key. She firmly refused, which only strengthened his suspicions; and failing to coax the key from her, he procured a heavy piece of joist, and preparing it as a battering ram, with three or four stalwart men as power, he took out his watch and politely informed the lady if she did not give him the key in five minutes, "down comes the door." Instead of giving up the key, she knelt down on the ground and fervently prayed God to avenge her wrongs, and send some southern soldiers to protect her. It was a solemn moment. The lieutenant waited patiently till the time was up, when he gave the word, and down came the door. With visions of forage in abundance he rushed into the barn, only to find it entirely empty. What was the old lady's reason for withholding the key, or just how the lieutenant felt over being so badly sold, the boys never knew.

The same evening the regiment was called into line dismounted, to hear an order read from Gen. Stoneman, the purport of which was to send all men and horses not in good condition, and all extra baggage, to the rear, and prepare for "long and rapid marches, day and night, as the cavalry was about to show an indulgent government that the money and pains taken to render this arm of the service efficient was not thrown away;" also to be ready to move at midnight, and that there would be no opportunity to procure rations for at least six days after starting; so, if the men did not take a sufficient quantity, and suffered from hunger, it would be their own fault. As the rations issued that night were very light marching rations, for only three days, the virtue of this last clause will be apparent.

The regiment was ready to march at midnight, according to orders, but did not start till nine or ten o'clock the next morning, which was anything but consoling to the boys, who



were thus needlessly cheated out of their sleep on the eve of starting on an expedition of "long and rapid marches, day and night." It was "military," though, as was sarcastically remarked hundreds of times that morning. A couple more hours were spent in waiting a short distance from camp, so that the command did not really move till twelve hours after the time set. A drizzling rain commenced falling in the morning, which before night was considerably more than a drizzle. The roads were paved with a deep coating of thick, sticky mud, which the horses' feet threw up into winrows as they marched along, so that each horse stepped over a bank of mud and put its feet in the same place as did its file leader. Marching was slow, of course, and tedious; and when at night the regiment went into camp near Warrenton, the boys were not loth to lie down on the wet ground, without shelter from the rain (for clothes and blankets were wet through), and go to sleep, without even stopping for a cup of coffee. And the rain and the mud made the second hitch in the programme laid out for the cavalry.

Tuesday was spent mainly in foraging, with good success, the only fighting that occurred being between two of the boys, because one accidentally tipped over the other's coffee which was cooking on the fire, an act which would put a soldier out of temper quicker than the hardest talk, and was, so to speak, the unpardonable sin of army life. This engagement did not get into the papers, for it was one of the quietest battles of the whole war. The combatants stood up and knocked each other down without saying a word, till one of them announced himself satisfied, when they went back to their cooking. The captain of the company, as well as several of the boys of that and other companies, who saw the affair, took no notice of it, supposing it to be a bit of fun to warm up on, so still it was, but a pair of black eyes attested the truth of the maxim: "Still waters run deep."

Wednesday the regiment moved to Warrenton Junction and camped near its first Virginia camp-ground of a year before. Here it remained doing picket duty till Saturday, when the camp was again changed, this time to near the old "Camp Stan-

ton" ground. Here the boys saw evidences that the war was being conducted on different principles than it was the year before. The miles of rail fence that had been so carefully guarded then had all been burned for the benefit of Yankee soldiers; the well-kept lawns had been cut up by the hoofs of northern horses, and the spacious mansion was deserted and dreary looking. To say that the boys rather enjoyed this state of affairs, as they thought of their cramped condition on their previous stay there, would not be far from truth, though they did wish a few of those fence rails had been left for their own use.

An incident which occurred during these two weeks is thus told:—

A day or two after leaving winter quarters, Lieut. William. F. Stone, of Co. II, was detailed acting assistant quartermaster of the brigade, and with private John B. Begin as an orderly, immediately set out to take command of the brigade train, which was slowly plodding its way through the deep mud somewhere in rear of the regiment. It did not occur to him, nor indeed to any one, that an armed enemy was in the midst of a strong cavalry corps; but he had hardly got out of sight of the camp when Lieut. Paine and a party of Mosely's men dashed out of a little clump of pines and easily gobbled him up. The rain was pouring in torrents, the creeks and streams were rising rapidly, and Paine was anxious to get his prisoners across the Rappahan-nock before nightfall, so they galloped away in the direction of Warrenton, in order to cross above the Union force and reach Gen. Lee's headquarters in safety. A small squad was kept in advance to prevent surprise, while Paine and a few of his men closely guarded the game. Usually when the advance arrived at a creek that was swollen they dashed in without hesitation, but at length they arrived at one that was so broad and wild that they feared to cross. When Paine came up he denounced them as cowards, and plunged his horse into the foaming current. Almost instantly the horse lost its footing, while the rider lost his hold upon the horse, and both floated helplessly down the stream. The horse finally gained the shore, but the lieutenant's case looked hopeless, for his men seemed paralyzed with fear, and made no attempt to rescue him. Lieut. Stone, prisoner though he was, could not sit still and see a human being, even his captor and his country's foe, die in this manner, without making an effort to save his life. He galloped quickly and alone down the stream to a point below the struggling rebel officer, plunged his horse into the stream, seized Lieut. Paine by the hair of the head, and succeeded in bringing him to the shore. Consciousness was not entirely gone, and he was after a time fully restored. Lieut. Stone now claimed that in consideration of having saved Lieut. Paine's life, when he might more easily and with less danger have himself escaped and left him to his fate, he should be set free. Lieut. Paine acknowledged the



great debt of gratitude he owed his prisoner, and promised him treatment more honorable to both than letting him go, saying he would send him to Gen. Lee, with a statement of his capture and his generous and heroic conduct, and implore Gen. Lee to have him returned to the Union lines without exchange, as a partial reward for his gallant services. Lieut. Stone was accordingly forwarded to Gen. Lee, and from him to Libby Prison. He remained in that famous tobacco warehouse one night, just long enough to see, without experiencing, the suffering our boys there endured, and the next morning was released by order of the rebel secretary of war and sent to City Point, where he was taken on board a flag-of-truce boat and conveyed to Washington. Upon arriving at the capital, he learned that his captor, Lieut. Paine, had, while riding Lieut. Stone's horse, been captured by a detachment of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, and had just arrived at the Old Capitol Prison in that city. He obtained permission and paid a visit to the luckless rebel, who was somewhat surprised to see him again so soon. In a day or two he returned to the regiment, having been gone scarcely a week, and arriving there as soon as the news of his capture and release arrived through the press. He lost no time in visiting the captors of Lieut. Paine, and recovered his horse, looking as finely as when it was so suddenly taken from him and appropriated to the confederate service.

The regiment remained near the old "Camp Stanton" ground till just at dark Tuesday, April twenty-eighth, when it again started, with the division and corps, and after a short march bivouacked near Bealton, and "Stoneman's Raid" was, after two unsuccessful attempts to start, actually commenced. Early the next morning the column was in motion, and before noon was at Kelly's ford, on the Rappahannock, where, after a long time of waiting, the cavalry crossed on pontoons, several divisions of the infantry being already on that side of the river. There was a march a short distance from the river, the regiment was drawn up in line, and the men dismounted for another waiting time, "the hardest time of all." About dark orders were received to move, but just then there were sounds of a sharp skirmish on the right, which delayed the march till that was over. Then a short march was made, and the regiment drew up in line of battle near Mountain stream about midnight, and remained there till morning, no fires or noise being allowed, the horses remaining saddled and unhitched, the men in each set of fours alternating in holding the four horses by the bridles while the other three slept; and to add to the discomfort of the situation a cold, drizzling rain was falling. From here the pack mules



and unsound men and horses, and everything that would prevent rapid marching, were sent to the rear.

At daylight next morning the column was again in motion, the regiment being rear guard. The march was continued all day without interruption, and during the afternoon was one of the pleasantest marches of the whole term of service. The rain of the morning had cleared away, the country was new to the boys, and showed no marks of war's devastation, and everything was clothed in the brightest of spring green, all of which added to the enjoyment of the march. Just at night the regiment stood picket in the rear till the remainder of the column forded the Rapidan at Raccoon ford, crossing about nine o'clock, and bivouacking in line of battle. Soon after midnight the boys were waked to get ready to move at once, but, as usual, there was much waiting to be done, and the march was not commenced till after daylight. Rations and forage were getting short, but the men had no difficulty in levying upon the inhabitants along the road, and hundreds of fine hams found their way into the haversacks and stomachs of Union cavalry men. During the day Cos. F and K went on a reconnoissance with a squadron of the Harris Light, and captured a dozen prisoners, eleven horses, and a mule, being fired on by the enemy at two points, without effect. In the afternoon the column was halted to bait the horses and allow the men to get a bite, when it again started and continued the march, occasionally halting in line of battle, until about three o'clock the next morning, when Louisa Court House was reached. The boys thought this a hard march, but they got over that idea before the raid was finished. Their rations of sleep for the two previous nights had been very light, and many of them could not keep awake by any means in their power, but got fitful naps on their horses. Such of the animals as were well regulated kept their places in the line, while others, left to their own discretion, gained on their fellows, and the rider was often awakened to find himself among strange faces, and to return to his place with a queer feeling of shame.

On arriving at Louisa Court House a portion of the regiment was sent to support a battery on a hill overlooking the village.



and there were general preparations for an engagement, while a detachment, under command of Col. Kilpatrick, charged into the town. The yell of the charging party was borne back upon the early morning air to the watchers on the hill; there was a single pistol shot, a signal rocket sent up, and all was quiet. At daylight the column advanced into the village, when a portion of the regiment was sent on picket outside the village, and Cos. B and I, under command of Capt. Tucker, were sent out on the Gordonsville road, to make a feint in that direction. Some three miles from the court house Capt. Tucker encountered the enemy's pickets, charged and drove them; but, coming upon the enemy's reserve, some five hundred strong, who opened upon him a vigorous fire, he was forced to retreat. The enemy followed him, and having thrown a detachment across the road, they succeeded in cutting off the little force. A portion of them cut their way out, and rejoined the regiment, but two were killed, two wounded, and twenty-seven taken prisoners. Among the last named was Lieut. Andrews, of Co. I.

An incident of this day will illustrate the variety of fare which soldiers sometimes enjoyed. One of the boys had for breakfast in the morning only the rain-soaked crumbs of hardtack scraped out from the corners of his haversack, and eaten with a spoon. It was all he had, and there was no prospect, so far as he knew, of getting any more. At noon he was terribly hungry, but there was nothing to eat. While standing picket he remembered that there were in his saddle-bags two or three ears of corn which he was saving for his horse, and he determined to rob the faithful and long-suffering animal of a portion, at least, of its rations. So, sitting on his horse, alone in the woods, watching intently for the appearance of the enemy, he feasted (yes, feasted is the word, for rarely does food taste better) on raw corn, dry and hard, eaten direct from the ear. But the patient animal smelled the corn and became uneasy, so the trooper divided the corn with the horse, and the two ate their dinner, or lunch, together, sharing it with each other. Later in the day, when the force was preparing to leave the village, this comrade and another were put on picket together on a road.

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE
 THE JOURNAL OF THE

and near a house. They had been there but a few moments when a man came out of the door. On seeing him one of the pickets remarked, "I wonder if we cannot get something to eat out of that fellow." "It's worth trying," said the other. The first then shouted to the native to come to him. The man came, but it was evident it was against his wishes, for he approached very unwillingly. As he reached the picket the latter said, in a very supplicating tone and manner, "Haven't you got something you can give a poor, tired, worn-out, hungry soldier to eat?" The words, the tone, and the manner, added to the fact that the soldier was the foe of the man to whom he applied, were so decidedly rich, that the other picket laughs to this day when he thinks of the incident. But they proved effectual. The Virginian was so happy to learn that he was not to be robbed, or taken prisoner, or killed, that his heart went out toward the "poor, tired, worn-out, hungry soldiers," and going into the house, he quickly returned with a liberal supply of warm biscuit, cold corned beef, and cold boiled ham. The two pickets made a good square meal, and as one of them ate and thought of his three meals for the day, it is not wonderful that the expression, "Variety is the spice of life," was running through his mind.

During the day several miles of railroad and telegraph were destroyed and a number of bridges burned by different regiments of the command, and a goodly quantity of forage for the horses secured, though the men were not so well off. This work having been successfully accomplished, late in the afternoon the pickets were called in and preparations made for moving, this regiment being again detailed for rear guard, and ordered to stop in the village till the remainder of the column had been gone two hours. Just after dark large numbers of fires were built on the hills and in the woods surrounding the village, to convey the idea to the rebels that a large force was going into camp for the night, and then the regiment moved out, taking the Richmond pike. The road was a fine wide one, lined on each side with a high, well-kept hedge, and there being only one regiment, marching was easy and rapid. About midnight Thompson's cross-roads was reached, where the main



column had halted. At this point, about midway between Richmond and Fredericksburg, the command was divided, and several expeditions sent out in different directions. Col. Kilpatrick, with his own regiment (Harris Light), was sent to destroy canals, bridges, railroads, etc., in the vicinity of Richmond; and after a brilliant exploit reached the Union lines at Norfolk, and finally rejoined the Army of the Potomac. The Twelfth Illinois regiment also went on a separate expedition, doing much damage, and finally joining Col. Kilpatrick and going with him to Norfolk. The second brigade of the division (Col. Percy Wyndham) was sent in another direction, and the remainder of the first brigade (First Maine and Tenth New York), with Gen. Gregg in command, was sent still another way.

Not being acquainted with the programme, on arriving at the cross-roads, the boys, anticipating a few hours of sleep, lost no time in stretching themselves out for that purpose. But the most drowsy had hardly time to get well to sleep before they were again ordered into the saddle, and the brigade was again in motion, then going alone. It was decidedly easy for the men to sleep in the saddle, however, as most of them did do. The march was continued without more than the usual incidents, till noon of the next day, when a halt was made, long enough for those who had rations or forage, to cook something to eat, and to feed the horses. Soon after this it became officially known that there would be no chance for sleep that night, which was rather discouraging, and the boys began to wonder whether or not they could by any means live through a third night without sleep. But it was a military necessity, and they were willing to try.

Late in the afternoon a halt was made at Rockville, or Rocky Mills, fifteen miles from Richmond, when the horses were fed and groomed, the more fortunate of the men getting something for themselves to eat; and just at dark a detachment of one hundred men from each of the regiments was sent, under command of Lieut. Col. Smith, of the First Maine, to destroy the railroad bridge across the South Anna River, ten miles from Richmond. It was a wild ride of several miles, mainly through woods, with

no road, and it seemed in no particular direction, and most of the way at a trot. There was a lively dodging of the lower branches of the trees, and more than one of the boys found himself nearly, if not quite, brushed from his saddle by a heavy branch, which he did not see in time to dodge, in his rapid ride.

On arriving near the station on the railroad, Col. Smith discovered that his guide knew very little about the locality, and that the road he was on ran directly across the railroad, a position into which he did not wish to get. Capt. Spurling was sent with a force to destroy the station, tear up the track, etc., and the remainder of the command was drawn up in line in an open field. By this time blazing fires and the sounds of heavy blows denoted that the work of destruction was going on. Col. Smith and others went forward toward the bridge until they drew the fire of the enemy who was guarding the bridge, and the orders from Gen. Gregg being not to bring on a fight in any case, Col. Smith decided to return. So he sent an orderly over to where the fires were burning, with orders to "tell Capt. Spurling to finish the work he is about, burn the culvert, and join us as soon as he can, as the enemy is on the move in this direction" (pointing toward the left). This order was slowly and distinctly repeated, that there might be no mistake about it. The orderly found Capt. Spurling with a few men busy as bees near a burning station-house and burning cars, and delivered his message. Capt. Spurling finished his work, and did it well, too, and soon the command was moving away from the railroad.

The ride back to Rockville was gloomy enough. The excitement was over, and tired nature began to assert its sway. Two-thirds or more of the men allowed themselves to go to sleep, and their horses to wander at will. Consequently there was no order nor anything else in the column, but it was strung out to almost indefinite length, with large gaps in it; and the utmost efforts of officers and the wakeful men were insufficient to keep the men anywhere except straggling along in single file. Twenty wide-awake, determined rebel soldiers could have captured the whole two hundred, and not had much to boast of either. It was clear, simple good luck that the detachment ever



got anywhere. And when, about two o'clock in the morning, Rockville was reached, where the boys had fondly hoped to get a brief nap, at least, and it was found that the remainder of the command had gone, and there was "no rest for the weary," even those who had thus far kept awake gave up in despair, and went to sleep directly, making the column for the rest of the march more straggling and more inviting to the enemy than before. Arguments, orders, curses, loud and frequent, and even blows, could not keep the men awake, or keep the horses in their places, or scarcely in any place, some of them stopping in the road sound asleep. About four o'clock the tired, weary boys found the regiment, some three miles from Rockville, standing "to horse," expecting orders to move every moment. Caring little for the expected orders, the boys threw themselves on the ground, and were quickly asleep, ready to run all risks for what they so much needed. As good luck would have it, they got an hour or so of sleep, and when they were waked up as the column started they were in the best fighting trim,—cross enough to bite their sabres in two.

Six of the boys, however, Sergts. Jumper and Forsyth, Corps. Baker and Fuller, and Privates Mason and Mitchell, all of Co. G, were not allowed even these meagre rations of sleep, for as soon as the expedition reached the regiment they were ordered to report to Gen. Gregg immediately. They did so, and were sent back to Thompson's cross-roads, a distance of eighteen miles, with despatches to Gen. Stoneman. The story of that ride through the enemy's country, with horses so tired and worn that not one of them could go faster than a walk (and two of them gave out altogether soon after starting, forcing their riders to pursue their journey on foot and alone), going within a mile of a large camp of the enemy without attracting his attention, passing themselves off as rebel scouts to a large number of citizens they met, and finally a portion of them overtaking and delivering the despatches to Gen. Stoneman just as he had moved out from the cross-roads, while the rest came in safely on foot some hours afterward, is but one of the strange stories of individual adventure that could be told of the members of the regiment. The wonder is that all of them were not

taken prisoners, as they confidently expected to be; but pluck and persistency saved them.

At daylight the brigade started on the back track, taking a road in the opposite direction and following it for a while, to mislead any scouts that might be in the vicinity, and then suddenly changing direction and taking the right road, and sending out foraging parties, who were so successful that when a halt was made, soon after noon, at the cross-roads, there was ham and meal enough to cook a sort of a dinner for all. Then the march was resumed, and half a dozen miles further on the brigade reached the main portion of the cavalry corps, with Gen. Stoneman, near the Pamunkey River, and went into camp. The horses were unsaddled, which must have been a new sensation for them, and the boys got a good night's sleep, the first since crossing the Rappahannock, five days before.

The next day, May fifth, the command remained quietly in camp, waiting for the return of the various detachments that had been sent out from the corps, and giving men and horses an opportunity to rest, till nearly night, and then was put in motion just as a lively thunder shower came up, the First Maine being advance guard, with Cos. A and D to the front. The Pamunkey was crossed on a high bridge, which was blown up and burned after the last man was over, by a detail from the regiment, under command of Lieut. Cutler, of Co. B, and the boys began to realize that they were on the way to the Union lines, which to them had all the significance of going home. The shower settled down into a steady rain; the night was very cold; the boys, who, during the day had been inclined to growl at the heat, were shivering in their saddles; the rain soon made the roads muddy and marching hard work, while, to add to all the discomforts of the situation, it was so dark that it was impossible for one to see his file leader, unless the file leader rode a white horse; and more than all this, the way was through swamps, thickets, woods, cow-paths, by-paths, anything but travelled highways. It was a dismal ride, and made more so by the sound of an occasional shot from a guerilla, and the doleful note of a single whippoorwill that followed the column all night long. The regiment had to picket the various



cross-roads till the column passed, to prevent a surprise attack on the flank; and there was need of it, as was learned next day, for the column passed within two miles of Gen. Lee's baggage train, and within three miles of Gen. Stuart's cavalry.

At daylight the Spottsylvania pike was crossed near Tollardsville, two companies standing picket on the pike on either side as it passed, within sight of the enemy's camp fires and within sound of their drums, but no attack was made. Soon after crossing the pike the column halted, the pickets rejoined the regiment, ham and flour from the surrounding country furnished a breakfast, and the column rested till about noon. Then there was a march of a few miles, another halt, and just before dark another start. This night's march commenced like that of the night before, only it rained faster, was darker, muddier, harder, slower, and more tedious, if that were possible; and hours through a piece of woods, with the road in a terrible condition, requiring constant watchfulness to keep the horses on their feet, and even that was not successful in all cases, while the same whippoorwill kept up his mournful tune, and there was the occasional shot, as if the guerilla were keeping the whippoorwill company. Rebel camp and picket fires could be seen frequently, but they gave no trouble. About midnight the advance got out of the woods at Verdierville, when there was an hour or two of shivering in the cold, waiting for the rear of the column to catch up, and the command again started, this time on a plank road, where marching was easier, pleasanter, and more rapid, allowing the boys relief from their constant care, which most of them improved by going to sleep. Many of them remember nothing of the march from Verdierville, except, perhaps, an indistinct recollection of being ordered "into place," until they found themselves fording the Rapidan at Raccoon ford, just at daylight. During this night a number of men were led off the road in the darkness by rebel scouts, who were on the watch, and captured; and an attempt was made to mislead the train in the same way, but this was frustrated by Lieut. Stone, acting assistant quartermaster of the brigade, who was fired on and his horse shot.

On the seventh the command remained near the river at the



ford till late in the afternoon, the boys improving the opportunity as much as they were able to do, in sleeping, or, as they called it, "stealing poor sleep." Along towards night another start was made, and this night's march was about like the two previous ones, the rain still falling, and progress slow. Guerillas hovered around more abundantly, and at one time, it was stated, the column marched for some distance between two columns of the enemy. There was the occasional shot and the lonesome song of the whippoorwill. At midnight the Rappahannock was reached at Kelly's ford, but the three days' rain had swollen the river, and after an unsuccessful attempt by the advance to ford it the idea was abandoned, and the column remained there in line of battle till morning, the boys getting a little more sleep. Fording the swollen river was anything but pleasant or safe, even by daylight, the horses being obliged to swim, and that with a strong current running. However, all of this regiment got safely across (there were rumors of casualties in other regiments), though some of them had much difficulty about it, and all got thoroughly wet, the water running over the tops of the saddles, and flooding saddle-bags and such of the haversacks as were strapped to the saddles. Ammunition, except the Burnside carbine cartridges, which had metallic cases, stood no chance at all that morning. After getting across, the regiment waited several hours, and along in the afternoon took up the line of march for Bealton, where it arrived about dark and went into camp, after what seemed a needless waste of time and strength in getting into just the right position, the camp-ground being changed at least half a dozen times before the boys were finally allowed to settle down for the night. And then there was sleep most sound and sweet, for once more was the regiment inside the Union lines, having been gone nine days, during which time the battle of Chancellorsville had been fought.

Thus ended "Stoneman's Raid," which has passed into history as the first great achievement of the Union cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, and from which dated the rise of that branch of the service in the estimation of soldier and citizen, north and south. What was accomplished by the raid is not a



matter for this work. It is enough to say here that the First Maine Cavalry was a part and parcel of this expedition, and shared its dangers, its hardships and its triumphs, and that it was ever after a matter of pride with the boys that they were on "Stoneman's Raid." Starting with but two days' rations, after that was gone the boys lived on ham, flour and meal obtained from the country, cooked when they had time to cook, and eaten raw when necessary. As for rest and sleep, five nights there was no sleep except what was stolen in the saddles, and the rations of sleep were short and of an inferior quality during the rest of the time; some of the men seemed demented at times from loss of sleep, and acted half crazed. Three days and nights there was continuous marching, fighting, scouting, and picketing, and in fact pretty much of the whole time the boys had been actively employed.

During this expedition Lieut. Estes, of Co. A, who was serving as aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Kilpatrick, was despatched with ten men to go through the rebel lines from Richmond and communicate with Gen. Hooker. On the route he captured an officer and sixteen men. Lieut. Estes himself was afterwards taken prisoner, and started for Richmond, but in turn captured the party who had him in charge, and conveyed them within the Union lines.

Col. Douty was now in command of the brigade (First Maine and Tenth New York) and Lieut. Col. Smith in command of the regiment. Saturday, May ninth, rations were issued, and if ever anything tasted good, hard bread did on that day. It was evidently feared that after so long a time of the most active service, the boys would suffer if allowed to lie still, so the camp was moved a short distance, just to keep the boys awake. The next afternoon there were orders to move again, and after an easy march of half a dozen miles or so, on the road to Falmouth, the brigade went into camp near Deep Run, and next day reached Falmouth soon after noon, and went into camp near Potomac Creek. Here it remained, the boys receiving four months' pay on the thirteenth, and doing little but resting, until the fifteenth, when it went back to Bealton (making the trip in one day) and camped on the ground of the week before. In

this vicinity the brigade remained until the thirtieth, changing camp several times, guarding the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and picketing and scouting against guerillas all the time. Guerillas were numerous and bold at this time, hovering around the rear of the army, picking up stragglers, tearing up rails and destroying culverts on the railroad, attacking small bodies of troops, now and then capturing a wagon or a whole train, and occasionally charging into a camp and carrying off whatever they could. One night a picket of the Tenth New York was fatally shot on his post, almost within sight of one of the pickets of this regiment, and the murderers escaped unharmed. The boys soon found the difference between picketing on the Rappahannock or in front of the whole rebel army, where they felt comparatively easy, knowing they had soldiers to deal with, — men who treated soldiers, though enemies, as men, — and picketing where they were liable to be picked off by men who would crawl up and shoot them without a word of warning or a compunction of conscience, for the price set upon their heads; and after a fair trial they formed the opinion, which they never afterwards changed, that picketing against guerillas was the most despicable part of the service.

While remaining here constant watchfulness was required. Half the horses in camp were kept saddled at night, and a strong camp guard was maintained aside from the pickets, day and night. During the grazing of the horses, which occurred twice a day, half the horses were required to be saddled, and half the men wore their side-arms. At one time the regiment was camped near the station, in a single line extending around three sides of a square, for better protection, the horses outside, with tents, teams, headquarters, etc., inside. The camp guards were marched to the headquarters of Col. Smith, and received their orders and directions from him personally. They were required at night to take their horses, saddled and packed, to their posts, which were just outside the stable picket line, hitch them about the centre of their beats (the horses were allowed to remain at the picket line during the day, saddled and packed), and patrol on foot, armed with side-arms and carbine, and were instructed as to their duties in case an attack was made, and



"in case of a charge," upon which especial stress was laid. But eternal vigilance was the price of liberty, here as well as elsewhere; for not the slightest ripple disturbed the monotony of standing camp guard as cavalry and infantry combined, as the boys termed it. The non-commissioned officers, and such as were not detailed on the regular picket, got the most of this sort of duty. "Scares" were frequent, and reports of "rebel infantry this side the Rappahannock," "guerillas coming right down upon us," etc., caused frequent saddling-up in a hurry, and were good discipline for the men, if nothing else.

On the thirtieth there was a short march to Warrenton Junction, where the regiment went into camp, and remained there, doing about the same duty as while at Bealton, drilling when opportunity offered, and having a "scare" occasionally, till Monday, June eighth. This extract from a private letter, written while the regiment was here, gives a new sort of experience:—

Day before yesterday a detail of ten men from this regiment, of whom I was one, and twenty or more from another regiment, went on a reconnoissance under command of Capt. Tucker, of Co. B, First Maine. Between Sulphur Springs and Warrenton we found a secesh soldier lying by the roadside. He was the neatest-dressed and best-looking confederate I have ever seen, and from his manner I at once concluded he was some one's pet child, which after events proved. He had just been exchanged, and was on the way to join his regiment; had called at Warrenton the day before to see his parents,—said he had gone against his better judgment, and this was the result. When we got to Warrenton I was one of three sent with him to his father's to get a few things he thought he should need. That was a big job for me, who never could bear to see any one in trouble, to take a prisoner of war to bid good-by to his mother. I had to go, however, and make the best of it. Thought I had got somewhat calloused to exhibitions of feeling, but found I had not. Treated them as well as I could, and gave his mother all the comfort I could. How she did beg me to "take him out a little ways, where nobody would see me, and parole him;" but I couldn't do it. I was glad when we got through, though I couldn't have hurried them at all. He left his mother, saying, "Take care of yourself, and don't worry about me; I shall come out all right; and if I get killed, remember I shall die for my country." And we rode off.

On Sunday, June seventh, Col. Kilpatrick, with the Harris Light, returned from his service on Stoneman's Raid, and again took command of the brigade, and Col. Douty returned to the command of the regiment.

1875

1. The first part of the report is devoted to a general description of the country, its position, its extent, its population, its climate, its soil, its vegetation, its animals, and its minerals.

2. The second part is devoted to a description of the principal cities, towns, and villages, and to a description of the principal industries, commerce, and manufactures.

3. The third part is devoted to a description of the principal rivers, lakes, and seas, and to a description of the principal ports, harbors, and navigation.

4. The fourth part is devoted to a description of the principal mountains, hills, and valleys, and to a description of the principal forests, parks, and gardens.

5. The fifth part is devoted to a description of the principal public buildings, churches, and schools, and to a description of the principal public works, roads, and bridges.

6. The sixth part is devoted to a description of the principal public institutions, libraries, and museums, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

7. The seventh part is devoted to a description of the principal public works, roads, and bridges, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

8. The eighth part is devoted to a description of the principal public institutions, libraries, and museums, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

9. The ninth part is devoted to a description of the principal public works, roads, and bridges, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

10. The tenth part is devoted to a description of the principal public institutions, libraries, and museums, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

11. The eleventh part is devoted to a description of the principal public works, roads, and bridges, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

12. The twelfth part is devoted to a description of the principal public institutions, libraries, and museums, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

13. The thirteenth part is devoted to a description of the principal public works, roads, and bridges, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

14. The fourteenth part is devoted to a description of the principal public institutions, libraries, and museums, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

15. The fifteenth part is devoted to a description of the principal public works, roads, and bridges, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

16. The sixteenth part is devoted to a description of the principal public institutions, libraries, and museums, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

17. The seventeenth part is devoted to a description of the principal public works, roads, and bridges, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

18. The eighteenth part is devoted to a description of the principal public institutions, libraries, and museums, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

19. The nineteenth part is devoted to a description of the principal public works, roads, and bridges, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

20. The twentieth part is devoted to a description of the principal public institutions, libraries, and museums, and to a description of the principal public services, police, and fire.

Now commenced the brilliant campaign which resulted in the utter defeat of the rebel army at Gettysburg. It had become known to Gen. Hooker that Gen. Lee's army was moving westward, and that the cavalry had already reached Brandy Station, a station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, five miles below the Rappahannock, and about the same distance from Culpepper. Just what his plans were, whether for an attack on Gen. Hooker's right, a grand flank movement to get between the Union army and Washington, or for a raid into the north, were, of course, unknown; and a reconnoissance in force was necessary to see what was going on, learn of the enemy's position and intentions, as much as possible, and at least let Gen. Lee know that "Fighting Joe" was wide awake. For this purpose Buford's division of cavalry, with a small force of infantry and a battery, were sent out to cross the Rappahannock at Beverly ford; and Gen. Gregg's division, also with infantry and artillery, to cross below, at Kelly's ford, while Gen. Pleasanton, who then had command of the cavalry corps (Gen. Stoneman having been relieved), commanded the expedition in person.

The order to march was received about noon on the eighth, and in a short time the regiment, with the division, was in motion and moving toward the river. All the afternoon could be seen immense clouds of dust across the river, indicating that large forces of the enemy's troops were also in motion, and the boys felt there was hot work in store for them. After a dusty, uncomfortable march, the regiment bivouacked on a low tract of land in the vicinity of Kelly's ford, where the boys were treated to an unusual amount of "getting into position," or, as they called it, "poppy-cocking," and finally were allowed to lie down to sleep, with a cold bite, and holding the horses by the bridles. They were aroused about midnight, and given orders to be in readiness to move at three o'clock, and pretended to "stand to horse" till daylight, killing time as best they might, and thoroughly enjoying the soldier's prerogative of growling. They were not allowed to cook coffee, as the enemy might learn of the presence of the force by the smoke of the fires, and, of course, were cross enough for all practical pur-



poses. Soon after daylight the division moved out. A short march in the beauty of the early June morning carried it to the ford, where the First Maine, being in rear of the brigade, was forced to wait for the remainder to cross. Before its turn at the ford came the sound of brisk artillery firing up the river, at the right, which told the boys the ball had opened. When across the river the whole command was put into a gallop, which was kept up three or four miles, the dust so thick that in a very short time the blue of the uniforms was entirely invisible; most of the way through the woods, and all the time rapidly nearing the firing. A brief halt was made, when orders were received to tighten the saddle girths and load the carbines, which were rapidly obeyed, and the regiment again started, shortly after emerging from the woods into a large open field. As soon as the regiment debouched from the woods it formed squadrons at a gallop, drew sabre, and in a moment more was charging across the field. And thus, before the boys were aware of it, almost, the regiment was in its first cavalry charge as a regiment.

And now opened before them, and of which they were a part, a scene of the grandest description. They were nearly at the right of a large open field of undulating ground, with woods at their right. At the left, as far as the eye could reach, were to be seen bodies of Union cavalry advancing with quick movements toward the enemy's cavalry, who were also in full sight, and apparently as active. Officers grouped with their staffs, and squads of orderlies could be seen in different localities, some quietly watching the tide of battle, others moving in various directions. Orderlies and staff officers were riding at full speed in every direction, helter-skelter, apparently, as if the success of the whole engagement depended upon each one. A little to the right of the front, near a house surrounded by extensive shrubbery (known as the "Barber House," where Gen. Stuart had his headquarters), was a rebel battery, which turned its attention to this regiment as it emerged from the woods. The whole plain was one vast field of intense, earnest action. It was a scene to be witnessed but once in a lifetime, and one well worth all the risks of battle to

witness. But the boys could not stop to enjoy this grand, moving panorama of war. On they went, amid a perfect tangle of sights and sounds, filled with such rare, whole-souled excitement as seldom falls to the lot of man to experience; and thoughts of danger were for the time furthest from their minds. Even the horses seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and strained every nerve to do their full duty in the day's strange deeds, obeying the least motion of rein or spur with unusual promptness, as if feeling the superiority of their riders in this terrible commotion.

A railroad cut breaks the formation somewhat, and for a moment checks the advance; but that is soon crossed, and the regiment re-forms with no loss of time, and is again on the charge. Nearly in front is the Harris Light Cavalry, charging upon the battery, while swooping down upon them is a rebel force, coming across the field from the woods in a diagonal direction. For a moment the result is in doubt, and then the Harris Light breaks, and the men scatter and flee. The force that drove them keeps on its way, now coming directly for the First Maine. The First Maine falters not, but keeps on its course. A shell from the battery on the right comes screaming with harsh voice along the line, apparently directly over the heads of the men, and seeming so near as to make it impossible, almost, for the left of the regiment to escape its effects, and bursts a quarter of a mile away. Some of the men cannot help dodging a bit as this goes by, and the others try to laugh at them, but make poor work of it, as they thoroughly appreciate the feeling which prompts such a movement. This is followed by another and another, in quick succession. On they go. And see! the rebel force that a moment before has driven the Harris Light now breaks and is in full retreat, and the charge has turned to a chase. Now goes up a cheer and a yell that must startle the very stones, as the excited boys ride over them. One defiant rebel, scornful to run from the "cowardly Yankees," remains firm in his position as the regiment reaches him, turning neither to the right nor to the left, breaking through the ranks of two companies in their headlong speed, and nearly escaping recognition and capture in the excitement.



At one time two rebel troopers are riding along in the ranks of the First Maine, as coolly as though they belonged there; and no one who sees them thinks of capturing them. On goes the regiment, driving the enemy from the battery, and passing by the lonely and now quiet guns that a moment before were so loudly talking. On they go, faster and faster, if that were possible, over fences and ditches, driving the enemy a mile or more. Oh, it was grand! and many a man who was in that charge has at times fancied that if he were allowed to choose, he would say, "Let me bid this world good-by amid the supreme excitement of a grand, exultant, successful cavalry charge like this!"

The regiment at last halts; the companies are re-formed and counted off, and are ready for another race. A portion dismount and open fire with their carbines, while the enemy's bullets make lively music about their ears. Lieut. Col. Smith now finds himself the senior officer (Col. Douty being in another portion of the field), and assumes command. He finds himself with a small command, alone. The enemy is in his rear, and no other Union troops are near. His command has been scattered somewhat, but the men are coming up and joining him fast. As soon as he has force enough to make the attempt to return, he wheels the command, gives the order "Forward!" and again the regiment starts, going back over the same ground it has just driven the enemy from. It appears that when the gunners left the battery, as the regiment swept upon it, they simply stepped into the woods at the right, where they remained till the regiment had passed, when they returned and again took possession of their guns, and turned them upon the regiment, and were joined by a large force of their cavalry who had taken refuge in the same woods, as well as by some from the other parts of the field. The regiment had passed on and left the guns alone, supposing, if any thought was taken of the matter at all, that the remaining regiments of the brigade would come to its support, and could take care of the battery after it had been tamed.

The regiment, which was now between two fires, kept well together, and rode straight for the battery as if to attempt to

recapture it, and then, just as the gunners were going to fire, Col. Smith suddenly changed direction to the right. In a moment the regiment was out of the line of fire, while the grape and cannister which was intended for the little force passed harmlessly by in the rear, tearing up the ground where the Maine boys had just been; and before the guns could be reloaded and brought to bear upon them again, the boys had cut their way out. Never was the fact more clearly demonstrated, that in a battle it is the safest, as well as the best, for each individual soldier to stick to his command, than it was here; for those who remained together got off the field with small loss, while of those who scattered, many were taken prisoners, some were obliged to cut their way through small bodies of the enemy, some met their death in this endeavor, some escaped by taking a series of Putnam leaps down the terraces in front of Gen. Stuart's headquarters; and all took great risks.

Gen. Smith thus writes, in 1885, concerning the halt and the return from this charge:—

Just as we stopped from this charge I saw a sergeant coming in from the direction of our right and rear, with a flag of some kind. If it was not the colors it must have been a guidon; of course I knew at the time, but am not sure now, though I think it was the colors. Well, a body of rebs dashed out from the woods to capture him. The sergeant dashed from them, and when they found themselves in the presence of so many Yanks, they quickly put back.

I did not know that Co. G lost so many men that day (ten). It looked like the most solid company on the field when we re-formed to return. The gray horses may have given it that appearance. I remember Capt. Virgin's presence well. His bearing was excellent. Maj. Boothby was there, too; he generally was there. We halted just beyond a little ridge that we had charged over. At the time we halted we were all broken to pieces, but our men came to us from both flanks and the rear very fast, so we were able to re-form quite a force. We re-formed under cover of the ridge, and a smaller number of rebs assembled on the opposite side to contest our return. They did not organize, but only huddled. Our men re-formed hastily, but quite orderly. I watched the enemy with intense emotions. Seconds seemed like minutes. The moment our men got into tolerable shape I ordered the advance. I think Capt. Virgin was in front. I started on the left flank of the head of the column. The enemy did not stand, but broke to right and left, into the woods. Whether we should charge back over the guns, or evade them, as we did, was the next problem. Either course was practicable. Which was best, was the question. The argument went through my mind



distinctly, as if I had considered it a day. I saw the advantage of the rapid descent and the safety in getting under the hill, and directed the head of the column accordingly. I watched in fearful suspense for the first discharge of the guns, and was relieved to discover that the execution was weak.

So much for the part this regiment bore in the fight at Brandy Station. It was afterwards learned that Gen. Buford, with his brigade, and a small force of infantry, crossed at Beverly ford early in the morning, and made an attack in Gen. Stuart's front, where he fought gallantly, and gained some advantage; but discovering that the enemy had much the strongest force, he contented himself with holding his own, and waited to hear from Gen. Gregg. While Gen. Stuart's attention was turned in this direction, the Second brigade of Gregg's division (Col. Percy Wyndham) struck him in his rear, and almost in his camp, surprising him entirely, dealing him some heavy blows, and nearly capturing the rebel cavalry leader himself, who was then at his headquarters, in consultation with his generals. But Stuart's command was a large one (there was a review of fifteen thousand cavalry on that field but a day or two before, so prisoners affirmed), and he was enabled to send such a force upon the Second brigade, supported by a battery of six guns, and by infantry, as to drive them back, with three brigades in full pursuit. Just at this time Col. Kilpatrick arrived upon the field, and sent in the two advance regiments of his brigade (Harris Light and Tenth New York) to the relief of the Second brigade; but they were met by two heavy columns, and driven back. At this critical juncture, when the day seemed to be lost, the First Maine's charging column arrived, and drove the rebel line as stated. Gen. Kilpatrick writes down this charge of the First Maine as "one of the best charges that ever was made," and at a meeting of the officers of the brigade at his headquarters the next night, he declared that they all owed their thanks to the First Maine for saving not only the brigade, but the whole division in this action. This, the first charge of the First Maine, was perfectly irresistible — there was no withstanding it. With the force of its own momentum the regiment went on and on and on, driving everything before it, and only stopped when it was simply impossible to go further.

CHAPTER I. OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE

ART OF PRINTING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK IN GREAT BRITAIN

WAS THE PSALTER OF THE KING OF THE GREAT

BRITAINS, PRINTED AT THE PRESS OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, IN THE YEAR

1534.

THE SECOND PRINTED BOOK IN GREAT BRITAIN

WAS THE PSALTER OF THE KING OF THE GREAT

BRITAINS, PRINTED AT THE PRESS OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, IN THE YEAR

1534.

THE THIRD PRINTED BOOK IN GREAT BRITAIN

WAS THE PSALTER OF THE KING OF THE GREAT

Later in the day, the object of the reconnoissance being accomplished, the forces were withdrawn, the enemy showing no disposition to follow, and the regiment camped at Rappahannock Station that night.

This, the first real cavalry fight of the war on a large scale, which is known to Gregg's division as the "Brandy Station Fight," and is so borne on the First Maine battle-flag, by order of the War Department, but which is known to Buford's force and to the rebel cavalry as the fight at Beverly ford, was a severe blow to the south; and from that time their cavalry never regained or claimed the proud position it had so long been supposed to occupy. The southern papers fairly acknowledged a defeat, and were filled with mortification and humiliation. The severest censure was applied to Gen. Stuart, and one paper suggested his removal, for allowing Yankee schoolmasters and shoemakers, awkwardly astride of horses and holding on to the pommels of the saddles, to out-ride, out-fight, and out-general their own graceful cavaliers, horsemen from birth, almost; and the strangers from the north to become better acquainted with the country, its roads, creeks, rivers and fords, than they were themselves, and to surprise and ride down a superior force of them at their own homesteads. Rebel officers did not hesitate to say that "Pleasanton out-generated Stuart, and if he had had half as many men, he would have whipped him." And from the part the First Maine took in the fight, is it too much to claim that it did its full share in wresting from the southern cavalry its boasted superiority, and placing the Union cavalry where it ever afterwards stood, second to no other branch of the service, or to that of no other army?

Capt. Willard Glazier, of the Harris Light Cavalry, in his "Three Years in the Federal Cavalry," thus speaks of Brandy Station:—

At a critical moment, when the formidable and ever increasing hosts of the enemy were driving our forces from a desirable position we sought to gain, and when it seemed as though disaster to our arms would be fatal, Kilpatrick's battle-flag was seen advancing, followed by the tried squadrons of the Harris Light, the Tenth New York, and the First Maine. In echelon of squadrons his brigade was quickly formed, and he advanced like a storm



cloud upon the rebel cavalry, which filled the field before him. The Tenth New York received the first shock of the rebel charge, but was hurled back, though not in confusion. The Harris Light met with no better success: and, notwithstanding their prestige and power, they were repulsed under the very eye of their chief, whose excitement at the same was well-nigh uncontrollable. His flashing eye now turned to the First Maine, a regiment composed mostly of heavy, sturdy men, who had not been engaged as yet during the day: and riding to the head of the column, he shouted: "Men of Maine, you must save the day! Follow me!" With one simultaneous war-cry these giants of the north moved forward in one solid mass upon the flank of the rebel columns. The shock was overwhelming, and the opposing lines crumbled like a "bowing wall" before this wild rush of prancing horses, gleaming sabres and rattling balls.

On rode Kilpatrick with the men of Maine; and on meeting the two regiments of his brigade which had been repulsed, and were returning from the front, the general's voice rang out like clarion notes above the din of battle: "Back, the Harris Light! Back, the Tenth New York! Re-form your squadrons and charge!" With magical alacrity the order was obeyed, and the two regiments, which had been so humbled by their first reverse, now rushed into the fight with a spirit and success which redeemed them from censure, and accounted them worthy of their gallant leader. The commanding position was won; a battery lost in a previous charge was recaptured, and an effectual blow was given to the enemy which greatly facilitated the movements which followed.

Gen. Smith, in his address at Pittsfield, thus speaks of the Brandy Station fight:—

It at last became apparent to those who had power to apply a remedy, that our cavalry force in the Army of the Potomac was not being used with advantage; that its strength was being frittered away. Consequently, in the spring of 1863, it was organized into brigades, divisions, and a cavalry corps. But even after it was thus organized, it had to wait some time for an opportunity to assert itself. The great battle of Chancellorsville was fought. Stoneman's raid was projected as a part of that battle, but its execution consisted of marching, rather than fighting. Detachments met the enemy in hand to hand encounters, but at no time did the cavalry corps, as such, make itself felt in action. That grand event was reserved for Brandy Station, June 9, 1863. On that day, in order to ascertain the plans of the enemy, it was decided to send the cavalry corps, supported by infantry, across the Rappahannock into the enemy's camp. The forces crossed in three columns,—at Beverly, Rappahannock, and Kelly's fords. Our division crossed at Kelly's, and therefore had the left, and my remarks here will be restricted to what occurred on that part of the field. The Second brigade had the advance. Ours followed in the following order: Tenth New York, Harris Light, First Maine. Much of the march was through woods, and we had to keep the road in column. The location of the enemy was known, and our business was to reach his camps as soon as possible.



His pickets caused hardly a pause in our advance. Much of the way we rode at a gallop. Only the head of the column could strike the enemy, but the different regiments gave successive blows as they arrived. The Second brigade had become broken and defeated when the First got in. The Tenth New York made a gallant charge. Its colonel went down and was captured. The gallant Harris Light, by some mistaken order, failed for the first time, perhaps, in its history, to do what was expected of it. It broke, and the rebels were charging it from the field. Our regiment had debouched from the woods and formed companies at the gallop. The artillery of the enemy was immediately turned loose upon us. How the regiment made a slight detour to the right, struck the enemy in flank, crushed and scattered his forces, charged directly up the slope, over his guns and far beyond them, are all too well known to be further described by me. With broken ranks we returned to the plain. Our victory had been complete. We had broken through all opposition and routed the last organized foe. That charge distinguished the First Maine Cavalry. It became known throughout the cavalry corps. Brigade and division commanders were lavish with their personal praises of it, and emphatic in their official reports in commendation of it.

But a higher value attaches to Brandy Station as affecting the regiment than has ever been sounded in praises. It was, in fact, the christening battle of the regiment,—the first time it was ever solidly engaged, and the first time it had ever tasted, in any satisfactory manner, the fruit of victory. The battle aroused its latent powers and awoke it, as it were, to a new career. It became self-reliant, and began to comprehend its own possibilities. It became inspired with an invincible spirit that never again forsook it. These remarks might be extended to the effect of that day's work upon our cavalry generally. The rebel cavalry had been in the ascendancy. It had twice marched entirely around our army. It had certainly been very impudent, but Brandy Station broke its spirit. It lost its prestige there and never regained it afterwards, and history will show that it was never able to successfully cope with our cavalry thereafter. So much for Brandy Station as it affected the cavalry. But a still higher importance attaches to it. It was the beginning of the end of the war. It was the opening of that grand campaign that culminated a few weeks later at Gettysburg, in that greatest and most distinguished battle that so clearly marks the turning point of the war.

Gen. Judson Kilpatrick also made an address at the Pittsfield reunion, in which he said:—

Comrades of the First Maine Cavalry, a word to you and I have done. During all these long years since I, with a sad heart, bade you farewell upon the plains of Virginia, I have wished to meet with you in reunion like this. And while I honor and respect from the bottom of my heart every citizen who spoke a word, every soldier who struck a blow for my country, there is an indescribably tender feeling that gathers around my heart when I look down into the faces of men who rode with me beneath the old banner of the



Union. How well I remember the old First Maine Cavalry! It was down at Belle Plain Landing, when the general in command of the army and the government did me the high honor to give me a brigade, — a young colonel twenty-two years old. I was given the Tenth New York, the First Maine and the Harris Light Cavalry. Oh how proud I felt, as we rode forth for the grand battle upon the plains of Brandy Station! You have heard it described here to-night by your colonel. How we moved across the river and down through the woods, and came out upon the broad plain, and saw Wyndham, with his brigade, go in and come out defeated, and saw gathering forces of the enemy troop up from out the woods, five, ten times our numbers. As I looked back upon that magnificent line, nearly twenty-six hundred strong, and as I saw the Tenth New York go in and come out, and my own regiment, the Harris Light, and float off like feathers on the wind, I looked back with my heart swelling in my throat, sad for that day, feeling that we were defeated; and I saw the First Maine moving down at a trot in double column, the battle-flag in front; and as I rode down I said to them: "Men of Maine, you must save the day!" And as you made that grand, magnificent circle and cut the enemy in two, driving him back from in front of the other two regiments, sweeping round behind headquarters of their general, capturing two pieces of artillery, a staff officer, a battle-flag, and all the reports and private papers of that general, how my heart swelled with pride! And I say here to-night, before all this goodly company, to the First Maine Cavalry I owe the silver star I won that day upon the field of battle.

The loss of the regiment in this engagement was between thirty and forty killed, wounded and missing,¹ by far the greater portion being prisoners, while it captured seventy-six prisoners and a battle-flag. Many were the deeds worthy of record during this fight, of which these have been preserved. Corp. Ansel Drew, of Co. A, brought the battle-flag of Hampton's Legion off the field. Lieut. Taylor, of Co. M, captured a dismounted rebel, and as the enemy was after him, he made his prisoner run before his horse, and when the prisoner grew tired he made him take hold of his horse's tail, and come along with that help. He brought his man in. A private of the same company captured one of the enemy who was fully armed, by presenting an unloaded pistol at his head. One of the buglers who was captured managed to make his escape, and rejoined the regiment during the night, and Private J. B. Peakes, of Co. K, who was captured managed to escape and rejoin his company before it left the field. Private Peter Como, also of Co. K, noticed a rebel coming down upon Lieut. Col. Boothby, and,

¹ The details of the losses in the several engagements will be found in the Appendix.

raising himself in his stirrups, he shot the rebel dead, just as the latter was about to shoot the lieutenant colonel, and that at a distance of more than a hundred yards, and while his horse was at full speed. Sergt. Loud, of the same company, rode up to the battery after the enemy had regained possession, and in his peculiar manner exclaimed, waving his sword, "I'll t-t-take command of this b-b-battery, if you pl-pl-please!" He was greeted with orders to surrender, in terms more emphatic than polite, which he obeyed, under protest. Sergt. Joel Wilson, of Co. F, in the excitement of the charge, noticed that his horse seemed, by the dull thud of a bullet, to be hit. The horse did not fall, and, on looking over each side and seeing no blood, he supposed he was mistaken. After the fight, upon reaching the Rappahannock, he noticed that while other horses were very thirsty, his own would not drink. This, though strange, he attributed to the animal's nervousness. After fording the river the sergeant dismounted, when the horse at once lay down. Then he discovered a little blood on the horse's flank, and on removing the saddle found that a bullet had entered the flank, passed diagonally through the body, and come out against the saddle girth on the other side; and yet the horse had carried him two hours after being riddled by a bullet, and only succumbed when he dismounted to give it a rest.

Chaplain Merrill, in "Campaigns of the First Maine and First D. C. Cavalry," relates this incident:—

During one of these desperate charges Capt. Tucker, of Co. B, became separated from his men and was surrounded, captured, disarmed, and ordered to the rear, in charge of three mounted men. One rode on his right, another on his left, and the third in front. The guard on his left carried his sabre rather carelessly. Tucker watched his opportunity, grasped the weapon by the hilt, wrenched it from the man, by a sudden thrust rendered him *hors de combat*, and then by a powerful back stroke disposed of the guard on his right. The man in front had just time to wheel his horse when the sabre was at his breast, and he was ordered to surrender. A little fellow of Co. I, of about a hundred pounds' weight, rode up to a dismounted rebel of herculean proportions, and ordered him to surrender. The man looked upon him very much as Goliath of Gath seems to have looked upon David, and then coolly taking him by the foot, suddenly lifted him up and pitched him from his horse on the other side. An instant more and the horse had passed from between the parties, the giant waiting, as he thought, to pocket the stripling; but he was too late; a ball from the little Yankee's revolver



tore his scalp, and stretched him stunned and bleeding upon the ground: stunned, though, but for a moment. The next instant, as consciousness returned, the plucky little Yankee stood beside his fallen antagonist, with revolver at his head, exclaiming, "How are you, Uncle Johnny? Will you surrender now?"

On the tenth the regiment marched to Warrenton Junction, remaining there till the fifteenth. While here, the men had a visit from the ever-welcome but seldom seen paymaster, and from him received two months' pay, and Col. Kilpatrick issued this congratulatory address:—

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,
THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION, June 12, 1863.

Officers and Soldiers of the First Brigade:—

I congratulate you upon the name and reputation you have won as cavalry soldiers. Not only have you received the thanks of your division commander, but also of your cavalry chief. Continue to be what your commanding officers believe you now are, brave and true men, ever keeping in view the great principles for which we are contending,—Freedom and Nationality. If your division commander is proud of his division, thrice proud am I of my gallant brigade.

J. KILPATRICK, *Colonel Commanding Brigade.*

At this time the Second and Third divisions were consolidated into one division, named the Second, still remaining in command of Gen. D. McM. Gregg, and the brigades were reorganized. Col. Kilpatrick, who was promoted to brigadier general June tenth, retained command of the First brigade, which was now formed of the Harris Light and other regiments; while the First Maine, Tenth New York, and Fourth and Sixteenth Pennsylvania regiments composed the Third brigade, of which Col. J. Irwin Gregg, of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania (a cousin of the general commanding the division), was placed in command. Co. I was detailed at the headquarters of Gen. Pleasanton, who had succeeded Gen. Stoneman in command of the cavalry corps.

It now became known to Gen. Hooker that Gen. Lee's army was moving northward on the opposite side of the Blue ridge, perhaps with the intention of going into Maryland, and perhaps intending to cross the ridge and get between him and Washington, and then either attack him in the rear or cut off his connection with Washington and capture that city. So his

own army was put in motion, with the cavalry in the advance, watching with jealous eyes every gap, to learn the intentions of the enemy and prevent his crossing the ridge.

On the fifteenth the regiment marched to near Manassas Junction, and remained there till the morning of the seventeenth, when it broke camp at an early hour, and after a hard march of more than twenty miles arrived at Aldie about two o'clock P. M., a small town on the pike leading from Washington to Winchester, where a severe cavalry fight was in progress. The enemy, consisting of two brigades of Gen. Stuart's cavalry and four guns, commanded by Stuart in person, had been posted in a strong position on a ridge of hills covered with stone walls back of the town, extending across from the Middleburg and Snicker's Gap roads and commanding both, while their skirmish line occupied a stone wall on the eastern slope of the hill and a long ditch behind some hay stacks. The First Maine, on arriving there, was ordered by Gen. Gregg to report to Gen. Kilpatrick, and by him was ordered into a position on the left of the town; but before arriving there an order was received to return in haste, which was obeyed so quickly that, instead of countermarching, the regiment wheeled by fours, and thus went into the fight left in front. On reaching the crest of the hill on the Snicker's Gap road, they found the exhausted forces of the Union cavalry, who had been fighting all day, being pressed back by the enemy. The regiment (with the exception of four companies under command of Lieut. Col. Smith, which had been ordered still further to the left on the hill, had started, and had crossed a creek when the order to return came) was ordered to charge, and without stopping, went in altogether, as by detachments, starting with three rousing cheers. In face of the battery on the crest of the hill, and the carbines and rifles behind the stone walls and the hay stacks (it was afterwards learned that a regiment of Mississippi infantry occupied the position), the broad, long-armed swordsmen from Maine swept the rebels from the field, and pursued them half a mile or more, until they came upon a reserve strongly posted on foot behind a stone wall. Here a deadly fire met them; but they stopped not until they had driven the enemy from his

stronghold and far beyond. The road and fields near this wall were covered with Union dead and wounded. Col. Douty was killed here, and Maj. Boothby took command of the regiment, and held the position the regiment had gained on the crest of the hill near the stone wall; and there was no more fighting that day. Lieut. Col. Smith, with the remaining battalion, arrived after the fighting had ceased, when the lieutenant colonel superintended the securing of the body of Col. Douty, which was in the very advance, and was pierced with two bullets, either of which would have proved fatal. The body was sent home for burial. Capt. Summat, of Co. H, was also killed, and Lieut. Montgomery, of Co. D, was wounded. Four enlisted men were killed and eighteen wounded. The bodies of the dead were all taken from the field.

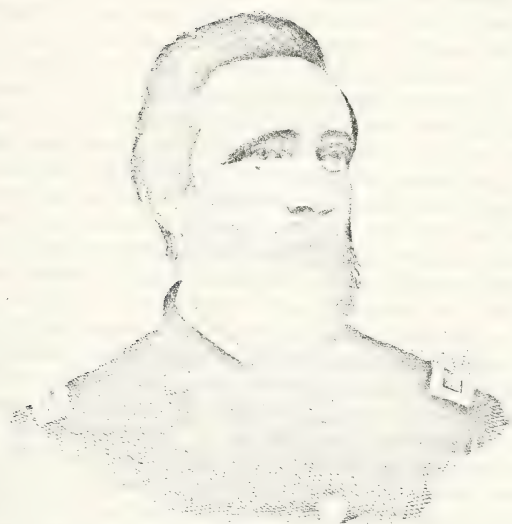
The story of Aldie is thus told by Capt. Henry C. Hall, of Co. H, then lieutenant:—

At Aldie, in the afternoon of the seventeenth of June, 1863, Gen. Kilpatrick, commanding the First brigade, Second cavalry division, who had the advance of our column that day, met a strong force of the enemy under Gen. Stuart. Only the enemy's advance had reached the town, a part of which was readily captured and the others charged back to their main force, about a mile distant. The whole rebel command was now prepared for action, and quickly drove Kilpatrick's small force back to the town. The First Massachusetts, the Harris Light, and other regiments, were ordered in. A section of artillery was ordered into position on the crest of the hill just west of the town: the enemy brought up a light battery, and the guns of both sides were soon working effectively. The cavalry was hotly engaged. The charges and counter-charges were superb and grand. No such close encounters, no such daring bravery had before been exhibited by the cavalry of either army. Kilpatrick pushed them back a full half mile to some high stone fences, behind which a regiment of dismounted cavalry had been placed, who received Kilpatrick's men with a murderous fire, which literally covered the field in front with dead and dying, and sent the others flying in disorder to the rear. The confederate commander now saw his opportunity. He called the Fourth and Fifth Virginia regiments, and with them charged Kilpatrick's retreating troops, and drove them back in wild confusion. Kilpatrick now called lustily for help, and the First Maine was sent him. At this time we were marching up the left bank of Little River, in support of a section of artillery. Lieut. Col. Smith, with four companies, had been detached and was some distance away. We were ordered "fours right about," which brought Co. H at the head of the column, left in front, and an orderly was sent for Lieut. Col. Smith. We moved quickly back across the pike and up through a sparsely wooded field to the

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the war. It is followed by a detailed account of the military operations in the West, including the Battle of the Marne and the subsequent advance to the Aisne. The report also mentions the activities of the German U-boat fleet in the Atlantic and the progress of the Italian campaign in the East.

The second part of the report describes the military operations in the West, including the Battle of the Marne and the subsequent advance to the Aisne. It also mentions the activities of the German U-boat fleet in the Atlantic and the progress of the Italian campaign in the East.

The third part of the report describes the military operations in the West, including the Battle of the Marne and the subsequent advance to the Aisne. It also mentions the activities of the German U-boat fleet in the Atlantic and the progress of the Italian campaign in the East.



CHAS. H. SMITH.

Col. 1st Me. Cav.

Bvt. Maj. Gen. U. S. Vols.



crest of the hill, where Kilpatrick's artillery was hotly engaged. The companies formed squadron as fast as they arrived, and prepared for action. Co. H was scarcely formed when Kilpatrick's broken regiments came up the hill in our front and passed to our right and rear, routed and demoralized. Kilpatrick was among them, but when he saw an unbroken front of live men, with glistening sabres drawn, he instantly stopped. His moistened features were covered with dust; his countenance was dejected and sad; the fire and the flash of his eye were gone, and he looked indeed "a ruined man." "What regiment is this?" he asked, in tones that did not betray him. "First Maine!" shouted a dozen throats. The response was electric. Then we heard the old, familiar, clear-ringing tones, and saw his countenance brighten to a smile, his eyes flash, and his whole frame fill with enthusiasm, as he commanded: "Forward, First Maine! You saved the field at Brandy Station, and you can do it here! Are there twelve men who will follow me?" He turned instantly, and forty boys of Co. H, followed by Co. D, with deafening yells and flashing sabres, charged down the hill and met the victorious rebels, brave, bold, determined fellows, just at the road, and in an instant we were among them; nor would they turn till they felt the steel borne by brave and stronger arms than theirs. Some of our boys fell here; but the others, undaunted, pushed on, and soon all on the road were on the run; and those on the flanks, many more on either side than on the road, halted, hesitated, and soon joined in the retreat. Of the next few minutes I can relate but little of what transpired beyond my reach. I very soon passed Kilpatrick and his orderly, Private Dennis Murphy, of Co. H, on the road. Kilpatrick's horse had been shot through the neck, and he was halted, and seemed to be deliberating whether to urge the bleeding brute further, or to retire and exchange him for a better.

When I passed him I supposed I was in advance of all of our men, and gave my horse the rein and the spur and quickly closed the interval between myself and the running rebels. In the dusty darkness it was scarcely possible to distinguish friend from foe. I raised my sabre high, to strike the first I should reach. He raised his arm to parry the blow I was just ready to give, when I discovered him to be Private I. C. Mosher, of Co. H, who, in some manner, had passed me unnoticed. He had been shot through the bridle arm, which was hanging useless at his side, and his horse was carrying him whithersoever it would. In his right hand he held his pistol, which fortunately for me was empty, for he at first thought me a rebel. There were some upon his left and rear hacking him on the head and back with sabres, and on his right front I discovered a pistol in the hand of one who had fired the successful shot just as I came. His perilous situation flashed upon me at once, and my first thought was to save him, if possible. I accordingly paid my first attention to the one with the pistol, who, when he saw I meant him, quickly raised the weapon to cover me, which I as quickly knocked from his hand. I then gave him one of my best over the head with the sabre. He fell over to the left, and shielded his head by the side of his horse's neck, clinging to the long mane to support himself. I then thrust once, twice, three times, but I blush to confess that my sabre point was so blunt I could not pierce even his old gray coat, it was so thick and hard. Just then a big, stout-looking rebel came up on my right and



rear, and made for me with sabre raised "right smart." I thought I was done for, sure, he was so large and strong; but I was determined to go down face to him, if down I must go, and turned in my saddle to receive him. When I turned on him the cowardly creature pulled up his horse and reined out into the field on the right. I then turned my attention to those in front again; but when I came up with them Mosher and those who had shown him so much attention were gone. Mosher had got control of his horse with his right hand, and reined out of the column and saved himself from further mutilation and from capture. Just as I got to the nearest again in the fleeing column, and was about to make two of him if I could, my horse went down, and I went over its head. I instantly rolled over into the ditch, and saved being trampled by the horses of Co. H, that were coming in column but a few yards in rear. My horse—whether he stumbled or was stunned by a shot I never knew—rose again and went on to rebeldom, and I never saw him more. At this point a thick clump of pines grew close to the road on the left, whither the rebels were fleeing for shelter and to escape capture. The colors of the Fourth Virginia, in which regiment was the famous Black Horse Cavalry, were on the right of the road, and were charged and captured by three sergeants of Co. H, Daniel W. Hall, Robert A. Heal, and Benjamin C. Mosher; and they have since hung in the rotunda of the Capitol at Augusta. In a few minutes private Henry J. Varney brought back a captured rebel on a pale horse. I told the rebel I would swap horses with him, and that I had already delivered mine. He readily assented and kindly assisted me to mount, and then Varney escorted him to the rear.

When we first set out on the charge Capt. Summat was on the left flank of the company, superintending its alignment, and Col. Douty was on the left flank of the regiment, attending to the formation of the companies as they arrived, and neither of them, it seems to me, could have known of Kilpatrick's presence, nor of his order to charge; but when they found a charge had been ordered, neither lost any time in getting to the head of the charging column. At this time Co. I was at Cavalry corps headquarters, Co. L at First Army corps headquarters, and Lieut. Col. Smith had not yet returned with his four companies. With the four remaining companies Maj. Boothby charged on the right of the road, and thereby relieved Cos. H and D, and saved them from capture. He had a hard fight down by the sheds and hay-stacks on the right, but Smith coming up with his four companies, they quickly got in on the rebel left and cleared the field. During Boothby's hardest fighting, and before Smith had arrived, Gen. Kilpatrick came up in rear of Boothby's line and called out in tender, pleading tones: "God bless you, Boothby! hold them! hold them!" while the very air was blue with flashing words that fell from fearless Boothby's lips.

As soon as the field was secured to us search was made for the missing, and the wounded collected and cared for. Lying upon the ground beyond those fatal walls was found the lifeless form of Col. Douty, pierced by two shots in the side; and near by the dead body of Capt. Summat, with one leg terribly crushed and broken. In the road close by the pines lay Charlie Decker, with a bullet hole in his forehead; and near where we first struck the enemy lay Jimmy Hurd, with a bullet hole in his bridle hand and his



neck broken. First Sergt. D. W. Hall was mortally wounded in capturing the flag, and died the next day. Corp. Emery was said to be mortally wounded,—had seven distinct wounds, one through his lungs,—but he partially recovered, and lived several years. A man of Co. D was also shot through the lungs near the pines, but he survived. Many others received lesser wounds.

When Corp. Emery arrived at the hospital, with a bullet through his lungs, one through his wrist, and one through his arm, and several sabre cuts on his head, Steward Gatchell, after examining his wounds, said to him, "Well, they meant you this time." "Yes," was the reply, "but they didn't get me, and I shall soon be able to give them another trial, d—n the rebs." And he did give them another trial. Just as a portion of the regiment started to charge, Corp. Joseph H. Coffin, of Co. G, rose in his stirrups, and swinging his sabre, sang out in a voice which it would seem would almost reach the old homestead: "Come on, boys; here's for the honor of old Maine!"

James Moore, M. D., surgeon of the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, thus writes of Aldie, as published in Capt. Glazier's "Three Years in the Federal Cavalry":—

The rebel general being foiled at every point, resolved to make one more desperate effort. Silently and quickly he massed a heavy force upon our extreme right, and, led by Gen. Rosser, made one of the most desperate and determined charges of the day. Kilpatrick was aware of this movement, and, satisfied that his men, exhausted as they were, could not withstand the charge, had already sent for re-enforcements. Before they could reach him the shock came. The First Massachusetts had the right, and fought as only brave men could, to stem the tide that steadily bore them back, until the whole right gave way. Back rushed our men in wild confusion, and on came the victorious rebel horsemen. The general saw, with anguish, his flying soldiers, yet in his extremity retained his presence of mind, and proved himself worthy the star he had won at Brandy Station. Sending orders for the centre and left to stand fast, he placed himself at the head of the First Maine, sent to his assistance, and coolly waited till the rebel charging columns had advanced within fifty yards of Randall's guns. He then shouted "Forward!" and the same regiment that saved the day at Brandy Station was destined to save the day at Aldie. Rosser's men could not withstand the charge, but broke and fled up the hill. The general's horse was killed in the charge, and here the brave Col. Douty fell. The general determined now to complete the victory: and mounting a fresh horse, he urged on the First Maine and First Massachusetts, sent orders for his whole line to advance, and then sounded the charge. Lee struggled for a few moments against this advance, and then ordered a retreat, which



ended in a rout. His troops were driven in confusion as far as Middleburg, and night alone saved the remnant of his command.

The official report of this fight should be preserved, and is as follows :—

HEADQUARTERS FIRST MAINE CAVALRY;
August 31, 1863.

LIEUT. JOHN B. MAITLAND,

A. A. A. G. Third brigade, Second division, Cavalry corps.

Lieutenant :—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part sustained by the regiment in the action at Aldie, on the seventeenth of June last: On the arrival of the brigade near the town Col. C. S. Douty was ordered forward with his regiment, to report to Brig. Gen. Gregg, commanding division. At this time the whole of the brigade had become hotly engaged with the enemy. Having reported, the colonel was ordered to proceed with his command to a position to the left of the town; but before arriving there had to return in haste, by express orders, to the hill on the right of the town, near the battery, arriving just in time to meet and resist the impetuous charge of the enemy upon the exhausted forces of part of the First brigade. A portion of the regiment, led by Col. Douty in person, immediately charged, turned the enemy and pursued him to the very crest of the hill, where the advance, being exposed to a cross-fire from a large force of dismounted men posted behind stone walls, suffered severely. Col. Douty and Capt. G. J. Summat, Co. H, were killed instantly, and Lieut. W. Montgomery, Co. D, was wounded. Notwithstanding our loss, the enemy was so perplexed and discouraged by the tenacity and impetuosity of the charge that he immediately gave way, so that Maj. Boothby, by quickly following up the advantage, utterly routed them and drove them from their ground. The wounded were taken off, the trophies of the field were collected, and the dead were being buried when the regiment was relieved at dark.

I am respectfully yours, etc.,

C. H. SMITH, *Colonel First Maine Cavalry.*

Gen. Kilpatrick, in his address at the reunion in Pittsfield, thus speaks of Aldie: "And very soon came Aldie, where you recollect the Harris Light, the Fourth New York and other regiments lay in by hay-stacks down across by the old road and up by the hill, with Randall's battery upon the hill in the rear; and the First Massachusetts had broken and given way, driven back; and the Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry, coming down the road, drove us clear up within ten feet of Randall's battery; and I looked back in despair, and there I saw old Col. Douty with the First Maine. I said, 'Men of Maine, you saved the day at Brandy Station, save it again at Aldie.' And upon

the following table, the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

The following table shows the results of the examination of the
specimens of the various types of the disease.

the run you went, and I had the honor to ride side by side with your gallant old Col. Douty, and sad to say, saw him go down in a soldier's death upon that bloody field."

Lieut. Col. Smith now took command of the regiment, and shortly afterwards was commissioned colonel, to rank from this day, while Maj. Boothby was commissioned lieutenant colonel, to rank from the same date.

The day after Aldie was occupied in skirmishing and reconnoitring the enemy's position without any loss, this regiment being in the rear. The enemy fell back a short distance during the day, occupying that night a ridge, heavily wooded, with open undulating country between them and the Union forces. When demonstrations were made on the morning of June nineteenth, the enemy was found to be in position, with artillery, on and near the pike up which they had been driven, and near the town of Middleburg, their force being about equally divided on either side of the pike. The general battle line was longest to the right, where Gen. Kilpatrick had the front. After considerable skirmishing, Gen. Gregg sent an order for an advance to be made by the troops occupying the pike, the flanks moving at the same time. The First Maine was on the pike. Cos. M and E, commanded by Capt. Brown and Lieut. Ellis, were sent into the woods at the left of the pike, beyond which was an open field, and charged across this field to a stone wall, where they met the enemy, and a severe fight ensued, resulting in a victory for the Maine boys, who captured a lieutenant colonel, three line officers, and twenty-one men. Lieut. Taylor, of Co. M, and Lieut. Neville, of Co. E, were killed in this contest, and Sergt. Charles C. Putnam, guidon bearer of Co. E, was shot down within twelve feet of the wall. But the heaviest and hottest contest was on the pike. The enemy charged down to, and nearly through, the Union line, only to be hurled back with heavy loss. The boys in blue gained the ridge, only to see beyond the belt of woods a heavy force in reserve, already moving out to charge upon them; for a moment the advance was checked, the front forced back, several of the dead and wounded shut out from the sight of their comrades by the rebel advance, but not for long; the



reserves were also coming, like the whirlwind, and when it struck, the shock was too heavy to be resisted. Nor was breathing time given to the enemy to re-form; but through and over them went the boys in blue, till it was no longer a battle, but a rout, and the rebel line of battle was completely broken, not to be formed again. The fight was now a fierce one. Every inch of ground through the belt of woods was hotly contested, the Union force finally occupying the position the rebels held at the opening of the fight, while the latter had retired across the open field beyond, neither side showing any disposition to attack again. Later in the afternoon the force moved out to the front, the enemy slowly retiring, till darkness put an end to the fighting. During this engagement Co. C, under command of Lieut. George S. Kimball, made a charge up the pike, in which they were driven back and Lieut. Kimball was killed; but the rest of the regiment came up and drove the enemy back. Col. Smith's horse was shot during the day.

The official report of this engagement is as follows:—

HEADQUARTERS FIRST MAINE CAVALRY,
MIDDLEBURG, VA., June 23, 1863.

LIEUT. JOHN B. MAITLAND,

A. A. A. G. Third brigade, Second division, Cavalry corps.

Lieutenant:—I have the honor to report the following as the part taken by my regiment in the action of the nineteenth instant: About ten o'clock advanced up the Winchester pike about two miles, and took position on left of the pike to support skirmishers. When ordered to advance, two companies, M and E, commanded by Capt. Brown and Lieut. Ellis, charged through the woods in our front and left, across an open field to a stone wall, where, after a sharp engagement, they captured a lieutenant colonel, three line officers, and twenty-one enlisted men.—a daring feat, but gallantly performed. Lieut. Taylor, Co. M, and Lieut. Neville, Co. E, both fell in the contest. Two other companies charged through the woods on our front and right, driving the enemy in superior numbers before them, to a point where the belt of woods crosses the pike, where they united with the rest of the regiment that charged directly up the pike. The regiment charged on a heavy force of the enemy posted in the belt of wood and behind stone walls, drove them from their strong position, and advanced into an open field, where a strong force of the enemy was met, which, after a desperate contest, and by our repeated charges, was compelled to abandon its chosen position and retire. Lieut. George S. Kimball, Co. C, was instantly killed. Our entire loss was three commissioned officers killed and one wounded, seven enlisted men killed and twenty-six wounded.

I am very respectfully yours, etc.,

C. H. SMITH, *Colonel First Maine Cavalry.*



During this fight Sergt. McDougall, of Co. K, received seventeen bullet holes in his clothing, and, strange to say, escaped unharmed. Another incident which occurred on this day is thus related in Chaplain Merrill's "Campaigns of the First Maine and First D. C. Cavalry":—

Capt. Chadbourne, of Co. I (at the time serving on detached duty with his company at the headquarters of Gen. Pleasanton), accompanied by three men, was on his way with despatches to Gen. Hooker, whose headquarters were then near Fairfax Court House. They had just passed one of our wagon trains (some thirty mule teams) when they saw a squad of cavalry, some two score in number, coming toward them. As those in front were dressed in our uniform, they were supposed to be the train guard. The captain continued to advance, all the while, however, keeping his eyes well open. When within a few paces, he saw them fumbling for their weapons. "Boys," said he to his men, in a low tone, "they are rebels; we must get out of this"; and as he wheeled his horse, Moseby (for he it was in command), called out, "Don't run, we are friends." One of the men hesitated, and the next moment was a prisoner. The captain, with his other two men, made good time for the rear, with the enemy at their heels. A portion of Moseby's men took possession of the wagon train, while the balance pursued the captain and his men. The rebels were well mounted, but the "race is not always to the swift." This race had continued less than a mile when the captain came upon a squad of our own cavalry halted in the woods, some thirty or forty in number. Never did a more welcome sight greet the eye, and never did the voice of command ring out more clearly than that of the gallant captain: "Mount, men, mount, and fall in quick!" By this time the two foremost of the pursuers were so near upon him that when the captain wheeled his horse, as he did while giving the word, the action brought him directly between the two, and both were secured. Meantime some twenty of our men were mounted. The position of the parties was now reversed. The rebels were driven back on their main force. Squad after squad was charged and captured or dispersed, till in a few moments the whole rebel force was disposed of, the wagon train recovered, the drivers recaptured and remounted, and sent on their way.

Maj. George M. Brown, then captain of Co. M, thus tells the story of Middleburg at the regimental reunion at Lewiston, 1879:—

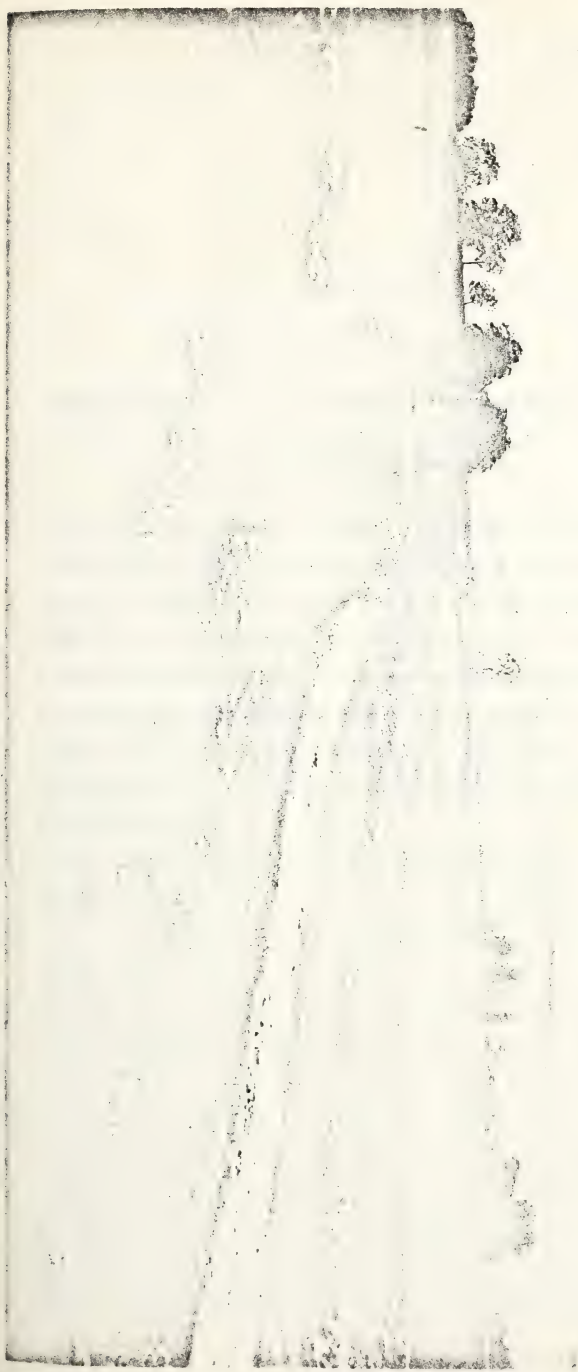
During the morning we were in support of a section of the battery commanded by Lieut. Fowler, of the Second Artillery. During the forenoon we moved up the Winchester pike and took position in the woods to the left of the pike, in support of a line of skirmishers. Gen. Gregg ordered an advance to be made on the extreme left, occupied by Cos. M and E, under cover of woods. The enemy was in heavy force in a belt of woods, beyond an open field several hundred yards wide, with the pike running through this and



our centre, the First Maine covering all on the left of the pike. Col. J. I. Gregg, commanding brigade, and the officer commanding Cos. M and E, were able with glasses to discover artillery masked by the woods. Believing the advance would be but a signal for the destruction of his line, Col. G. sent the officer with him to inform Gen. Gregg of the exact position of things. Gen. Gregg quietly replied, "The advance must be made, and at once"; adding, however, that he had artillery in position, and when the enemy opened he would destroy him. Cos. M and E were instructed at the command "Forward!" to dash into and across the open field. Our sudden dash saved the lives of many, as the roar of their cannon was followed by the hurling of shot and shell over our heads; and as we sped across the open field, we heard the wild cheer of our comrades on our right, as they also charged to the front. All reached the woods but Lieut. Neville, of Co. E, who was instantly killed by a fragment of shell crashing through his skull. We who galloped knew nothing of that, nor of what the rest of the line were doing. Straight into the woods we dashed, met by a fierce volley from a body of dismounted cavalry; but no stopping now; nearly through the belt of woods we pushed them; just here Lieut. Taylor's horse was killed, and in an instant he was upon another from which Sergt. Alanson Warren had fallen, severely wounded; from tree to tree we pushed them, so near we could look our foemen in the eye, and found them worthy of our steel. When the halt and rally were sounded, both sides were glad to retire and re-form. In three minutes we were upon them again. They were now beyond the woods behind a stone wall. Our fierce charge was repulsed by a fierce defence, and as we retired again they attempted to reach their horses and reserves, but too late; Co. E by a gallop to their left and rear, M to the right and front, enveloped, overwhelmed and captured them to a man, Lieut. Taylor and the color bearer being killed almost at the moment of victory. On our right there had also been charge and counter charge, through and beyond their first line, and our boys went to meet their second and heavier line, to be hurled back again for a moment only; then turning, and with irresistible force carrying everything before them up to and beyond the coveted ridge, the enemy flying broken and helpless before them. The battle was won. Our regiment had less than three hundred men for duty. — two hundred and fifty-seven was the total, I believe; our loss was three officers killed, one wounded, seven enlisted men killed and twenty-six wounded. Lieut. Kimball was killed beyond the enemy's first line, and in the few minutes intervening between the first and second charge, his body had been partially stripped and robbed. Occupying the ground fought over, we recovered the bodies of our killed, and had the sad satisfaction of sending those of the officers home to friends for Christian burial.

The regiment remained near Middleburg until the twenty-first, when it advanced towards Upperville, and participated in another engagement, the third within a week, and in each bearing itself so gallantly as to be allowed the three names "Aldie," "Middleburg," and "Upperville," on the regimental battle-flag.







THIS DESCRIPTION IS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER FROM DR. J. P. SHEAHAN.

.....
IT IS INTERESTING, BECAUSE VIVID.
.....

The view is taken just west of the town. The Confederate line was on the ridge in the distance; we charged through the town, capturing a gun, and came upon their line at the point given in the picture. The stone wall running off to the right was where Co. K was dismounted in the road a little in advance. It was there that a desperate sabre fight took place. The Confederate line was behind the other stone wall, farther on, which also was off to the right. The white mark on the wall where we were, indicates the spot where I was, and is, I rather think, a reflection of my face during the battle. To the left of the road, in the foreground, is a grave, evidently a Confederate one.

No field that I visited looked so natural to me as this. Not a stone, apparently, had been moved.

The story of this engagement, in which the regiment lost Capt. Spurling, of Co. D, and seven men wounded and one man missing, and in which Col. Smith crossed sabres with an enemy for the first time, and lost his weapon, is thus related in Chaplain Merrill's "Campaigns of the First Maine and First D. C. Cavalry":—

The enemy, having suffered severely in the recent battles, was falling slowly back towards the Blue ridge, and our troops were following them up. At nine o'clock A. M. of the twenty-first, the regiment, now numbering (in the absence of several companies on detached duty) but two hundred and twenty-five men, moved out in the second line of battle, the First and Second brigades composing the first. The enemy disputed the advance by planting artillery at available points, but they did little damage. A brisk cannonading was kept up, the enemy falling back and our troops advancing. This regiment being in the second line of battle, was not engaged in the earlier part of the day, and only advanced as the way was opened. At about four o'clock P. M. the troops were drawn up in a large open plain. In front was the town of Upperville, through which the road led. In an opening beyond, a little to the left, the enemy's cavalry could be seen through the woods, while farther in their rear was Ashby's Gap. Col. Smith had been ordered to take his regiment to a position on the right of the town. Two regiments (one of them the Harris Light, Kilpatrick's old regiment,) had been sent in to take the town and hold it, but had been successively driven back. The general had said to Gen. Pleasanton: "If I had the First Maine, they would go through." A moment later, as Col. Smith was passing Gen. Pleasanton with his regiment, on his way to the position assigned him, he was halted and ordered to report to Kilpatrick, in front of the town. Proceeding to that point, he was ordered to "charge the town, drive out the enemy, and, if possible, get beyond." It was one of those bold dashes for which Kilpatrick had a special fondness. His opinion of the First Maine was indicated by his request for their services on that occasion, and by his somewhat characteristic remark as they advanced: "That First Maine would charge straight into h—l if they were ordered to." Col. Smith at once formed two companies in sections of eight, with drawn sabres, and led the charge in person. Maj. Boothby followed with the rest of the regiment. In the middle of the street through which they must pass, and near the centre of the town, the enemy had planted a brass howitzer. Pointed as it was, toward the advancing column, it had an ugly look. Steadily our men advanced, till suddenly the order was given: "Forward!" At once the column dashed forward. The suddenness of the movement seemed to disconcert the gunners. The piece was fired—a charge of grape-shot whistled over the heads of the men. In an instant the gun was captured. So vigorous was the charge, that on reaching the gun one of our boys leaped his horse clear over it. The enemy was driven from the town. At a little distance beyond a strong force was found in a good position, ready to receive a charge. Col. Smith now halted his command, returned sabres, and then



with carbines drove the enemy from his position and took it. A brisk and somewhat wild fight ensued, in the latter part of which other troops participated. The enemy lost in killed and wounded a considerable number, and was driven back to the gap. We took seventy-five prisoners, amongst whom were a colonel, a lieutenant colonel, and two majors.

The official report of this engagement is as follows:—

HEADQUARTERS FIRST MAINE CAVALRY,

August 31, 1863.

LIEUT. JOHN B. MAITLAND,

A. A. G. Third brigade, Second division, Cavalry corps.

Lieutenant:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the participation of my regiment in the fight near Upperville, Va., June 21, 1863: The regiment, being on the right of the brigade near Middleburg, advanced thence in the second line of battle to Upperville. When near the town I was ordered, with my regiment, to "charge through the town, drive out the enemy, and get beyond it, if possible," all of which was duly accomplished. On entering the town the regiment was met by a discharge of grape from a gun posted to oppose it, which was immediately captured, the enemy dispersed and driven beyond the town, whither the regiment pursued and engaged him, killing and wounding many and capturing seventy-five.

I am very respectfully yours, etc.,

C. H. SMITH, *Colonel First Maine Cavalry.*

Concerning this engagement a comrade of Co. M thus writes of what he saw and heard:—

After the battle at Middleburg, June nineteenth, the regiment, with a portion of the corps, went into camp near the town, and remained there until the morning of the twenty-first, when the whole corps advanced toward Upperville, a few miles north. Soon after moving out, Capt. Brown, with Cos. M and E, was sent with orders to Col. Taylor, commanding the First brigade, who was at or near Thoroughfare Gap. After proceeding several miles they met the First brigade, delivered the orders, and started to rejoin the regiment. In the meantime the corps had advanced to the town of Upperville, and Gen. Kilpatrick's brigade was hotly engaged in and about the town, while the remainder of the corps was drawn up in two lines of battle on the hill southeast of the town, the First Maine being in the second line. As Capt. Brown's command was about to join the regiment, and had nearly reached its position in the line, orders reached the captain to report with the two companies to Kilpatrick, who was on the pike just at the edge of the town. Accompanied by Col. Smith the two companies advanced to the position designated, and Capt. Brown reported as ordered, while the remainder of the regiment also came up and halted. Gen. Kilpatrick at once said to Captain Brown, "Captain, I want you to go through this town and drive those fellows out." The two companies were then formed in



sections of eight; and while getting ready to charge, Gen. Kilpatrick remarked to Capt. Brown, in a jocose manner, "Brown, do you sing any songs now?" alluding to the musical abilities of Capt. B. which were well known at Kilpatrick's headquarters. When all was ready, Gen. K. gave the order "Forward!" saying, "I will go with the remainder of the regiment and support you." As these two companies started at a walk, Col. Smith rode to the head and alongside of Capt. Brown, who, when he saw him said, "Colonel, do not go with us; we cannot afford to lose you to-day," he understanding that he was to lead the charge himself; but the colonel paid no attention to him, and gave the order to trot. We were now well down into the town, and seeing a body of the enemy in the road, the order was given to charge. Just at this moment the discharge of a gun was heard, and a charge of grape and canister came hissing over our heads, but did not check our onward speed; whereupon the men at the gun turned and ran, leaving the gun, which proved to be a small mountain howitzer, and which was secured by the remainder of the regiment as it came up. On we went through the town, and were about to advance to the hill on the north side, when we discovered that the enemy was posted there, and their bullets came zipping through our ranks, causing us to slacken our pace somewhat. Just then we came to a cross-road lined with a high stone wall, and the men turned into it and commenced firing, driving the enemy from the brow of the hill. Col. Smith then shouted "Forward!" and we advanced nearly to the top of the hill. The road here was narrow, with a high stone wall on each side, which had been thrown down in places, and we turned to the right into the field, deployed, formed squadron front, and advanced, the enemy retreating up the pike at a smart gallop. We had nearly reached another small elevation when we discovered the enemy in force, a heavy column by fours on the pike. The remainder of the regiment had followed us up promptly, and was now in the same field, and advancing over the ground we had just left. We were ordered to gain the pike again, and Co. M had done so, when the head of the enemy's column appeared some ten or fifteen rods in our front, and at once charged down upon us. Our little force, numbering but sixteen or twenty men, seeing nothing could be done, turned and retreated, closely followed by the enemy, when the remainder of the regiment, then in the field, seeing the situation, dismounted, and advancing to the stone wall poured in volley after volley on the flank of the enemy as they went by. The enemy followed our little force but a short distance when they discovered that they were in a trap, and turned to get out of it, but not till their colonel was wounded and their lieutenant colonel a prisoner. Capt. Brown capturing him with an empty revolver: upon learning which fact the lieutenant colonel said: "Well, if I had known that, I should not have surrendered, as I had one shot left." Before the fight was over all of our regiment was engaged, and detachments from other commands came up, and took a hand in following the enemy on his retreat. Capt. Spurling, of Co. D, was slightly wounded in the hand. The enemy made one more feeble charge, it seeming to be their object to secure their wounded colonel, who was being taken off the field by two sergeants and the bugler of Co. M; and for a moment rebels, prisoners, and the First Maine were badly mixed up; but the enemy was easily repulsed.



I must admit that when the order to charge was given and the grape-shot went howling over our heads, I shut my eyes, as I did not wish to see who went down: but it was only for an instant, and then it seemed that I heard but the gallop of one mighty horse, as we thundered down the streets of that quiet town.

We took the wounded colonel back to the town, and got a bed for him. He was wounded severely, and in great pain. When his lieutenant colonel came in and saw him, tears came into his eyes, and he said: "O colonel, this has been a sad day for our regiment!" The colonel gave him quite a sum of Confederate money and directions in relation to matters of business, saying he was convinced he was on his death-bed. We did all we could to make him comfortable, and left him to the care of the surgeons.

In the first charge of the enemy down the pike, where they followed the small squad, John L. Miner, of Co. M, whose horse was unable to keep up with the rest, was tumbled from his saddle by a blow from the sabre of the colonel leading the charge, which struck him on the carbine sling, nearly knocking the breath out of his body. He crawled to the stone wall, and lay there quietly while the whole rebel force passed him, and until he saw us coming back as we followed the retreating force up the pike. He sprang up as our advance reached him, and seeing me, he sang out: "Sergeant, I played dead on them, and they did not touch me at all after I fell." In this same charge the horse of a young rebel became unmanageable, and when his comrades retreated he kept right on, riding into our ranks, shouting: "Don't shoot! don't shoot! I surrender!" And throwing himself from his horse he escaped injury, though several shots were fired at him.

In our retreat down the pike R. W. Porter, of Co. M, fearing his horse would not hold out, turned him to the wall and made him leap it. Just as he had cleared the wall, and was about to land on the other side, the horse was struck in the neck with a bullet, and went down like a log, rider and all. The rider at first thought, from the force of the shock, that the whole rebel army was charging over him; but he soon came to his senses, cleared himself from his horse, and got out all right.

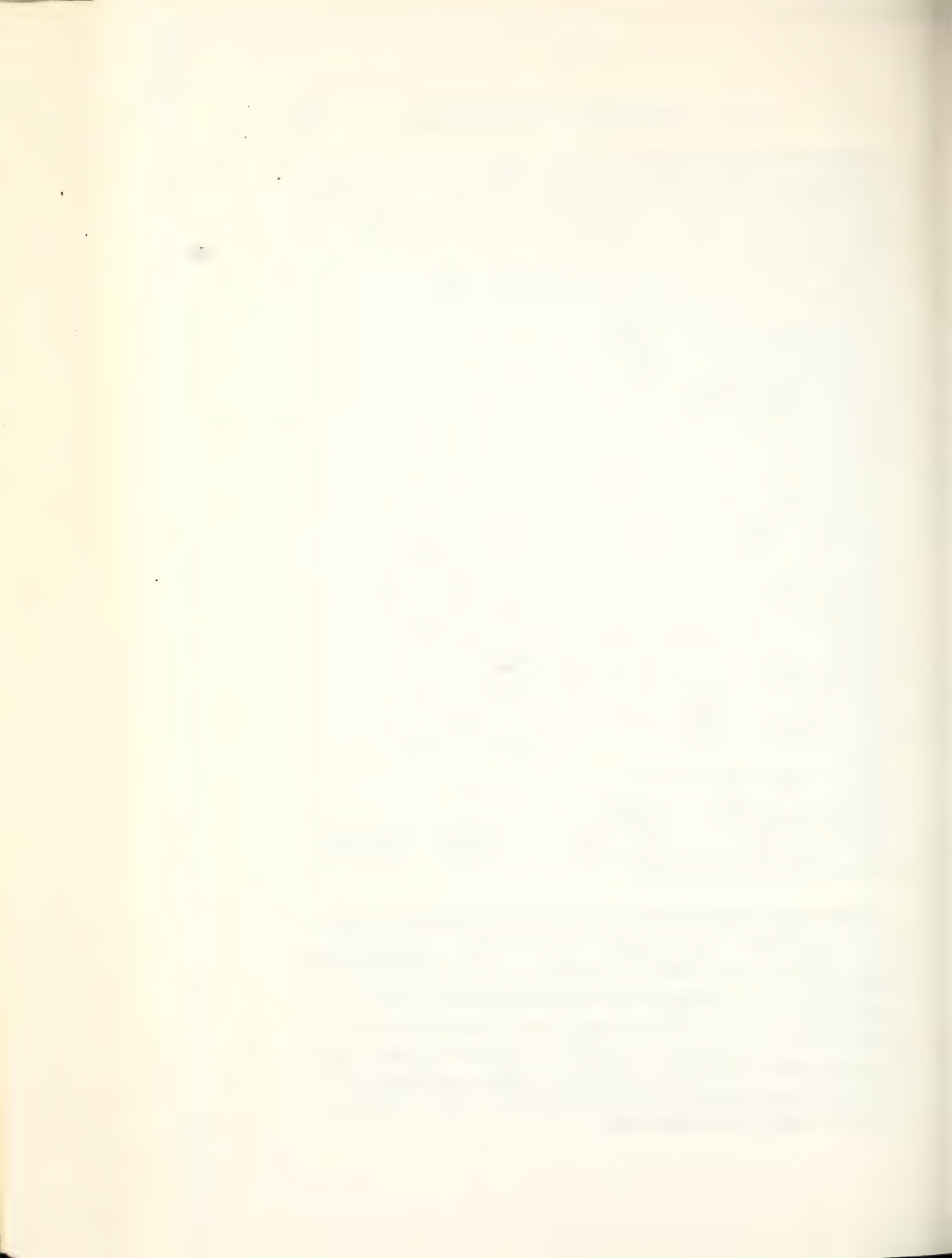
Gen. Smith, in his address at the reunion in Pittsfield, thus speaks of these three engagements:—

One week after Brandy Station the regiment was again summoned at Aldie, in a moment of pending defeat. By another impetuous and overwhelming charge it broke and drove the enemy from the field, and again won the day. Would that there were nothing more sad to chronicle of Aldie—that victories might have been won without sacrifices. But we will never forget that our brave Col. Douty, who had witnessed our charge at Brandy Station with a soldier's pride, and had seen his regiment become distinguished under his own leadership, led it in person at fatal Aldie, and while achieving victory gave his life for his country. We also sadly remember that his gallant spirit departed not alone. The dauntless Summat, and many others on that field, equally brave and true, bore him company, and even now may be doing him escort duty on the other shore. Only

two days after Aldie the regiment was again engaged at Middleburg, in one of its most hotly-contested fights of the war. The affair is hardly known as a battle by itself, but is usually regarded as a part of Aldie. Other regiments were near, but the fighting was nearly all done by the First Maine. The enemy was in front in strong force, either covered by timber or posted behind heavy stone fences. Our regiment was ordered to advance and drive them out. The attack was ordered in three columns. Capt. Brown, with Cos. E and M, made a dash to the front and left, and, with surprising success and great gallantry, captured a major, two company officers, and more than thirty men, and turned the flank of the enemy. In that charge two promising young officers were killed. Lieut. Taylor, of Co. M, had just been promoted. He was brave and dashing, and a favorite with the men. Modest Neville, of Co. E, had hardly won his commission. He had not been mustered in as an officer when he gave his life to accept a higher commission, let us hope. The main body of the regiment attacked, and after a most spirited contest, the enemy in superior force retired. In connection with this fight, it is my purpose to speak more particularly of the charge made by Lieut. Kimball with Co. C. He dashed up the pike, ran the gauntlet of stone walls lined with dismounted men, penetrated a large body of mounted men posted just beyond the woods, and was killed when he had nearly gained their rear. Many of us knew him well. He was amiable, genial, unguarded, and he fell like a warrior. When I consider the superior forces encountered, the peculiar dangers of the situation, and the resistance actually overcome, I think that charge is not surpassed in gallantry by any other within my knowledge. True, they were not "six hundred"; there were hardly sixty, and Tennyson has not immortalized them; but when I recall the charge as I saw it, Kimball followed by his company of sorrels, compact and steady, and all moving like an arrow's flight, swiftly and unerringly "into the jaws of death," I fail to see in what respect of heroism it is inferior even to the immortal "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Only two days after Middleburg the regiment was again called to the front to do where other regiments had failed. It was at Upperville. The regiment was ordered to "charge the town, drive out the enemy, and get beyond it, if possible." It formed again, and as it moved off and disappeared within the town, a distinguished general exclaimed: "Those Maine boys would charge straight into hell, if ordered to do so."

Among the incidents of this engagement that have been preserved are these: Cos. F and D led in one of the charges, during which Corp. John H. Merrill, of Co. F, found himself surrounded by the enemy, but would not surrender till he had emptied his revolver, when, flinging his empty revolver at his captors with an oath, he surrendered. Private Charles Eastman, also of Co. F, in the counter charge was thrust in the back by a rebel sabre, whereupon he drew up his carbine and shot the officer who sabred him.



The experience of Corp. Simeon A. Holden, of Co. D, in this engagement, was an interesting one, and is thus told:—

Corp. Holden, who was serving as chief of the orderlies at Gen. Kilpatrick's headquarters, was bringing in a prisoner when a rebel rode up unobserved and thrust his sabre into Holden's back on the right side, two and a half inches from the back bone. The sabre passed entirely through the body, coming out in front just below the diaphragm, and cutting through the liver. The rebel's order to surrender was promptly replied to by Holden's sabre, which sent him toppling to the ground. Holden soon became weak from loss of blood, and was assisted from his horse by Capt. Armstrong, of Gen. Kilpatrick's staff, and taken into a house a short distance from the field. News of his condition and whereabouts being sent to his company, Sergt. Devereaux visited him, and remained with him during the night. In the morning the sergeant went to the company for breakfast, and on his return to the hospital was informed by the guard that Corp. Holden was dead, and that the man who was lying by his side had been put into an ambulance with others, and sent to Fairfax, forty miles away. Several of the men, however, were too severely wounded to admit of removal so great a distance, and Holden, with others, was left at Aldie, in a barn taken for hospital use, the assistant surgeon of the Second Maryland Cavalry being left in charge. The Union troops moved on, and the enemy again took possession of the place. Holden's name naturally appeared in the published list of the killed in the engagement, as his comrades in the company believed was the fact, which was copied into his own home paper; and his relatives were arranging for a funeral sermon in honor of their dead soldier boy, when they received a letter from him, dated August fourteenth, at Alexandria.

While in this barn hospital, Corp. Holden was one day informed by a young lady whose parents were rebels, that Moseby took dinner at her father's house that day, and said he had given orders for the Yankee prisoners to be taken to Richmond that week. This was duly reported to the surgeon, and a plan of escape was adopted. It happened that one of the men was able to ride, and was willing to take the risk of going to Fairfax for the freedom of his comrades and of himself. These two notes were given him:—

To the commanding officer at Fairfax, Va.:

Six Union soldiers at hospital at Aldie able to be moved. Please send ambulances and corporal's guard.

Signed,

SURG. SECOND MD. CAVY. IN CHARGE.

GEN. KING, Fairfax:—

Please send ambulances at once, and at least two hundred men for guard. Moseby is here with quite a force, and we are to be taken to Richmond in a few days.

Signed,

SURGEON IN CHARGE.

This last note was put into the messenger's stocking: the first was to be shown if he was halted by any of Moseby's men. The messenger set out on his ride, and some five miles from the barn was halted by a "Johnny."

and taken to Moseby in person. The latter read the first note, marked it O. K., and the messenger had no further trouble, but arrived at Fairfax at half-past nine o'clock that evening. At eleven o'clock the ambulances were on the road to Aldie, with the corporal's guard. Later two hundred men of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry were sent out for the same destination. Next morning twenty-eight of Moseby's men pounced upon the ambulance and guard from a thicket, and captured them. They were just taking them away, when a major with two hundred men charged down the turnpike, and captured twenty-two men and horses, who were taken to Fairfax with the wounded Yankees. Corp. Holden says that when the surgeon told him relief was at hand, he stood upon his feet for the first time since he was wounded, and put on his blouse. The following December the corporal rejoined his company, having recovered from the fearful wound.

The enemy having been driven back through the Blue ridge at Ashby's Gap, on the twenty-second the regiment moved back to Middleburg, and remained on duty there and at Aldie till the twenty-sixth; then marched to Leesburg, near Edwards' Ferry, on the Potomac, remaining there the next day, and crossing the river on pontoons just at dusk; marched till daylight the morning of the twenty-eighth, when it reached Burns-ville, Md., thence through Hyattsville and Urbana to Monocacy Junction, where a halt was ordered for the night. On the twenty-ninth the regiment reached Frederick by noon, where the boys saw many familiar faces and were cheered by many tokens of welcome. The march was continued through Liberty, New Windsor, Winchester (which place the rebel Gen. Stuart, with a large force, had visited the night before, but had left before the regiment arrived there), Manchester, across the Pennsylvania line, at ten o'clock, July first, to Hanover Junction, where the regiment halted till dark, and then again in the saddle, and on the march till three o'clock next morning, when it halted within two miles of Gettysburg.



CHAPTER IX.

THE CAMPAIGN UNDER MEADE.

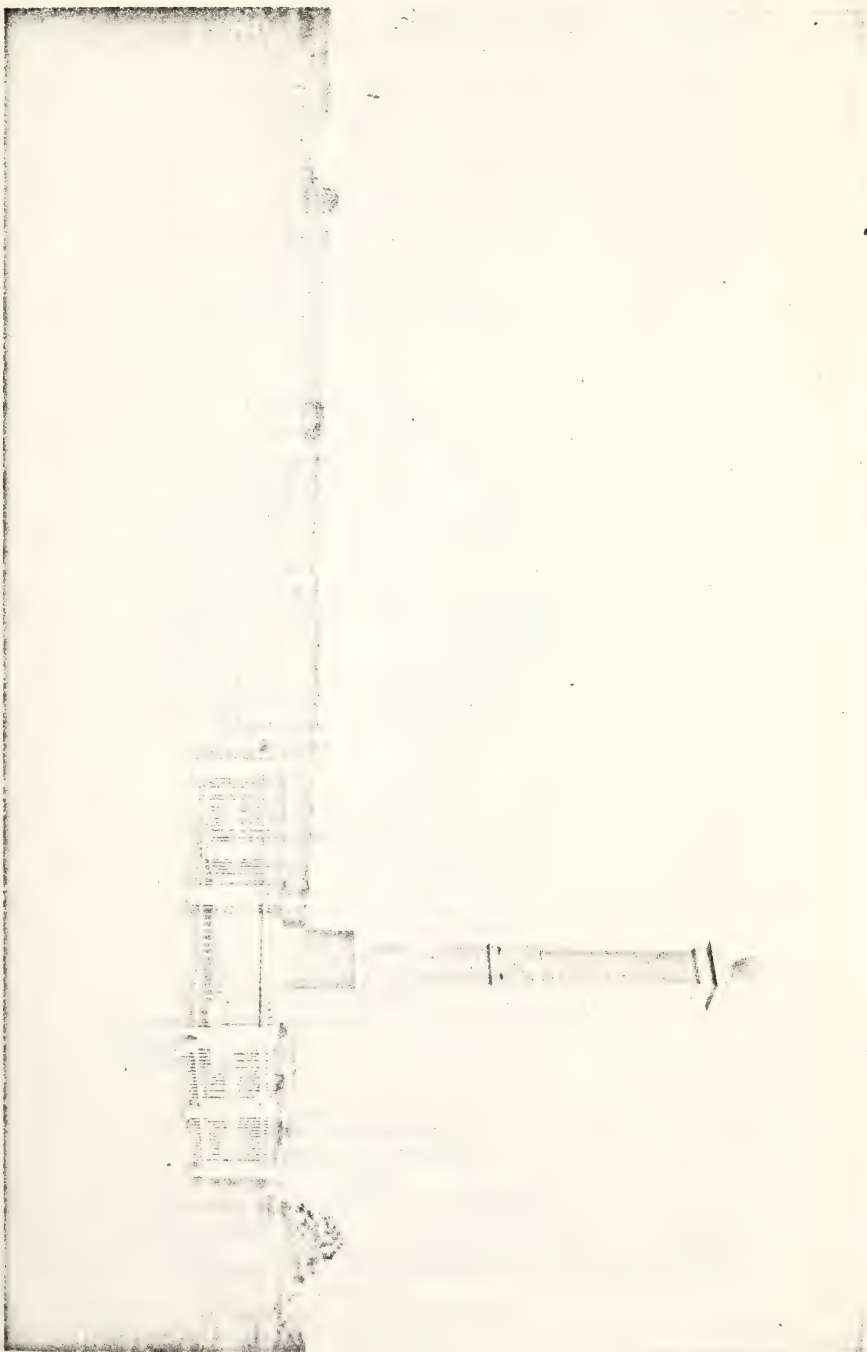
LEE'S ARMY IN NORTHERN STATES.—CHANGE OF COMMANDERS ARMY OF POTOMAC.—VALUABLE SERVICES OF THE CAVALRY.—GETTYSBURG.—ACROSS THE POTOMAC AGAIN.—SKIRMISH AT CHARLESTOWN.—THE FIGHT AT SHEPARDSTOWN.—AGAIN SOUTHWARD BOUND.—ONCE MORE ON THE BACK TRACK.—COVERING THE RETREAT.—RECONNOISSANCE TO LITTLE WASHINGTON AND SPERRYVILLE.—ANOTHER FIGHT AT BULL RUN.—SOUTHWARD AGAIN.—SKIRMISH AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.—PICKETING THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—PLEASANT CAMPAIGNING.—THE CAMPAIGN IN THE WILDERNESS.—SKIRMISH WITH THE SECOND CORPS.—ATTACK IN THE REAR.—END OF THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN.—COVERING THE RETREAT.—DUTIES OF ORDERLIES.

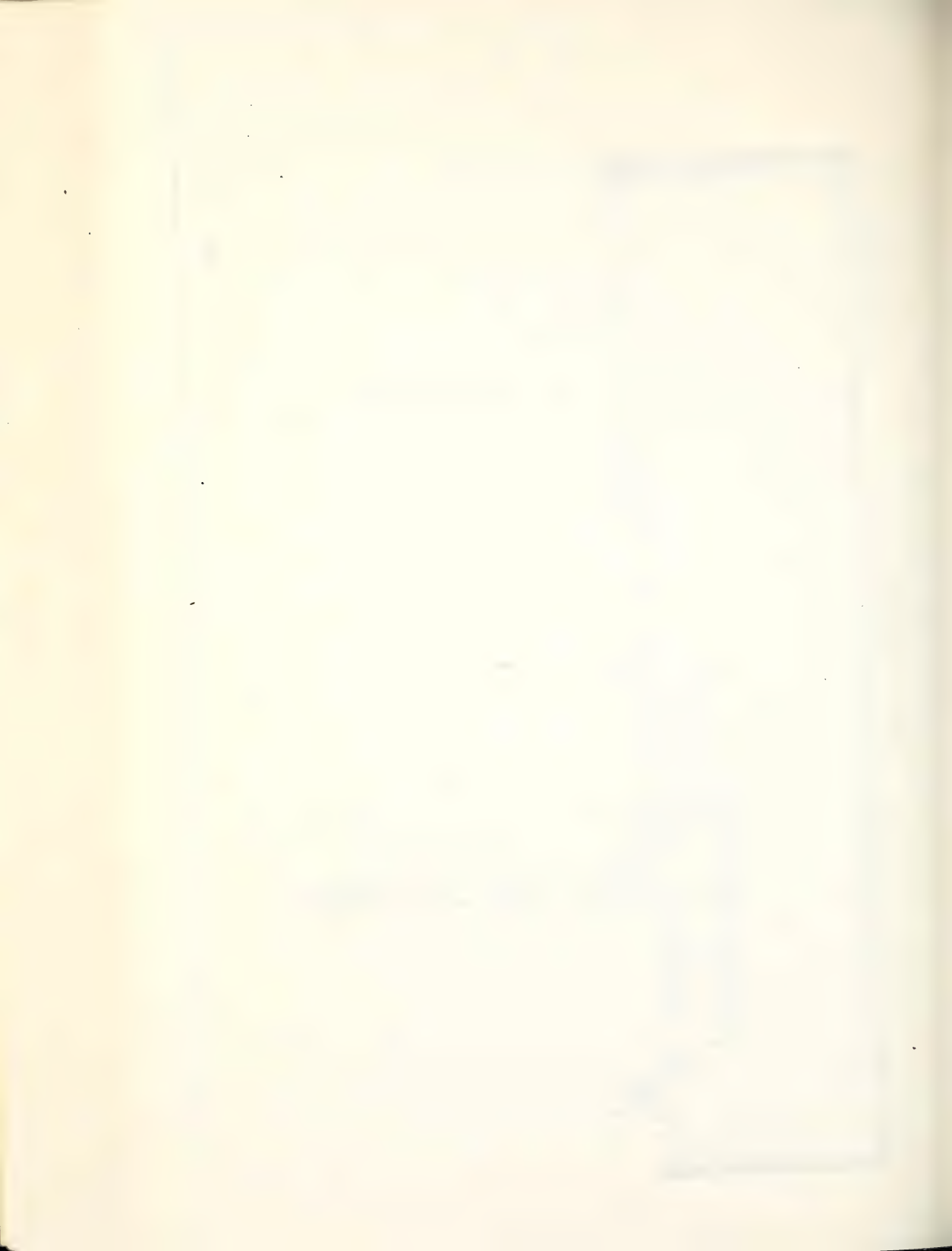
GEN. LEE'S army was now in Maryland and Pennsylvania, with Washington as the objective point. The rebel troops seized everything they could get hold of, burned bridges, damaged railroads, and destroyed property, both public and private,—in short, gave the inhabitants of a portion of Pennsylvania a realizing sense of what a "raid on the part of the enemy" was, and a taste of the "horrors of war." Gen. Hooker was, at his own request, relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac on the twenty-eighth of June, "impressed with the belief that his usefulness as its commander was impaired," and "with the earnest prayer that the triumphs of its arms may bring success worthy of it and the nation." Gen. George C. Meade was appointed commander, and assumed command the same day, the headquarters of the army being then at Frederick City, Md., where they had been established the day before. The enemy had succeeded in getting a foothold in the north without a general engagement, though the Union cavalry had worried him considerably, not only keeping posted as to his movements, but preventing him

DR. SHEAHAN, CO. K.
Photo.

MONUMENTAL SHAFT.

Making Site of the Cavalry Engagement on the Roubt Field.





THIS SHAFT BEARS THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTIONS.

SOUTH-EAST FACE.
(EMBLEM—CROSSED SABRES.)

THIS SHAFT

MARKS THE FIELD OF THE ENGAGEMENT
BETWEEN THE

UNION CAVALRY

COMMANDED BY BRIG.-GEN. D. MCM. GREGG
AND THE

CONFEDERATE CAVALRY

COMMANDED BY MAJ.-GEN. J. E. B. STUART
JULY 3, 1863.

SOUTH-WEST FACE.
(EMBLEM—CROSSED GUIDONS.)

UNION FORCES.

1ST BRIGADE, 2D CAVALRY DIVISION.

COL. J. B. MCINTOSH.

3D PENNA. CAVALRY, LT. COL. E. S. JONES.

1ST NEW JERSEY " MAJ. M. H. BEAUMONT.

1ST MARYLAND " LT. COL. J. M. DEEMS.

3D BRIGADE, 2D CAVALRY DIVISION.

COL. J. IRVIN GREGG.

16TH PENNA. CAVALRY, LT. COL. J. K. ROBISON.

4TH " " " W. E. DOSTER.

1ST MAINE " " C. H. SMITH.

10TH NEW YORK " MAJ. M. H. AVERY.

1ST MASS. CAVALRY, LT. COL. G. S. CURTIS.

PUENELL TROOP A, MD. CAVALRY.

CO. A, 1ST OHIO "

NORTH-EAST FACE.
(EMBLEM—CROSSED CANNONS.)

UNION FORCES.

2D BRIGADE, 3D CAVALRY DIVISION.

BRIG.-GEN. G. A. CUSTER.

1ST MICH. CAVALRY, COL. C. H. TOWN.

5TH " " " R. A. ALGER.

6TH " " " GEO. GRAY.

7TH " " " W. D. MANN.

UNION ARTILLERY.

RANDOL'S LIGHT BATTERY E, 1ST U. S. ARTILLERY.

PENNINGTON'S " " M, 2D " "

2D SECTION " " H, 3D PENNA. "

NORTH-WEST FACE.
(EMBLEM—CROSSED CARBINES.)

CONFEDERATE FORCES.

CAVALRY.

HAMPTON'S BRIGADE, BRIG.-GEN. WADE HAMPTON.

FITZ LEE'S " " FITZHUGH LEE.

JENKINS' " COL. M. J. FERGUSON.

W. H. F. LEE'S " " J. R. CHAMBLISS.

ARTILLERY.

MCGREGOR'S VIRGINIA BATTERY.

BREATHED'S MARYLAND "

GRIFFIN'S 2D " "



from getting any satisfactory information as to the movements of the Union army. It is considered that in this line, a part of which were the engagements at Aldie, Middleburg, and Upperville, the cavalry rendered most important service in this campaign; and Gen. Lee says, in his official report of the campaign, that "the march toward Gettysburg was conducted more slowly than it would have been had the movements of the Federal army been known," and that no information had been received that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac until the twenty-ninth of June, which was due to the fact that his cavalry had been kept in the mountains of Virginia by the Union cavalry. The change of commanders caused no hesitation in the movements of the army, which in a few days reached Gettysburg, where was fought the greatest battle of the war, resulting in a most decisive victory for the Union arms, and giving an unimportant town in Pennsylvania a name that shall be known for ages.

This regiment reached the vicinity of the battle-field on the second of July; and on the next day, the great day of victory, took part in the severe cavalry fight on the right of the Union lines, between Gen. Gregg's division and Gen. Custer's brigade of the Union forces, all under command of Gen. D. McM. Gregg, and Gen. Stuart's cavalry of the enemy's forces, where was frustrated the enemy's attempt to turn the right flank and gain the rear, an attempt which was made at the same time with, and to take advantage of, the famous attack of Gen. Pickett in the front. This engagement goes down to history as "one of the finest cavalry fights of the war, and one most important in its results;" for, had the enemy succeeded in getting in the rear of the Union forces, "that day would have resulted differently, and the name of Gettysburg would suggest a state of affairs which it is not agreeable to contemplate." This regiment was engaged in the forenoon in supporting a battery, and in the afternoon was sent out with another regiment, both under command of Col. Smith, to meet an advancing column of the enemy in the attack on the right flank. One battalion was dismounted and advanced into an orchard with but little difficulty, the advancing column halting and



turning back upon meeting this force; and the remainder of this command was arranged for battle, and held this part of the line during this engagement, the brigade occupying the gap of nearly two miles between the left of the forces engaged with Stuart's cavalry and the right of the Union infantry. Col. William Brooke-Rawle, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, in the historical address delivered at the dedication of the monumental shaft¹ on the site of this engagement, October 15, 1884, after giving an excellent description of the contest, says:—

We cavalry men have always held that we saved the day at the most critical moment of the battle of Gettysburg. — the greatest battle, and the turning point of the war of the rebellion. I know that it has not been the custom among historians to give us credit for having done so, nor, except very recently, to give us credit for having done anything. So fierce was the main engagement, of which the infantry bore the brunt, that the fighting on the part of the cavalry passed almost unnoticed; yet this was the only battle of the war in which the three arms of the service fought in combination, and at the same time, each within supporting distance, and within sight of the other, and each in its proper sphere. The turmoil incident to an active campaign allowed us no opportunity to write up our achievements, and no news correspondents were allowed to sojourn with us, to do it for us. But now that the official records of the campaign, both Union and Confederate, have been brought together, and, for the first time, been made accessible, and the official map of this field has been prepared, the great historian of the war, as yet unknown, and perhaps unborn, will have at hand materials which have been denied to others. He will see the importance of the fight which I have attempted to describe, and will give it the credit due to it. Had Stuart succeeded in his well-laid plan, and, with his large force of cavalry, struck the Army of the Potomac in the rear of its line of battle simultaneously with Pickett's magnificent and furious assault in its front, when our infantry had all it could do to hold on to the line of Cemetery ridge, and but little more was needed to make the assault a success, — the merest tyro in the art of war can readily tell what the result would have been. Fortunately for us: fortunately for the Army of the Potomac: fortunately for our country and the cause of human liberty, he failed. Thank God that he did fail, and that, with His divine assistance, the good fight fought here brought victory to our arms!

Comrades, before we part, never perhaps, to meet again, let us not forget to pause one moment, and in our inmost thoughts pay a reverent tribute to the memory of those brave men, our companions-in-arms, who here poured

¹ A monumental shaft has been erected on the field where this engagement occurred, by the survivors of the different Union regiments which participated in it, and the shaft was dedicated with appropriate services October 15, 1884. (See illustration.)

forth the full measure of their lives' devotion for the cause they loved. And what shall I say to those who yet survive! That you, my comrades, bore each your share in that good fight, will always be to you a pleasing memory, and when your children and your children's children hear and read of what you did on this historic field, it will ever be to them a source of honorable pride that you fought with Gregg on the right flank at Gettysburg.

Gen. D. McM. Gregg, in an address on the same occasion, said:—

On July 3, 1863, we stood on this field, armed men, to resist the advance of an enemy with whom we had made trials of strength oftentimes before, and of late at Brandy Station, Aldie, Middleburg, and Upperville. Our gaze was directed to the northward as we watched the approach of the columns of the enemy. Right gallantly did they come sweeping on, with such well aligned fronts, and with such tremendous pace, that it seemed as though nothing could stand against them. There was a meeting of the blue and the gray, and for a time the issue was held in the balance. The struggle was ended by the retirement of the enemy to his starting-point, discomfited by failure, with ours in hot pursuit. Severe as was the engagement, it could not be asserted that the Union forces that participated were never in a severer. These fought too many battles in that long war for such a comparison. But all will agree they never fought on a fairer field. Neither party asked nor expected aid from the main armies beyond. Our enemy had the advantage in numbers and position; we, the moral advantage of fighting on our own heath. It can be safely said that on no other field did Union cavalry, whether on foot or in the saddle, do more effective and brilliant fighting than on this. Had it fought less well here, the victory would have been with the enemy rather than with us.

Capt. David M. Gilmore, also of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, on the same occasion said:—

Of downright hard fighting, where hard knocks were given and received, the cavalry during the war had its full share. Averell's fight at Kelly's ford; Pleasanton's, Buford's, and Davis' at Beverly ford; Gregg's at Brandy Station; the battles of Middleburg, Upperville, and Aldie—all are instances where cavalry met cavalry in hand to hand encounters. But amidst all these various engagements, few, if any, have equalled, and none excelled, the magnificent fight on the right flank at Gettysburg, where the three brigades of McIntosh, Irvin Gregg, and Custer, under Gen. D. McM. Gregg, met and repulsed the four brigades of Confederate cavalry under Gen. Stuart, on July 3, 1863, which attack was simultaneous with and virtually part of Pickett's charge. The purpose was that Pickett should break our centre, and that Stuart should turn our right and strike our rear, in which case the certain defeat of the Army of the Potomac would follow. Both attacks failed, and from that hour, which has been fittingly styled "the high-

water mark of the rebellion," the waves of the Confederacy receded, until at Five Forks they were dashed to pieces on that cavalry rock, — Sheridan.

The Fourth of July was celebrated by the boys in reconnoitring and in learning that the enemy had drawn back the left flank; and the next day, the enemy being in full retreat, the regiment marched through Gettysburg toward Chambersburg, stopping that night in the pass near Fayetteville, having captured some two thousand of the enemy's stragglers during the day, as well as taken possession of twenty-eight hundred wounded prisoners and their attendants, at Cash Town. On the sixth the march was continued through Fayetteville to Chambersburg, a large number of rebel stragglers being captured during the march, and the next day the road was retraced to Fayetteville, and six miles beyond, to Quincy. On the eighth the regiment marched over the mountains towards Middletown, Md., which place was reached on the ninth, where it stopped until the eleventh, and then went to Boonesboro', remaining there till the fourteenth, when it marched to Harper's Ferry; crossed the Potomac on pontoons at five o'clock that afternoon, and again stood on Virginia soil, camping that night at Bollivar Heights. It is needless to say that the boys enjoyed this short campaign in Pennsylvania and Maryland very much; for, beside that supreme joy which soldiers experience at winning a victory, were the pleasures of campaigning in a new country and among friends; and such pleasing incidents as getting a good square meal at some farm house, and at the same time listening to stories of rebels having applied for food and been refused, were not rare.

The second day after leaving Gettysburg, Surg. Parker and Hospital Steward Emery T. Gatchell discovered four rebel officers, each of whom had lost a limb, in a building to which they had been taken after being wounded in the third days' fight, having had no care since that time. Their wounds were thoroughly redressed by the medical men from way down east, and they were made comparatively comfortable. During this interview one of the wounded men remarked, "You'uns tried your best to see how many legs and arms you could shoot off; well, you'uns did the job pretty well."

The rebel army had escaped across the river after the defeat at Gettysburg, and was now on its own fighting ground, while the Union army was busy looking after it. The next day after crossing the river, July fifteenth, this regiment was sent towards Charlestown from Halltown to "amuse the enemy," while the rest of the division turned off in the direction of Shepardstown. The regiment had a smart little skirmish with the enemy (who had artillery as well as cavalry), driving them a mile or more, losing two men wounded and two (Asst. Surg. Parker and a hospital attendant, who were, however, not actually engaged in the fight, but were in too close proximity to the enemy's force,) missing, and then was relieved by another regiment, and was ordered to return and rejoin the division near Shepardstown, where it remained in quiet that night.

The next day, sixteenth, the Tenth New York Cavalry, which was on picket some two miles out, in the direction of Charlestown, sent in word that there was plenty of forage there, and about noon Col. Smith received orders to send out detachments after forage. Instead of sending out detachments, however, the colonel broke camp and took the whole regiment. His command was only fairly straightened out on the pike when a single horseman was seen coming at full speed over a timber-covered ridge in their front, half or three-fourths of a mile away. In a few seconds he was followed by other horsemen, and the cause of their haste was no longer in doubt. Col. Smith at once decided to seize the crest of that ridge in the timber if he could, and ordered the trot. As the fugitives passed the column they reported the enemy in hot pursuit, and as the column neared the ridge the two leading companies (A and B, Lieuts. Cole and Coleman,) were ordered to dash forward and meet the advance of the enemy before they reached the crest. These companies deployed promptly, and repulsed the enemy, killing one or two on the spot. By this time the pickets had all passed to the rear, and Col. Smith at once formed a heavy dismounted skirmish line across the pike, along the crest of the ridge in the timber, which line was in command of Lieut. Col. Boothby. The remainder of the regiment was deployed behind the crest, at the right and left of the pike.

with one company still on the pike in columns of fours. The enemy fast gained in numbers in front and on the left flank of the regiment, and the dismounted men were driven back. To cover their retreat, Cos. B and K, under command of Lieut. Coleman, and Co. M, Capt. Brown, were ordered forward, mounted. These companies charged gallantly into the timber, Lieut. Coleman going in from the centre and driving the enemy's artillerists from their guns, while Capt. Brown went in on the right, and the dismounted men were relieved, retiring in good order a short distance to a little elevation in the open field, where they again made a stand. The artillery then opened, from a ridge near the town, upon the enemy in front of the left of the regiment; but at first their shots fell short, and endangered the men from Maine at their front, and word was sent back to that effect. The enemy then opened with artillery in front, and for a time there was an artillery duel over the heads of the men of the regiment. A little later the Fourth Pennsylvania came to the support of the First Maine, and the latter regiment was soon after relieved by the Sixteenth Pennsylvania on the front line, and fell back to the next position. Soon afterwards the Sixteenth became hard pushed, and Col. Smith sent forward one battalion to their support; and a little later the whole front line was pushed back upon the First Maine, and both regiments became engaged until darkness put an end to the fighting. The First brigade came up to the left, but did not become involved in the battle very much until near evening. Toward evening the enemy moved around to the right of the regiment, and gave them an enfilading fire, when other regiments were sent to that portion of the field, and a hot fight occurred there. The events of that day cemented a lasting friendship between the men of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania and the First Maine, and ever afterwards the men of either regiment felt safe and happy if the other were near by, either on the line or as support.

Soon after dark a stone barricade was built across the pike, and during the night the whole division was withdrawn to Harper's Ferry. A few of the men at the front who had fallen asleep did not hear the order to retire, and next morning they

found that the field had been abandoned by the forces of both sides, and that the rebels had built a barricade across the road just in front of the one built by the Union forces. They went back to the town, visited the hospital and saw some of their wounded comrades who had to be left there, and then followed on to Harper's Ferry and rejoined their commands.

The loss to the regiment in this engagement was fifty-seven killed, wounded and missing, Maj. Boothby and Lieut. Hunton, of Co. G, being among the wounded. Maj. Boothby was at first disposed to make light of his wound, which was in the arm, laughing as Col. Smith rode up to him, but later went back to the surgeons and their care.

Col. Smith's official report of this engagement is as follows :—

HEADQUARTERS FIRST MAINE CAVALRY,
August 31, 1863.

LIEUT. JOHN B. MAITLAND,

A. A. A. G. Third brigade, Second division, Cavalry corps.

*Lieutenant:—*I have the honor to report that on the sixteenth of July last, about twelve o'clock M., I was ordered by the colonel commanding the brigade to proceed from Shepardstown with my regiment out about four miles on the Winchester pike, for forage. Having advanced about a mile, I met a courier from the picket (a squadron of the Tenth New York Cavalry), who reported that the pickets had been attacked, and were hotly pursued by the enemy. Looking forward, I observed that about half a mile ahead the pike crossed a ridge covered by a belt of timber, and being desirous of obtaining that position, I ordered the "gallop," and the regiment dashed forward. As we drew near the timber we met the squadron on picket, completely overwhelmed by a superior force, making every effort to cover its led horses and wounded men. The advance of the enemy reached the crest of the ridge first. But in spite of their steady firing, two companies from my regiment, commanded respectively by Lieut. Coleman and Lieut. Cole, when ordered to take the summit of the hill, charged with such impetuosity as to drive back the enemy, killing one and wounding three. The enemy thus received a serious check. The position was gained, and the regiment was immediately disposed for still further defence. In that position we opposed the rapidly increasing numbers of the enemy for more than an hour, strengthening our line from time to time, until the regiment was nearly all deployed and engaged in front. Here it was that Maj. Boothby was wounded while engaged in the very front, urging the men to still more gallant resistance. Subsequently the enemy massed in such numbers on our left flank as to make longer resistance impossible, and our line of skirmishers was driven back about two hundred yards to a favorable position. Supported by a portion of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, the regiment defended this position against every effort of the enemy to rout it (even

driving the gunners from a howitzer which the enemy had the rashness to bring within carbine range), till relieved by the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, when it retired and took a position as support. But a short time afterwards, however, the enemy opened with several pieces of artillery, and simultaneously advanced with such overwhelming numbers as to peril the thin line of skirmishers of the Sixteenth. Observing this, I at once ordered four companies to the front, just in season to render timely assistance; and shortly after, the rest of the regiment became actively engaged again, and thus shared the fortunes of the rest of the day, till withdrawn from the field at midnight.

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. H. SMITH, *Colonel First Maine Cavalry.*

This account of the fight is dated "Camp Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Bolivar Heights, Va., July 17, 1863," and is published in Frank Moore's "Rebellion Record":—

The next day, the sixteenth inst., as the First Maine regiment was going out on the Winchester road for forage, they met our pickets (from the Tenth New York) running in, pursued by two squadrons of the enemy's cavalry. This truly noble little regiment instantly formed and charged the assailants, driving them back beyond the abandoned picket line. The enemy now appeared in force, bringing up their artillery rapidly and opening fire on our line. The Maine boys held their ground, deploying skirmishers, and made a desperate fight. Our artillery was then advanced and posted in an advantageous position on the right and left of the road, supported by the Sixteenth Pennsylvania regiment. The Fourth was soon sent out to the right front, dismounted, and thrown forward as skirmishers. Shortly after, the Sixteenth regiment was sent to relieve the First Maine, which had been engaged about two hours, and had expended all its ammunition. As we moved along the road they got our range very fairly, sending their shells in very disagreeable proximity to us. The tall figure of Col. Gregg, as he and his aid, Lieut. Martin, and his escort rode along with us, attracted their attention, and wherever he moved thereafter, very leisurely over the field, their shell followed him, the fragments scattering all around; but he appeared to bear a charmed life, and escaped unhurt. Three squadrons of the Sixteenth were dismounted and sent forward, while the fourth remained in reserve. The country in which we were fighting is ill-fitted for cavalry movements,—the ground very rocky and broken, cut up into small fields, with high stone and rail fence, and frequent small patches of timber. This will account for the strange event of a fight between cavalry men where all the fighting was on foot, aided by artillery. Our artillery consisted of four pieces. Soon after the Sixteenth was thrown forward, two of these were sent to secure an important position on our left, and were not brought into play during the fight, so we fought with two pieces of artillery, and these not as effective as they should have been, on account of bad ammunition, two of the shells which should have gone over our heads into the

enemy's line striking the ground between our reserve and the dismounted men. The rebels had eight guns in position firing at one time, and far better served than usual for them in the cavalry fights I have noticed, whether Kelly's ford, Aldie, Middleburg, or Upperville. At times their firing was terrific, to be concentrated on so small a line as ours; their shot, shell, grape, and canister coming all around and among us, lopping the branches from the trees, and splintering huge fragments from the rocks they came in contact with. Nothing but the uneven character of the ground preserved our little brigade from annihilation. The Sixteenth took up the fighting for the Maine regiment, which retired; but seeing us pushed at one time, they came out gallantly, without being asked, and we made "Johnny" travel. As our men's passions became excited in the contest, having repulsed an attack on the right, they forgot the order of Col. Gregg, "to hold the line, but not to advance," and with a cheer sprang forward after the foe, driving them to their guns, where they, having a fair sweep, opened all their pieces on us at once, with grape and canister. We were driven back. They charged us with exultant shouts, while their artillery hurled shell without cessation. We were driven back a quarter of a mile from our old line—all we were driven that day. Col. Gregg looked anxious, and appeared irritated that his order was not obeyed. A new line is soon formed, strengthened by the squadron that had been held in reserve, a couple of squadrons of the First Pennsylvania regiment from McIntosh's brigade having come up to support us. The fight goes on as wickedly as ever. The rebel battle-flag is shot down three times in a few minutes, and the last color-bearer compelled to crouch behind a wall and hold up the flag from his lurking-place. As night came on the enemy made several desperate attempts, all of which were steadily repulsed; after the last our men mounted the stone wall behind which the line was formed, cheering and waving their hats, and challenging their opponents to come on, although their ammunition was exhausted. Night put an end to the contest. Thus ended one of the most desperate cavalry fights of the war, considering the number actually engaged, our brigade not numbering over eight hundred men, having become reduced by detachments sent to different points, and men left in the rear dismounted, their animals having become used up by the hard work of the past two months. At different times our fire ceased entirely, from want of ammunition.

The following, also from Frank Moore's "Rebellion Record," is the Richmond *Despatch* account, and is interesting as giving the other side of the story. There will be noticed some discrepancies between the accounts of the two sides, but the fact that it was a severe cavalry fight and bravely contested on both sides, remains the same:—

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, July 18, 1863.

The heavy cannonading heard in the direction of Shepardstown Thursday, originated from a severe cavalry fight, of which you have been advised by telegraph. I will now furnish you the particulars as they have been

ascertained. After the return of Gen. Lee's army to Virginia, the enemy, evidently too much crippled for immediate pursuit, and desirous of ascertaining our movements and feeling our position, despatched a large body of cavalry down the river to accomplish this object, if possible. They crossed at Harper's Ferry, where pontoon bridges were thrown across for the purpose, and proceeded up the river as far as Shepardstown, where they arrived on Wednesday; then coming down the Leetown and Winchester road to the distance of about five miles, halted. Meantime Fitz Hugh Lee, who was in the vicinity, hearing of their whereabouts, proceeded up the Shepardstown road, for the purpose of checking the enemy's advance. He arrived in sight of the Yankees Thursday morning, which brought on desultory skirmishing and cannonading, which continued throughout the day until about four o'clock P. M. Then dismounting his men and advancing, the fight became general along both lines, the enemy having also dismounted. A charge was ordered, and our men rushed upon the enemy, who was driven back two or three miles, where they sought the protection of a stone wall extending to the right and left of the road, their right and left flank stretching some distance beyond either extremity of the wall. Here the fight raged for some time, our men frequently charging up to the enemy's front, and delivering their fire with telling effect, but exposed to an incessant fire of shot, shell, and small arms from the enemy, who had availed themselves of the protection of the stone wall and every rock, tree, and stump that afforded the least shelter. While our men were in dangerous proximity, without the slightest shelter to cover their movements, bodies of the enemy's cavalry would frequently charge up to the stone wall, file to the right and left, rapidly deliver their fire, and gallop into a wood that skirted the wall on either side. Later in the afternoon, when the fight had progressed some time, the Fourteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Thirty-sixth battalions of Jenkins' brigade came up from near Martinsburg and re-enforced Gen. Lee, taking a position on the left of the road toward Shepardstown. During the remainder of the day they rendered gallant and efficient service with their long-range guns, and participated with their comrades previously on the field in the subsequent charges on the enemy's position. The enemy was repulsed and driven back on the right and left, but so effectual was their protection behind the wall, they were enabled to hold that position until night. Our line of battle extended about the distance of a mile and a half to the right and left of the road, the enemy's about the same distance, with reserves in supporting distance. We had three pieces of artillery, and the enemy, it is believed, about the same number, planted in an admirable position on the right of the stone wall and in front of the woods, commanding the whole field in front. During the entire engagement our officers and men displayed the utmost gallantry. Gen. Jenkins being absent, by reason of a wound in the head received at Gettysburg, his men were led by Col. Ferguson, the whole under command of Fitz Hugh Lee. Our loss, not yet definitely known, is unofficially reported at from seventy-five to one hundred, from all causes. We lost no prisoners. The loss of the enemy is estimated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred. Night having drawn her sable curtain over the scene, the enemy fell back from this position behind the stone wall, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands, and our men

in possession of the field. They retreated down the river toward Harper's Ferry, and it is reported have since gone to the other side of the river.

Col. Smith was ordered to send out details from Shepards-town for forage, but feeling in some way that a detail would not be safe, he started with his whole regiment. And the success of the day is no doubt very largely due to Col. Smith's forethought in taking the whole regiment with him, in the first place, and in taking the advanced position at once.

There were the usual number of personal incidents in this engagement, as in all, of which a few have been preserved. During the hottest of the fight, Private George Kitchen, of Co. E, one of the wildest boys in the regiment, as brave as he was wild, and as full of fun as of bravery, and known by all as a harum-scarum genius, said to a comrade: "Do you see that tall, lank-looking reb with a straw hat on?" "Yes," was the reply, to which Kitchen responded, as he raised his carbine: "Now keep your eye on him and see him jump." He fired, and as the smoke rose he leaped into the air, exclaiming: "By thunder! the wrong man jumped that time." He was carried from the field cursing that lean "reb that stood edgewise."

At one time while the boys were dismounted they suffered severely from thirst, and Sergt. Little, of Co. G, was sent to the rear to get water for his comrades. Gathering up the canteens, he mounted his horse and rode off. He succeeded in getting the canteens filled, and on his return was riding along the line, dropping the full canteens among his comrades, when a bullet struck him just in front of the cantle of the saddle, passing through him. He was not at all particular about the rest of the canteens, but throwing them down, he rode off the field, heaping anathemas upon the fate that had sent the bullet that hit him in that particular portion of the body.

Private Charles H. Bell, Jr., of Co. D, received a similar wound. He and George P. Andrews, of the same company, were on the skirmish line together, and were seeking partial shelter behind a low ridge. They would flatten themselves upon the ground while loading their pieces, then raise themselves upon their knees, with side to the enemy, and fire over

the crest of the ridge. While Private Bell was thus shooting, an unfortunate shot from the enemy struck him in the other end of his prone body, and inflicted a severe wound. His manly pride, however, was superior to the pain of the wound, and in tones of despair, clapping his hand upon the wound, he exclaimed: "Oh, George! just my luck,—shot where I can never speak of it!"

Private Horton Maloon, of Co. G, was mortally wounded, dying in a short time, and his brother, Bugler William Maloon, Jr., remained with him and was taken prisoner.

Sergt. L. M. Robinson, of Co. G, as brave and good a man as the regiment contained, while lying on the skirmish line was struck by a bullet in the shoulder by the side of the neck, which passed through both lungs, struck the back bone, and left the body just above the hip on the opposite side, literally going through the whole length of the body, diagonally. He was taken to the improvised hospital that night, and examined by a surgeon, who shook his head discouragingly. Soon after another surgeon commenced to examine his wounds, when surgeon number one spoke to number two, saying: "Let that poor man alone; he's got to die, anyhow, and there's no use in putting him in unnecessary pain." Surgeon number two left him, but the sergeant, who had heard this remark, muttered to himself: "I can't see that"; and making up his mind that he would not die, he did not, though left in a church for five weeks, with only the care, attention and food that could be given him by the Union ladies residing there. More than that, he recovered so entirely that he re-enlisted the next winter, put in a year's noble service, and was killed at Deep Bottom, August, 1864.

Bugler Eben F. Brier, of Co. B, mounted the stone wall and sounded the charge, when he was shot, receiving a wound from which he died in a few days.

The brigade moved back to near Harper's Ferry after leaving the field at midnight, arriving there about eight o'clock the next morning, and remained in camp there till the twentieth, when the line of march was again taken up, reaching Lovettsville that night, Manassas the next, and on the twenty-second



going into camp about noon at Bristow Station, the regiment doing picket duty toward Greenwich. The Army of the Potomac was now again on the advance southward. On the twenty-fourth Cos. K and I, under Capt. Chadbourne, joined the Eighth Pennsylvania regiment on a reconnoissance to Greenwich, New Baltimore, and Warrenton Junction, capturing a number of prisoners. On the twenty-fifth the regiment marched to Manassas Junction, bivouacking that night near the bridge, and on the twenty-sixth moved to Bealton Station again, remaining there, picketing toward Morrisville, till the twenty-ninth, when it went with the brigade to Warrenton and camped on the Waterloo pike. The regiment went to Amisville next day, where it remained picketing to Gaines' cross-roads, till August seventh, when it crossed the river opposite Sulphur Springs, and went into camp there, picketing toward Amisville and Oakshades; remained there till the fifteenth (receiving two months' welcome pay on the ninth), and then moved, with the whole division, back to Catlett's Station, and camped "at will." Changed camp next day, and on the seventeenth the First Maine and Sixteenth Pennsylvania, under command of Col. Smith, started at five o'clock in the afternoon on a reconnoissance, moving through Greenwich, and bivouacking at nine o'clock in the evening near Haymarket. Next morning the march was resumed early, the command crossing the mountains through Thoroughfare Gap, and proceeding to near White Plains. Here a halt of a couple of hours was made and scouting parties sent out; but seeing nothing of the enemy the command set out to return, reaching camp that night. What with the hanging camp, picketing, scouting, etc., the days wore on till the thirteenth of September, and it must be confessed the time hung somewhat heavily, in contradistinction to the active service of June and July.

Sergt. Winsor B. Smith, of Co. K, at the reunion at Old Orchard, 1877, told this story of picket duty:—

The remark often made at these reunions is, that there are too few of the members who will relate those little incidents and accidents that came to their view and knowledge during their service. I think I can explain the

difficulty. A man in action only sees what takes place in quite a small circle, and being himself the centre of that circle, must of a necessity be the hero of his own story. Now the well-known modesty of the members of the First Maine Cavalry is the excuse for the lack of stories. To illustrate, I will tell you an incident (asking your pardon for appearing as the hero of it). I returned to the regiment, after doing duty as orderly in the First division, First corps, for eight months, and found them at Sulphur Springs, where they were doing picket duty around Amisville, Jefferson, and the Hazel River, and learned for the first time that I had actually been doing duty as a private for nearly two months, when I was entitled to the full rank and pay of a corporal. Now I had not been on picket for months, and the boys told me the rebs had a habit in that part of the country of stealing men off their posts in the night and cutting the advance guard off from the heads of columns, and all such ungentlemanly tricks, which made me feel rather nervous. Soon came the order for Co. K to go on picket. I had got my stripes on, and could not tell whether it was good to be in the line of promotion or not. When we relieved the other company, we found our numbers were so small that for night duty the corporal would have to stand post. Oh, how I dreaded for the night to come! I was a corporal, and had been happy in the thought that I should not have to stand post. I had lost my horse at Gettysburg, and had one that was furnished me by an infantry quartermaster; and I feared that he had not been on picket, though I knew he was not a corporal, for I never could go near him without his stepping on my feet. His name was Bludgeon. Night came all too soon, and the sergeant, with a wicked look, left me on what he said was the most dangerous post, and that I was put there because I was a corporal. The post was in a cross-road, a long way from the reserve, and a good half mile from the next picket; I had my carbine advanced, and was bracing myself up to meet what might come, when Bludgeon threw up his head, and gave a yell, and started on the run after the relief; I hauled him up and got back under the roadside tree again, well knowing it was no use to hide now. Bludgeon had never been on picket, and he felt as I did; he did not want to be left alone. It was one of those still, moonlight, cloudy nights, when with a good imagination such as I had, the shadows would form whatever object you were most dreading to see.

On my left were thick oak woods, and as I looked in that direction to get my bearings, I heard a rustle in the dry leaves as of a cautious step from tree to tree; the horse heard it too, and again bolted for the rear. Again I got him back, and persuaded him to stop, by dropping the barrel of my carbine, not gently, between his ears, every time he threw up his head to yell; this would cause him to kneel down, and while he was recovering his senses, I would look at the woods and listen. I could hear the steps coming nearer and nearer; the horse also heard, and we both trembled. Then just as I was about to call out "Halt!" there walked out into the moonlight, with a grunt of astonishment, one of those slab-sided Virginia hogs! My strained nerves and muscles relaxed, the carbine fell from my hand, and the horse ran half way to the reserve before I could get strength to stop him. Back again to the post we went, the horse more frightened than I had been; my carbine was now in the socket, and with both hands and feet I tried to keep

that horse there and keep him still: then I got off and put one of my legs over the reins under his neck, to keep his head down, so that he couldn't yell. After a while he got quiet a little, and I mounted him to get a look at the other side of the road. I found a corn-field next to me, and looking over the corn, I could see the top of a chimney of a house that stood in the valley beyond; and just as I discovered this, I heard the barking of several dogs, and there was a rush through the corn as if several persons and dogs were running towards me.

The horse began to dance again, and I wished that I had never been a corporal; I thought if I was a private, I could discharge my carbine and run for the reserve; but being a corporal, I must stick to my post or die. Finding I could not keep still enough to shoot, and that I was a good mark on that high horse (who never seemed so high before), I dismounted, and taking the bridle on my arm, crept up to the fence, and looking through, I saw coming slowly up towards me, between the rows of corn, a man with a gun on his shoulder. I let him come a little nearer, and taking good aim, I called, "Halt! who goes there?" The dogs had stopped barking; everything was still but the horse, who was pulling hard at the reins on my arm. No answer from the man. I called again, "Speak, or I fire!" No answer. I was making sure of my aim and pressing the trigger, when the moon sailed out from behind a cloud, and I saw an old butternut suit of clothes stuck up on stakes and stuffed with straw, to keep the crows out of the corn: and I realized that even a corporal will sometimes get excited and act foolish. The next day I swapped horses with Peter Como; and the next night, as I sat on my post, I could hear the familiar voice of Bludgeon, as Pete tried to keep him on that hill, under a tree, at the corner of that lonesome old graveyard, that many of you remember.

Up to the engagement at Shepardstown the First Maine had been in the Third brigade, Second division, commanded by Col. J. Irwin Gregg; but soon after that the division was reorganized and made into two brigades, when Col. Gregg's brigade became the Second, the First Maine still remaining in it. From this time for more than a year—and a year filled to the brim with service—the First Maine was a part of the Second brigade, Second division, Cavalry corps, Army of the Potomac—a matter of pride, always.

On the thirteenth of September the division advanced toward Culpepper, meeting the enemy and driving them through the town, and beyond, capturing nine pieces of artillery and two hundred prisoners. This regiment was under fire during this running fight, but was not actively engaged. The next day the advance was continued, with severe fighting, and that night the regiment stood picket near the Rapidan, and remained there

till the seventeenth, when it was relieved from picket, and moving back a short distance from the river, went into camp near Cedar Mountain battle-field.

On the crest of Telegraph Mountain the enemy had a signal station, which Maj. Brown, with one hundred and fifty men from Cos. A, H, I, K and L, was sent to capture. The enemy, however, seeing boys in blue climbing up one side of the mountain, quietly withdrew down the other side, and the capture was an easy one. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the position was used as a signal station for the Union army, as long as it remained in that vicinity.

On the nineteenth one battalion was sent to Thoroughfare Mountain, remaining there till the next afternoon, when, being relieved by the Sixteenth Pennsylvania regiment, it returned to camp. On the twenty-fourth the regiment moved back to the Rappahannock River, where it remained on the south side for a few days, picketing toward the rear, on the lookout for guerillas, and then moved to Bealton (which by this time began to seem almost like home to the boys, so many times had they visited it). Here it remained, picketing and drilling, until the tenth of October.

Gen. Meade's army had occupied the northern bank of the Rapidan during the last week in September and the first week in October, with headquarters near Culpepper, and Gen. Lee's army was on the other side of the river, around Gordonsville, twenty miles away. Lee, finding that Meade, after nearly three months of inactivity, was not going to attack, commenced to put plans of his own into operation, with the design of bringing on an engagement. His army crossed the Rapidan on the ninth of October, moving by way of Madison Court House and reaching Culpepper on the eleventh, where, according to his official report, he found the "enemy had retreated toward the Rappahannock, destroying his stores." On the twelfth his army marched in two columns, with the design of reaching the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and interrupting the retreat of Gen. Meade's army. This movement, it seems, was understood by Gen. Meade, who prepared to defeat it.

The morning of the tenth the regiment started at sunrise and

marched in the direction of Culpepper. Upon arriving there the sounds of guns in the direction of Fox Mountain, six miles west, were heard, and thither the column marched, only to reach the vicinity of the fighting at dark. It proved to be Gen. Kilpatrick, engaged with the advance of the enemy. That night the regiment bivouacked in an open field, and next morning the boys were in the saddle at three o'clock, and on the way to Culpepper. Here they found that the whole army was making tracks for the Rappahannock, and that they were in for that most disagreeable of all jobs, covering the retreat and left flank. The division was given the protection of the left flank, and about noon, after the last vestige of the Army of the Potomac had been removed from the town, the line of march was taken up on a road left of, and nearly parallel with, the railroad, along which the infantry was marching, and not yet out of sight. Nothing was seen of the enemy during the whole day, save a few scouts who hung upon the flanks, gathering what information they could of the movements of the Union army, and provoking the men by their impudent audacity. That night, at ten o'clock, the regiment reached the old camp-ground at Sulphur Springs, and very luckily found everything as they left it, some of the officers sleeping that night in the very bunks they had occupied two months before.

The next morning, twelfth, the regiment started on the famous reconnoissance to Little Washington, one of the prominent and most important expeditions in the history of the regiment, which is best told in Col. Smith's own words:—

October twelfth, long before daylight, I was summoned to report to brigade headquarters, where I received orders to proceed with my regiment to the Blue ridge at Gaines' cross-roads (Chester Gap), thence along the Blue ridge *via* Little Washington to Sperryville (Thornton Gap), to observe any movement the enemy might make in that direction, and report promptly whatever of the enemy I might discover. The important character of the reconnoissance that I was ordered to make was impressed upon me by Col. Gregg, the brigade commander. He authorized me to pick up and take along with my command a detachment of another regiment which was on picket, and which I would have to pass through.

The regiment broke camp and started before sunrise, and proceeded to Gaines' cross-roads without halting. Small parties of Moseby's, White's, or Gilmore's men were seen in different places, but they caused us no delay.



They were on the alert, however, and probably knew a great deal about the purpose of that grand movement of those two great armies which was already begun. At Gaines' cross-roads, the entrance to Chester Gap, I detached and left Capt. Paul Chadbourne with his company, I. to observe and report to me whatever of importance might happen. I then proceeded to Little Washington. On the way there I detached and posted a second observing party. On arriving at Little Washington I selected a detachment of one hundred of the strongest horses, and pushed it forward under a field officer (two field officers went, Lieut. Col. Boothby and Maj. Brown), to Sperryville, the entrance to Thornton Gap, with orders to return as soon as practicable. At the same time I sent Lieut. Harris, of Co. F, with an escort of twelve men, back to Sulphur Springs with a report to the brigade commander of our progress and all that I had done, and also that I should return to Sulphur Springs as soon as the detachment returned from Sperryville.

That detachment returned a little before sunset, with nothing of special interest to report. I assigned to it one hour in which to unsaddle, groom, feed, and make coffee. At the end of the hour we started homeward, just a little before dark. On our way we picked up the last party that we left on the outward march, and made no other halt till we reached Gaines' cross-roads. Capt. Chadbourne had seen Lieut. Harris and party pass that point on their way in. He had nothing else of importance to report. I then decided to send Capt. Chadbourne, with a detachment that had had most rest during the day, to Sulphur Springs at once with another report, and put the rest of the tired command into camp near Amisville to rest till morning.

Capt. Chadbourne and his detachment therefore took the lead, and the rest of the command followed. It was some five miles to the proposed camping-place. As we drew quite near to it and to the town of Amisville, Capt. Chadbourne's advance guard was briskly fired upon, and some of the men came back to the head of the column, where I was riding, in confusion. I supposed that the attack had been made by a party of guerillas who might have observed our going out, and were waiting in ambush for our return. In a few moments, however, Capt. Chadbourne came back and reported to me that a large force was in our front; that he was on higher ground, and could see their camp-fires far and wide. There were two dwellings near by, one on each side of the road, in which some poor white folks continued to live. Inquiries were made at those houses as to the troops in camp, and information was obtained that "A. P. Hill's corps has been going into camp about Amisville since three o'clock."

I at once deployed the two front companies to be in readiness to meet any attack. At the same time I ordered Lieut. Col. Boothby to go to the rear of the column, instruct the captains while passing them to face their companies about, and conduct the column back to Gaines' cross-roads. Upon arriving at the cross-roads he was to put out a picket on the Culpepper road, find a guide who could conduct us across the country to Orleans, and then wait till I joined him. As soon as the column got well out of the way, I caused the two deployed companies to withdraw and follow it, and with a small party I followed in rear. We crossed a small creek and stopped to tear up the bridge over it, when a squad of the enemy



that was pursuing suddenly came upon us in the dark. We captured two of them and took them along with us.

On arriving at the cross-roads I found that Boothby had secured a colored boy some fourteen years old for a guide. The boy said he had never been to Orleans, but "know the way most thar. It is only a hog-path part way." It was now midnight, and we were cut off by the rebel army, but were not in any immediate danger of being captured. If we had thought only of our own escape we would have gone through Chester Gap towards Front Royal, thence through Manassas Gap, and thus back to our army by a long and safe detour. But we were the possessors of most important information relating to the welfare of our army. If Gen. Meade remained at Rappahannock Station during the twelfth, then we knew that Lee was fully abreast of him in a race for his communications to his rear. And had we known then the fact that three of our army corps had actually recrossed the river and marched toward Culpepper on that day, we would have been even more strongly impressed with the necessity of reporting promptly. Our object, therefore, was to get back to our army by the shortest line; to graze the enemy as closely as possible and not get caught. We were on the south side of the north branch of the Rappahannock, which we had always crossed near Amisville or at Sulphur Springs, and were now cut off from both those fords. It was therefore necessary to find a new route across the head waters of the river, through a few miles of wooded country wholly unknown to us, and at midnight, too. Hence we were very glad to accept the guidance of the little contraband who "knew the way most thar," even by a "hog-path part of the way."

No time was lost. I ordered the column to start, remained behind myself to see the picket called in, and then followed in rear. We had not gone far before the hog-path was realized. The way was narrow, but not straight. Without orders the fours became twos, then the twos dissolved, till nearly the whole column was stretched out in single file. The head of the column could do well enough, because it could slow up at a bad place and increase the gait where the road was better. The rear, however, had a different experience. Just as it might quicken its pace to make up lost distance, it would perhaps get doubled up and huddled together into a most awkward jam upon those in front who had slackened their pace at a bad place. Only cavalry men can appreciate the situation. The two prisoners became a burden, and I abandoned them in the woods.

By some accident and coincidence two carbines were discharged somewhere in the column almost at the same instant. I thought that by some chance the front had struck the enemy, but soon became reassured, because the column did not halt. Those two shots awoke queer emotions, and I heard the circumstance referred to more than once afterward.

In due time our little guide announced to those who had him in charge that he did not know the way any further. He had got to the outer edge of his little world. Then the column halted for the colonel to make his way to the front. He had been unable to pass it in the woods while it was moving. The march was resumed, and we soon came to a country house, which seemed to us to be as much out of place and lost as we were. We roused a corpulent white man past middle age, but not old. He could not decide

whether we were from the north or from the south, and we did not tell him for a while. I questioned him very closely as to direction and distance of every place, also as to the roads and the prominent objects upon them. I then gave him a twenty-dollar greenback, promised him a horse to ride home on, and told him to guide us to Orleans. My giving him money was unnecessary and a very simple performance on my part, which I have never been especially proud of, but it indicates my gratitude for a guide that night.

Upon arriving at Orleans we were on a road that leads to Warrenton *via* Waterloo, a route, however, too near Amisville and the rebel camps to venture over. I learned from the guide of a more obscure road by which we could pass Waterloo farther to the north and reach the Warrenton turnpike at a point farther east. The guide conducted us by that road, and when we had got well beyond Waterloo, and the rebel camp-fires were well in our rear, I dismissed our second guide, giving him the horse that he had been riding. At his request I waited till he concealed himself and his horse in a piece of woods, to remain while the column was passing, because he said "those soldiers in the rear will not let me take this horse if they see him." It is quite possible that he was right. Soon after dismissing the guide we reached the Warrenton turnpike.

Our route thus far had been chosen upon the supposition and hope that our forces were still at Warrenton; and as we drew nearer the town, speculation was rife at the head of the column as to the probabilities of the case. I was hoping and rather expecting every moment to encounter the pickets of some of our forces. We were descending a hill through a thin belt of timber, when suddenly there was disclosed, in the immediate front of the advance guard and just to the right of the turnpike, a camp of cavalry, all asleep, apparently. The column halted, and Maj. Thaxter, of the regiment, without my knowledge, quickly rode into the camp, and, sitting upon his horse in the very midst of the sleeping soldiers, called out: "What regiment is this?" A man raised his head and replied: "The Twelfth." "The Twelfth what?" asked the major. "The Twelfth Virginia, you d—n fool!" was the Virginian's indignant reply. The major returned even more quickly than he went, and in a very loud whisper reported, "Colonel! colonel! it is the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry!" In the meantime I had called for a volunteer to ride into camp and determine the matter, and was just instructing him what to do and how to do it, when Maj. Thaxter so unexpectedly reported his discovery.

We then concluded, as was afterwards shown to be true, that the main body of rebel cavalry was still in our front. This Twelfth regiment that we had run into was in a place of supposed safety, being between the main body of their cavalry and a corps of their infantry. There was no one stirring in camp, not even a camp guard. It is very possible that we might have captured the whole regiment. But capturing regiments was not in our line just then. We had just as much elephant already as we wanted to carry.

I ordered the fence to be thrown down on the north side of the road, and headed the column northward over fields, pastures, stone walls, woods, high lands and low lands. Before the rear of the column left the road the Twelfth was considerably astir, but did not pursue.

New Baltimore was northeast from us, and there is a turnpike from War-

renton to that town. It was possible that the enemy had advanced even to that place. I therefore desired to proceed parallel with the turnpike, at a distance from it, in order that we might approach New Baltimore from the northwest by the Thoroughfare Gap road, and thus avoid the possibility of again being cut off by the enemy. We had no apprehension of being captured, because we had an open country to the northward, and could make a safe detour in that direction from any point: but, as before stated, we wanted to return to our army by the quickest and shortest line, to tell it what we knew; yet we could not incur the risk of being cut off again at New Baltimore, because it would be daylight before we could get there.

It was about three o'clock in the morning when we run into the Twelfth, and took a new departure across the country. There was no moon, and it was more or less cloudy all night. Yet it was not a very dark night. I think more or less stars were visible all the time. We picked our way as best we could for several miles, and came to a fine-looking plantation house surrounded by trees, whose shade made the entrance through the enclosure quite dark.

A loud rap brought an elderly and refined appearing gentleman, accompanied by a colored boy, who may have reached his teens, to the door. In the dark they could not tell who nor how many we were. I learned from the gentleman that our cavalry had retired through Warrenton, followed by the rebel cavalry, the day before, and that considerable fighting had been done. I also learned that we were about a mile northwest of the Warrenton and New Baltimore turnpike, and that we were then on a road by which we could approach the latter place from the northwest, as desired. We took the colored boy for our third guide, who conducted us by the indicated route, and we reached New Baltimore between daylight and sunrise—a "bright, rosy morning." The only person discovered was one rebel cavalry man, riding over a hill beyond the town in the direction of Warrenton. He had probably availed himself of the opportunity to visit home or his sweetheart for a night. We passed through the little town and took the turnpike in the direction of Gainesville. We came to rising ground from which the turnpike in our rear could be seen a long distance, and upon which a patch of corn had been cut up and shocked. Here we formed line faced to the rear, fed our horses, and unsaddled and groomed them by detachments. Many of the men made coffee.

After an hour's rest we resumed the march by the shortest route to Bristol Station. I despatched Maj. Brown, of the regiment, to find and report to proper authorities our discoveries. He found army headquarters at Catlett's Station. As soon as it was discovered there who he was, where he had been, and what he knew, he became quite a lion, and he knew how to make the most of the situation. At a subsequent interview with Gen. Meade, he emphasized to me the great value of the information which I had sent him by Maj. Brown at that time. For two days he had not received any reliable information of the movements of the rebel infantry, and was worried and annoyed in consequence. He blamed our cavalry for inefficiency, while in fact, as it subsequently appeared, the cavalry had done, and was doing, its best. The two cavalry forces were fiercely contending on the thirteenth for the ground between the two armies, and each became a curtain to conceal the infantry, which the other could not penetrate.

Continuing our march, we arrived in the vicinity of Bristow Station about midday. We selected a comfortable place, and abandoned ourselves to rest and sleep. The next morning we crossed the railroad, but remained in the vicinity of Bristow most of the day, watching the interminable wagon trains hastening to the rear through Brentsville. In the afternoon A. P. Hill's corps arrived at Bristow Station and gave battle to our second corps, which lasted till after dark. Before dark we moved back to Manassas Junction, where we waited and observed the retreating columns of our infantry till late in the night. We did not make any special effort to find our command. The army was retreating, and our division might come to us sooner than we could go to it.

Near midnight the last of our infantry passed us. Our cavalry division was passing to the rear below us, at Union Mills, but we did not know it then. So we resumed the march, and followed the infantry across Bull Run to the higher ground toward Centreville.

As soon as we crossed Bull Run we were among the camps of the infantry, much to their indignation. Infantry men never had much use for cavalry except when the latter was well to the front, between them and the enemy. It was a mortal offence for cavalry to cross their line of march, or to invade their camps. On this occasion we were orphans, or rather vagrants, and did not belong to anybody. We therefore meekly picked our way among their bivouacs until we found a space large enough to form on and dismount. The cavalry men then quickly sought their beds beneath their horses' heads, each with an arm or leg through the bridle for a hitching post. Next morning, however, found us surrounded by many friends, among whom I especially and pleasantly remember, was Col. Frank Heath, of Maine.

During the forenoon we learned that our division was in the vicinity of Union Mills and Fairfax Station; and we had started for the latter place to join it, when we were met by Gen. Warren, who gave me orders to turn back, advance to Manassas, or beyond, until we found the enemy, and capture some prisoners, if we could. I was to send frequent reports back to him. We advanced to Manassas, and met the rebel cavalry just at Fort Beauregard. We skirmished with them, and held them in check till they brought some artillery to the front. We then fell back slowly to Bull Run again. Our batteries behind Bull Run opened upon the advancing enemy at long range, and an artillery duel and considerable skirmishing followed.

Soon after we met the enemy at Fort Beauregard I noticed a young staff officer, a stranger to me, near the skirmish line. I asked him if he had any orders to communicate, or suggestion to make, and he courteously answered that he had not, but only wished to observe. I soon forgot him. Perhaps I did not even learn his name at the time. Since then, however, he became my friend, and, for a time, my commanding officer, and recalled to me that occasion of our first meeting. He is Brig. Gen. R. S. McKenzie.

The same evening we marched to Fairfax Station, where we arrived at a late hour. The next morning, the sixteenth, after an absence of four days, we rejoined our division, and drew our forage and rations amidst congratulations and honors. We had been officially reported as captured.

We marched all day the tenth, all day the eleventh, all day and night the twelfth, were cut off twice by the enemy, and employed three guides. We

marched all day the thirteenth, were moving all day and night the fourteenth, and were marching and fighting all day the fifteenth.

The adventures and misfortunes of Lieut. Harris and his party, who were sent back from Little Washington with despatches, should go on record as a portion of this expedition. The party passed Amisville before Gen. Hill's corps arrived there; but when they reached Jefferson, near Sulphur Springs, they encountered the rebel cavalry. They then retraced their steps to return to the regiment again, but before they reached Amisville they met the rebel infantry, and were thus hemmed in between the two forces. Lieut. Harris avoided detection, took his men into some thick pines, and concealed horses and men, unsaddling, and to all appearances going into camp, to make it appear, should any of the enemy visit the locality, that they were rebs, and at home. In a short time two of those restless geniuses who visit freely from one camp to another paid the little party a visit, and were taken prisoners right within their own camp. When night came on Lieut. Harris and his men cut up their saddles and bridles and turned the horses loose, and then fell into line, and with the two prisoners took the road and marched out without being challenged, going across the river into the country northward. The next morning they met White, with a small party of his scouts, who demanded their surrender. Lieut. Harris took position behind a stone wall and opened fire, displaying the two prisoners from the top of the wall, and challenged the enemy to shoot. White evidently took in the situation, because he passed on. Lieut. Harris then proceeded to the vicinity of Thoroughfare Gap, where he met Moseby with a large force, to whom he had to surrender, after a sharp skirmish. Upon surrendering, Lieut. Harris was compelled, at the muzzle of a pistol, to give up his watch; but upon arriving at headquarters he reported the fact of the robbery of his person, and the watch was returned. The lieutenant's feet becoming sore he refused to walk further, and an old horse was procured, upon which he was mounted. He had told the boys he should never go to prison, and they must look out for themselves.

The party was taken into the mountains and treated very

well for a few days, and then back to Sulphur Springs, where they arrived one night after dark. There was the old camping-ground, which the regiment had left only about thirty-six hours previous, and Lieut. Harris knew the place well. They were taken to an old deserted farm-house, where he had been before, and he knew the hall led through the house from the front to the back door. The entrances, both front and rear, were rather high, and the steps of the rear door had been taken away, leaving it quite inaccessible. The door was too high for one to jump from to the ground with safety, especially in the dark. The captives were shown into the front door of this house, and ordered to go into a room one side of the hall. The men did as they were bid, but Lieut. Harris, who was in the rear, slipped quietly through the hall in the dark, lowered himself to the ground from the back door, and concealed himself in some tall weeds. The captors soon produced a light to identify their prisoners, when behold! the officer was not there. A search was instituted, but without avail. The lieutenant heard them searching for him, and swearing vengeance upon his head. He travelled some days, often calling upon the negroes who were at work in the fields to bring him food, which they seemed glad to do, promising not to betray him. By the aid of a map, after five days' tramp he found his way back to the Union lines, much fatigued, reaching them at Gen. John C. Caldwell's headquarters; and as the general was a townsman and a relative, he found there rest and refreshment, and then joined the regiment, having been absent about two weeks. During his absence the rebel army retreated again to the Rapahannock, tearing up the railroad as it went, and the Union army in turn advanced again to Warrenton Junction, where he entered the lines.

Maj. Thaxter, at the reunion in Auburn, 1883, thus told the story of his visit to the rebel camp during this reconnoissance:—

Our president has narrated an incident which perhaps it will be well for me to refer to. One of the most important reconnoissances, I think, that was ever made by any regiment during our war, or during any war, was that to which he referred. It was important in its long continuance, in the fatigue endured by man and beast, and perhaps important in its results to

the commanding officer of our army. It was not in those great battles that are so well known in history that the cavalry regiments saw their severest service: it was in their long protracted reconnoissances, in their raids, in their picketings, in their bivouacs, in all the daily routine of army life. It was these that told upon men, and showed what kind of soldiers there were in this regiment.

Our president has given the substance of the story which he has asked me to tell you. Gen. Meade was in doubt where the rebel army was, and of course it was necessary to ascertain. Early one bright, crispy, October morning, when everything was beautiful and bright, we left our camp. I remember of noticing how clearly defined were the outlines of the Blue ridge as we marched towards it. When we reached Little Washington we sent a detachment ahead while the rest of us rested there. When the detachment returned we took up our march back, not knowing that anything had interposed in our rear to interfere with our returning the way we came. About ten o'clock at night we reached a place called Amisville, where we found our passage intercepted by Hill's corps, so we were obliged to make a detour to get by them. About two o'clock in the morning we saw before us a large number of fires, which I took to be the camp-fires of our troops, and I supposed that all we had to do was to proceed, and that we would soon meet our own pickets in the road. The colonel was of a more cautious turn of mind, and was quite unwilling to have his command go on. I, without any knowledge that he intended to halt, went ahead with the advance guard, expecting every moment that we should meet our pickets in the road. Soon the advance guard stopped; but I, in my confidence that I was soon to meet our own troops, kept on. Not meeting any pickets in the road, when I got opposite the encampment I turned into the field where it was, and went towards it. The first sight of the encampment, the horses and their accoutrements, convinced me that I was in the wrong camp; but, in order to make sure, I rode up beside a man who had a shelter tent thrown over him, for it was a chill October morning, and endeavored to wake him, but he was very soundly asleep, and I could not wake him. I rode a short distance on, to another one, and shook him and spoke to him, and finally succeeded in waking him. He was very cross to think he had been waked. I asked him what regiment it was, and he said "The Twelfth." I asked him, "Twelfth what?" There was but one of the southern states that sent twelve regiments of cavalry into the field, and he was somewhat surprised at my question, and not wishing to be further bothered, he said, "The Twelfth Virginia, you d—d fool." I told him it was all right, and turned to leave. Just then a sentinel in the camp shouted to me to "Halt!" but it was dark, and I knew there would be no danger in my attempting to leave the camp, and I did so. As soon as I regained the road I went on at as rapid a pace as a horse that had been thirty hours under the saddle could go. I found the colonel about where I had left the advance guard, making arrangements with a couple of men to go up to this camp and find out who they were. I said to him, "Colonel, that is the Twelfth Virginia up there." He had no occasion for the services of those men, and we immediately turned off to our left and made another detour, going around the town of Warrenton. This part of the country was very familiar to us, and ten o'clock the next day

brought us to our friends. The colonel immediately sent to headquarters and reported the results of the reconnoissance to the general in command, who, I have no doubt, regarded it as important information. I am sorry that I have taken so much time in relating this; but really I consider this one of the most remarkable reconnoissances of the war, in the length of time the men were in the saddle, showing the ability, not only of the men of the regiment, but of the horses, to endure fatigue. I have often thought if somebody would write a history of the achievements of the horses in the war it would be interesting.

Col. Cilley, in his remarks at the gathering of the comrades of the regiment in Boston, in November, 1886, thus spoke of the exhaustion on this reconnoissance: —

My personal experience during that twenty-four hours in the saddle has been called for. Whatever my personal experience may have been, I can say that my personal feelings on that occasion were immense, and may be pertinent in showing the weariness of that long ride, though it is fair to say I was not in good physical condition; that the wound in my arm was not fully healed, and I was fresh from staff duty in Washington, with only one qualification that gave assurance of conquering the resources of Virginia, — an appetite that was the astonishment and standing joke of my brother officers.

On the return march my battalion was in the advance. It was dark and quite late. Col. Smith had determined to bivouac and wait till morning, and said: "You have recently done picket duty in this vicinity, and can select a place for encampment." When, to our astonishment, we found the enemy we had searched for all day, I think our feelings were very much like the old lady's who had formed the habit and had for forty years looked under her bed every night to find a burglar, and at last one night there were his boots and there was the man. She hastened down stairs to her husband, who had been delayed, and excitedly exclaimed: "A burglar is under our bed!" Her husband coolly replied: "No wonder you are happy, my dear. You have found what you have been looking for during forty years."

I will not repeat what we did next, but come to the part that relates to my feelings. As the regiment moved off, left in front, my battalion took the rear. In order to observe what the enemy might do, I took position in rear of my battalion. Now the rear in the daytime and on a good road is not a desirable place when the column moves at a rapid walk; but at night, through by-ways and woods, and over fords and other obstacles, the rear is a most awful place. Every obstacle would cause each set of fours to string out into twos or in single file, and thus multiply by four the time needed to pass such obstructions, increasing arithmetically toward the rear, and then close up at a trot with the same ratio of time. It may be well that daylight should never shine on the darkness and disorder of the rear of that night. I think it was only equalled by the disorder and blackness of the rear that caused the horse which bore our wounded acting adjutant, Tobie, to the rear on the day at Farmville to fall dead at the sight, and induced

the limping adjutant to return to the front and solemnly remark: "Let me die here, colonel; I shall not go to the rear again, even if I am hit in both boots."

I rode a brown horse named Bug, compactly built, which I knew would carry me as long as any man in the regiment was carried. He had an easy-going lope, but his trot was terrible. And a trot was the only gait he could use over the rough roads of that night. I tried to ride so I would go up twice to every going down once; but my feelings gave me to understand that I went down twice to every time I rose once. Col. Joe Peaks expressed very forcibly my feelings, when on the staff of Gov. Connor at the muster at Brunswick, when the staff at sharp pace followed the governor on the main street to the Tontine Hotel. He rode a hard-trotting, green horse, and bore it as long as he could, when he unbottled himself with: "Pound! pound! d — n you!" Since that memorable night I have never heard the word "rear" mentioned without a strong temptation to swear.

At one time during the night I dismounted and stood near my horse, and when the column started he followed. I found I could hardly walk, and was obliged to call to some comrade to bring the horse back to me. I felt a little alarmed at my condition, and worked my way to the front, where the marching is always easier, and reached the front just as Maj. Thaxter returned from his visit to the rebel camp, where, from the natural kindness of his disposition, he thanked a man for calling him "a d — n fool."

I lived several ages that night; and when the halt for rest came the next morning at New Market, I dismounted, after a fashion, to find I could not stand on my feet. Short rest, and again in the saddle till near noon, when we halted in open field, and I found a bush some two feet high, put my head in the shade of that, and went to sleep. The command slept an hour or so. When I woke up the sun was shining hot upon my head, and I was suffering from a violent headache.

That night we bivouacked near the road on which the wagon trains were moving. Noise and shouting all night. The accompanying stream of stragglers and train guards would swing in and out over our resting-place, and kept the headquarter guard in constant motion and the officers growling most of the night. The next day we marched in various directions, took up various positions, and were in supporting distance when the heavy volleys rose and fell and filled all the air at Bristow Station. At night our regiment, still separate from its brigade, bivouacked at the western side of Bull Run stream till midnight, when we were informed that all the infantry had passed that stream, and that safety demanded we should take post on the other side.

We crossed. In darkness and rain we searched for room to encamp. Two or three places were tried, but it brought part of our regiment into this general's headquarters, or the grounds of that division, till at last we found a place, and had a short time for more sleep. The next day again to the front, to develop the enemy's designs and ascertain what was in front. We had quite a prolonged skirmish, which was sharp at times. Lieut. Coleman sang out at one time as though hit and wounded badly, and through his blouse could be seen the holes of a bullet. I turned to

help him, and found the bullet had passed directly across his back, but had not torn his flesh.

The ford across the stream was a devious one; and wishing to do something and to have an opportunity to rest, I sat on my horse in the midst of the stream and directed the men how to cross. The enemy had a cross-fire on this ford, and it was quite lively there; but I felt too tired to move, and remained till our regiment had all passed. We were then held in reserve and marched to this place and that, and at night moved towards Fairfax Station. I was now aching from head to foot. After several halts to find suitable grounds, we went into camp near the station. McFarland helped me from my horse, and I rolled up in a blanket by a log. He afterwards brought me some coffee, but I told him not to touch or come near me. I awoke the next morning powerless to move, and with acute diarrhoea. There was a shanty near by. To this my men carried me. It had one room, and was occupied by an Irishman and his wife. I made a bargain for the privilege of occupying a lounge made of rough boards, on which I placed my blanket.

Soon an angel of mercy came in the form of Mrs. Sampson, and gave me a bottle of Santa Cruz rum and some old newspapers; and for the next few days I have little remembrance of what took place, or what time elapsed. I never felt like lying so perfectly still, with the necessity of getting up constantly and regularly. But the Santa Cruz rum relieved my pains, and the newspapers were useful. In less than a week I could not distinguish one day from another, yet when the regiment moved I went on duty with it; but good Lord deliver me from such exhaustion again.

When the regiment reached Bristow Station at noon of the thirteenth, the men had been in their saddles almost continuously for more than thirty-six hours, and had marched from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five miles. This was, indeed, a splendid reconnoissance, although not a gun was fired by the adventurous force, and it required great caution and perseverance to escape from the snare into which the little force had fallen. And the escape was something more than mere good luck. From the time the command reached Amisville on the return, Col. Smith had never a doubt of getting out; it was only a question of how to get out best, and convey the information obtained to headquarters the soonest; how to get around the enemy before daylight; and every movement was deliberately planned and executed. The regiment lost twenty-three men on this expedition; twelve captured while bearing despatches, and the remainder by their horses giving out, and also lost thirty horses.

A private of Co. A, who was overpowered by sleep while the

regiment was halted near Warrenton, and who failed to awake when the regiment started, was aroused at daylight by the rebel drums and bugles, and being ignorant of the fact that the enemy was about him, as well as of the route the regiment took, confidently mounted his horse and rode into Warrenton. He soon discovered into what sort of company he had fallen; and drawing his overcoat about him to conceal his blue uniform, he shuffled along on a Virginia-gaited horse, unsuspected by the rebel cavalry that occupied the town. He avoided the pickets by making a circuit, and reached the Union lines in safety.

Peter Como, of Co. K, had the misfortune to have his horse go down under him when the advance was attacked near Amisville; but he had no idea of being taken prisoner, having always had a fear of that, thinking that he might be taken for a mulatto and shot (he had a very dark complexion, and it was generally understood had Indian blood in him), and handing his arms and equipments to his more fortunate comrades, he ran along on foot. He was soon lost sight of in the darkness, but when morning dawned he made his appearance, well worn out with his cruel trip, and was at once mounted and cared for. It was a wonderful feat, and required marvellous powers of endurance; and it is doubtful if another man in the regiment could have gone through the same experience.

Sergt. Smith, of Co. K, at the reunion in Portland, 1874, thus told a story concerning this expedition, "dedicated, without permission, to Maj. Brown":—

On our famous ride to Little Washington, the regiment was under the command of Col. Smith, the leading battalion under a major. Co. K, with Capt. Myrick, was at the head of the column; a part of K, as advance guard, under Lieut. Ford, and Peter Como and myself several rods in advance of all. The colonel was of course anxious to get over the road as fast as possible; but as Peter and I wended our way as fast as we thought safe, we would see at every turn and cut in the road, and behind the angles of the stone walls, men with guns in their hands, that we knew too well were after a shot at us, consequently we would halt to investigate. Then the colonel would find fault with the major, the major with the captain, the captain with Lieut. Ford, and he with us. Then the major would come galloping up, and demand of Peter and me what in thunder we were afraid of, all of which was very annoying to Peter and me. After repeating this several times, we came around a turn in the road, and saw on the right hand side of the road,

some distance in front of us, a large house, with quite a thick hedge on the side next to us, and at right angles with the road. As we had seen armed men come out of every house on the way thus far, we naturally halted now to take a look about: and as we did so saw a platoon of men run round the corner of the house by file, and come into line just behind the hedge, ready to dispute our advance. Just as the last files were disappearing behind the hedge, the gallant major came dashing up, and saw them himself, with their guns glistening in the sun. "There," said he, "you have found something definite at last, and I am glad of it. Now we'll have something to do!" With rapid movements, flashing eye and emphatic orders, he moved Co. K to one side of the road (they having been in advance all day were to be held in reserve), brought up the next two companies, and tearing down the stone wall on the left of the road, placed them in line behind a hill that rose conveniently there, where they could not be seen from the enemy's line. Then with visions of glory and renown flitting through his active brain, he gave his instructions. He was to ride alone to the top of the hill, where he could see the whole field of action, and if the enemy were not in too heavy force, raise his hat, when the two squadrons were to charge up the hill, and on around the rear of the house and hedge, Co. K was to stand fast, while the fourth squadron charged up the road, and thus surround and capture the entire party. All this was arranged quicker than I can tell it, and the major started; and as he proudly and fearlessly rode up the hill, he seemed at least two inches taller than ever before, and I fancied I saw him glance at the strap on his shoulder, to see if the gold leaf was not already turning to silver. He reached the top, took in the situation at a single glance, and gave the signal. Forward went the three squadrons, as the First Maine ever went when called on, up over the hill in almost perfect line, down across the slope, with the gallant major still far in advance: then sweeping around the house as the other squadron came charging up the road, they completely surrounded about seven little colored children, from two to three feet high, and frightened them almost to death!

During the skirmish near Bull Run on the fifteenth, Surg. Stevens wanted to hear the minnies whistle, just to see how it would seem: and, though advised by the hospital steward to forbear the pleasure, persisted in his determination and went out toward the contesting lines, until he was met by Col. Smith, who ordered him to go to the rear and take care of himself. The tone and manner of the colonel led the doctor to believe there might be some danger as well as all pleasure in this scientific research, and he lost no time in obeying. After crossing the run, however, his old curiosity returned and overcame him, and he halted. He had been there but a few moments when a partially spent bullet struck the horse of the steward who had accompanied the surgeon, and it was wonderful how

suddenly the latter became aware of the fact that his services might be wanted "if some of those poor boys should get hurt." And saying, with due army emphasis, "We must get out of this," he was off with all speed, the steward sending after him, as a parting solace: "Don't be alarmed; we are not in imminent danger."

When the regiment got home with the brigade again, on the sixteenth, it was learned that both Gen. and Col. Gregg had given the regiment up for lost; and so sure were they of this, that orders had been issued to draw no rations or forage for the First Maine, as they had fallen into the enemy's hands.

Gen. Meade, in General Orders No. 97, Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Centreville, October 17, 1863, bears testimony to "the activity, zeal and gallantry of the whole cavalry corps, and to the efficient and arduous services rendered in all the recent operations from Rapidan to Centreville."

The rebel army had gone as far north as Gen. Lee thought advisable, evidently not caring to risk a third battle on the old Bull Run field, and was now taking the back track, while Gen. Meade was following it up closely. The regiment remained in the vicinity of Fairfax Station two or three days, and then, with the brigade, brought up the rear of the army in its advance, reaching Gainesville as escort for a large train on the twenty-first, Warrenton about midnight that night, and Fayetteville on the twenty-third. On the twenty-third the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry went on a scout toward the Rappahannock, found the enemy at Bealton, and engaged them. As soon as the firing commenced, Col. Smith was ordered to move out with the First Maine to the support of the Second, and to assume command. He did so, but this regiment was not engaged. The Second pressed the enemy to the vicinity of Rappahannock Station, where Col. Smith stopped the advance, and threw out a strong picket line. As soon as the line was established the whole command was ordered back, and found the force had been moved back a couple of miles toward Warrenton. Next day Col. Smith was ordered to take the same two regiments and repeat the operation. This time the Second drove the enemy as before, while the First Maine moved on the flank toward Beverly ford.

This time the picket line was formed and remained there. During this skirmish Lieut. Smith, of Co. I, was wounded in the arm, and his horse was killed. The force that Col. Smith developed at Rappahannock Station was the same force that the Sixth corps had the engagement with a few days later.

The regiment remained in the vicinity of Fayetteville, picketing the Rappahannock in the vicinity of Freeman's ford, scouting, etc., until November eighth; and while here a little picket incident occurred which is well worthy to go on record, as illustrating the feeling existing between the pickets of the two armies. At the ford the Union and Confederate pickets were very near together, and conversation between them was freely indulged in when the officers of either side were not within hearing. One day a rebel picket wanted to come over and trade with the Yankee picket of this regiment for a knife, and the latter promised him a safe return. Over he came, and the two had a cordial greeting, and were haggling as to the amount of rebel tobacco that would purchase a Yankee knife, when who should come along but the officer of the day. He at once ordered the gray visitor under arrest, but the Yankee picket said: "No; I promised him if he would come over he should go back, and he is going. I am to blame in this matter, and not he; if any one is to be punished, let it be I." He then explained the matter to the officer, who, knowing him to be a good soldier, finally decided to let the rebel picket go this time, but warned him not to get caught again in that way. The Yankee, in speaking of this afterwards, said: "Well, I always did want to shake the hand of a real live rebel before he had been tamed, and now I have done it I am satisfied."

On the seventh there were sounds of heavy cannonading in the direction of Rappahannock Station, where a battle was being fought, and that night the pickets in front of the regiment disappeared. The morning of the eighth the pickets were called in, and the regiment took up the line of march to Morrisville, taking a look at Bealton again on the way. The regiment remained in this vicinity, picketing in rear and on the left of the army, doing a very little scouting and some drilling, until the twenty-fourth. During this short season of comparative

rest the boys enjoyed themselves finely. The picketing was not hard; that is to say, there were generally men enough to make four or more reliefs. The weather was for the most part fine, though a little inclined to be cold, and one morning (tenth) the boys tried to make fun of packing up their goods and chattels with about an inch of snow frozen to everything, and there was more sociability around the cheerful camp-fires, when camp-fires first began to be needed for comfort, and the regiment was expecting all the time to move, than at any other time. The boys would gather around the fires and talk and laugh and joke, and put in such big rations of real enjoyment those evenings as were unknown when the closer winter quarters kept them more in their own houses, or the warmer weather made fires necessary only for cooking. The regiment was on picket at United States and Richardson's fords, some distance down the Rappahannock, near Hartwood church and Falmouth, on the tenth and eleventh, and a portion at Crittenden's Mills and Barrett's ford from the thirteenth to the sixteenth, with another portion at Ellis' ford at the same time, beside occasional bursts of picketing in the rear of the camp, standing camp guard mounted, serving as guard for trains, etc.

While at Ellis' ford a patrol of half a dozen men was sent to Kemper's ford, a distance of two or three miles through the woods, every four hours, night and day, to keep a sort of watch over that ford. It was a lonesome ride, but nothing unpleasant occurred. One night the sergeant in charge of the midnight patrol, belonging to Co. G, was not feeling very well, and requested a corporal, who was not on detail just then, to make the trip for him. The corporal, who had been over the route in the daytime, readily agreed to relieve his comrade, and away he went. On arriving at the ford and finding everything quiet, the corporal said to his men, "Boys, there's a pile of cabbages in that garden (pointing to a house near by); if you want some of them, two or three of you may go and get some, and I'll wait for you; and while you are about it, you may bring me one or two, also." The patrol carried back ten or a dozen of those cabbages, and while enjoying the eating of them the next day noon, the officer in command of the company came down upon

them fiercely. The woman who owned the garden had been to headquarters with a terrible story of vandalism on the part of the patrol the night before. According to her story they had broken down the fence, stolen all the cabbages she had got laid by for the winter (some two hundred, she said), and committed other depredations. This had come down from headquarters through the regular channels, till it got to Co. G, where it naturally stopped. The officer in command was furious, saying his company was getting a powerful reputation for stealing, and it had got to be stopped. He called the sergeant of each patrol to him, and to his surprise, not one of them knew anything about the matter at all; and as he knew nothing about the corporal's going up with the patrol on one trip, he finally, after a right smart of sputtering, became convinced that his company was clear from blame that time, anyhow. All this time the guilty corporal was quietly listening to the remarks of his officer, and eating some of the very cabbage the officer was growling about: and he always averred that neither before nor since did he ever eat cabbage that tasted really good to him, thus proving the truth of the old saying, "Stolen fruit is the sweetest."

On the twenty-fourth of November a forward movement of the whole army was commenced, with the intention of trying once more to whip the rebel forces before going into winter quarters. This movement is written down in history as the "Battle at Mine Run," or the "First Campaign in the Wilderness." The First Maine crossed the Rappahannock at Ellis' ford, and marching to the Rapidan, a portion stood picket that night and the next day at Ely's ford, while the rest went into camp near Richardsville. On the twenty-sixth the Rapidan was crossed, and the division took the left of the army. This was Thanksgiving Day in Maine. The day was cold and raw, and the marching tedious, and the boys will be forgiven if they drew pictures of home as they took their Thanksgiving dinner of cold hard bread and cold water, on a cold day, riding along in the enemy's country, or as they went into camp at night with a prospect of a night of suffering in the open air. But it was wonderful how quickly the cheerful camp-fire and the cup of hot coffee put life and new spirit into them, and how happy they were

half an hour after hearing the welcome order "Go into camp," which was given just after dark near White Hall, while pickets were posted in the direction of Parker's store. The boys slept well that night, and next morning found a heavy frost over everything. The division was in the saddle and on the march early, the First brigade in the advance, passing the Fifth corps by daylight on the Gordonsville plank road, and was soon in the "Wilderness," a large tract of land closely grown with small trees, vines, etc. The advance found the enemy in the forenoon near Hooper's or New Hope church, and immediately engaged him. The skirmish lasted till nearly night, the Second brigade supporting the First, and though not actively engaged, the regiment was within hearing of the minnies and the shells for several long hours. If ever time dragged it was to the boys on that day, as they lay on the ground hour after hour, listening to the sounds of battle in the distance; judging by the varying cheers and yells which side was getting the best of it; expecting every moment to be called into action in the place most needed, and on that very account the worst; encouraged occasionally by seeing the wounded and the killed carried by them to the rear, thus giving them more vivid realization of the horrors of war than they could get in any other way, even by the aid of experience and memory or by being in the battle themselves, because they were now free from excitement and had nothing else to think about; and watching the sounds of the stray bullets and shells as they came over them. Infinitely to be preferred, as far as comfort is concerned, is a position in "the thick of it," to this waiting in expectancy. About an hour before dark the cavalry was relieved by infantry, and the boys settled down into the joyful anticipation of getting a night's sleep.

But sleep was not for the boys of the First Maine, or for a part of them, just yet, for six companies were sent off to the right, under command of Lieut. Col. Boothby, to open communication with Gen. Meade's headquarters. Away they went, through woods and across a large field by the side of woods, till just at dark the advance struck a snag. Just what that snag was did not then appear, but it was composed of armed

men who disputed the passage of the little force. A skirmish line of two companies was formed and sent into the woods, while the rest remained drawn up in fours in the road. For half an hour or so a quite brisk skirmish fire was kept up, the bullets of the opposing force whistling loudly and angrily through the still night air, directly over the heads of the boys in the road, and striking in the trees and fence beyond them. It was no pleasant pastime to sit quietly there during that half hour, though the boys made the best of it, and joked and laughed as best they were able to do. One thing was said that night which shows how men sometimes behave under fire. While the bullets were whistling their crossest, one of the tallest sergeants in the regiment, who was at the head of his company, noticed a large persimmon tree standing near him, and quietly remarked: "There's a persimmon tree, boys; I wish those rebs would load their muskets with persimmons, and *pucker up their muzzles.*" Whoever has eaten half-ripe persimmons will appreciate the remark, and it is needless to say that the danger was forgotten for a moment. Finally, finding there was too strong a force in the woods to allow any communication with army headquarters that night, the attempt was abandoned, and the little force rejoined the rest of the regiment, having suffered no loss, and camped for the night with orders for the whole regiment to start early the next morning and "connect with headquarters anyhow."

The regiment, under command of Col. Smith, was in the saddle early the next morning, and going over the same road the six companies had traversed the night before. About half way to headquarters the advance saw suspicious signs on the right, which were duly reported to Col. Smith. He rode up to the front, and taking out his glass looked long and earnestly, talking in the meantime in a slow, deliberate manner something like this: "There's a couple loose horses — there's some sheep — there's something that looks like a battery — or a single gun, anyhow — I don't think the enemy can be there — but if that's our troops — I don't understand how it happens — that those sheep are unmolested — or those horses — if they are good for anything — I guess if I am going to fight to-day — it will be

about here." Then sending Maj. Thaxter to find out what it all meant, he waited quietly till he saw the major ride right into the face of the battery and start to return, when he was satisfied that all was right, and the column started. A few moments more and the regiment reached the vicinity of the skirmish of the night before, when the advance grasped their carbines more firmly, and there was a general getting ready for contingencies throughout the regiment. Soon an infantry picket was discovered, but he wore *blue*. Salutations were exchanged, and he was found to belong to the Second corps. A few words passed between them, when the cavalry advance inquired if all had been quiet during the night, and received the reply, which he more than half anticipated: "There was a Dutch regiment on picket here the first part of the night, who report that a body of rebel cavalry came along just after dark and tried to go through the lines, but they didn't come it, though they had quite a skirmish." "Any one hurt on your side?" was the next query on the part of the cavalry man, and on receiving a negative answer he didn't feel like saying anything more on that particular subject. It appeared that it was the stupidity of a Dutch regiment that prevented the communication sought the night before, and that the six companies had had a bloodless skirmish with a portion of the Second corps. There was no more difficulty in reaching Gen. Meade's headquarters, then near Richardson's tavern; and after reporting, the regiment was sent back half-way, along the road it had just come, passing quantities of troops on the way, and went on picket. It commenced raining and growing muddy in the forenoon, and the regiment kept picketing and changing position all that day and night, with a bit of a skirmish occasionally, just for variety.

The forenoon of the twenty-ninth the regiment was relieved from picket and sent to the front on a plank road (Cos. H and I, under Lieut. Col. Boothby, making a reconnoissance of the line of battle by order of Gen. Gregg) to picket, though what plank road the boys did not stay long enough to find out; for they had barely settled there and got word that rations would be issued immediately, when the enemy made a dash in rear of

the army, near Parker's store, in hopes of getting away with the supply train, striking the rest of the brigade. The First Maine was ordered to the rescue at a gallop, and found a desperate fight going on, though there seemed to be no pressing need of its services just yet. After waiting in reserve a while, the regiment went back to the picket station it had so suddenly left, and drew fifteen sheets of hard bread to a man, and coffee and sugar in proportion, — about two days' rations, — with no pork (which was ordered to last four days), and then rejoined the brigade and was sent off on picket in the vicinity of its skirmish with the Second corps two nights before, one company furnishing an hourly patrol to Gen. Meade's headquarters. It was very cold, and the mud of midday froze before midnight sufficiently to bear up the horses. But with a big white oak trunk for a back-log, and quantities of rails and clean white oak for fuel, magnificent fires were kept up, and the boys lay side by side in the open air, with their feet to the fire, nor dreamed of the cold. Next morning artillery opened along the whole line, but soon died down, though it was heard at intervals most all day, and at times there were sounds of musketry. This was the battle of Mine Run. The Union forces were in position for a general attack at eight o'clock this morning, but Gen. Warren early discovered that the enemy had changed and strengthened his position during the night by earthworks erected behind a creek, and by cutting down the small trees and twisting them around in such a manner as to make it next to impossible to get through; and deeming it unsafe and unwise to attack in the then condition, so reported to Gen. Meade, and the attempt was abandoned, on account of the strong position and numbers of the enemy, the danger of disaster, and the unusual amount of suffering that would ensue to the wounded should a large battle be fought, and especially should disaster come, in such cold weather, so far from the base of supplies.

The regiment remained on picket all day in the same position, the boys amusing themselves in various ways, some of them getting a good square meal of sweet potato sprouts from a house near the picket line, to the consternation of the owner

thereof, who thus saw his hopes of next year's crop disappear down Yankee throats, and, as a general thing, thinking they were in luck in that engagement. They remained here till the next night (December first), when the reserves were called in to join the regiment and the whole stood "to horse," stealing what sleep they could, expecting every moment to be ordered to start, till two o'clock the next morning, when the regiment moved to Parker's store and took the position of rear guard for the left wing of the army on its withdrawal from the first battle of the "Wilderness." It was a bitter cold night, and the artillery and wagon trains ran easily over the frozen ground where the previous noon their wheels would have sunk to the hubs. The rear guard had no trouble, the army getting across the Rapidan at Ely's ford before noon, and the First Maine getting across half an hour before the advance guard of the enemy appeared on the opposite bank. Half the regiment skirmished in a desultory way, just enough to let the enemy know they had no idea of going any further, till dark, while the remainder marched a couple of miles, and went into camp. Thus ended the campaign proper of the summer of 1863.

During the month of August Co. L, Capt. Taylor, which had been on duty at the headquarters of the First Army corps since the first of the previous November, rejoined the regiment, and about one hundred men of the regiment who had been serving as orderlies at various headquarters were recalled by order, that the regiment might have all its effective force that was possible. From this time, although the men of this regiment were always in demand as orderlies, the details for this purpose were smaller than before. A sketch of the duties and experiences of the men serving on this duty, prepared by Private Augustus D. Brown, of Co. L, who served as an orderly for months, is here presented, in justice to those who thus served:—

One of the most interesting and responsible services in which the members of the First Maine Cavalry were engaged, was that of the mounted orderly, the proper name for whom, and by which he was known in the Confederate army, was "courier," a French term, signifying "swift mes-

senger." From its primary work of carrying despatches from one headquarters to another, this service came to include a variety of duties of more or less importance. The requisites of this service were intelligence, reliability, promptness, and courage. And it was more than hinted that nearly every general of the Army of the Potomac considered his staff incomplete without some of the trusty troopers from Maine for an escort.

Orderly life, especially at brigade and division headquarters, was very enjoyable. The soldier here was not subject to guard or picket duty, nor to the numerous red tape formalities which were always regarded so necessary to good discipline with larger bodies of troops. "Going the grand rounds" of the picket line with the brigade commander was an occasion always looked forward to with interest by the orderly, as then the general was "off his dignity" enough to be on very familiar terms with his escort, and often tendered him kindly courtesies, even "a drink from the same canteen," which were thoroughly appreciated.

The first call for this regiment seems to have had the courier service in view, as the orders to the recruiting officers were to enlist none whose avoirdupois would exceed one hundred and sixty pounds. Then for the first year or more the arms of the regiment were only the sabre and the revolver, which the mounted orderly was always obliged to carry.

Almost as soon as the regiment was assigned to Gen. McDowell's corps on the Rappahannock, a heavy detail was made for headquarter purposes. The orderlies then detailed served with honor through the arduous campaign of Gen. Pope, which ended in the disaster of the second Bull Run, and then in the more inspiring scenes of South Mountain and Antietam. And when, soon after, that gallant soldier, John F. Reynolds, was made commander of the old First corps, the whole of Co. L, Capt. Taylor, and about fifty men from other companies, were ordered to report to him. And with him they remained, performing escort and other duties through his campaigns, until they bore his inanimate form from the first shock of Gettysburg. That Gen. Reynolds had unbounded faith in his Maine orderlies was shown on many occasions, but most conspicuously when one of his division commanders, after having signally failed in making our boys do his dirty work, requested some different men in their places. Gen. Reynolds replied: "Take those men back and use them well; I have always found those First Maine men of the best in my command." It is needless to add that we were all ardently attached to the old Pennsylvanian, and none more sincerely mourned his early fall in the opening of that historic battle, where he was so much needed.

At one time a detail from Co. M were on duty with Gen. Geary, the famous commander of the White Star division of the Twelfth corps, and when they were ordered back to their company, the general wrote a letter to Capt. Brown, commending his orderlies in the highest terms.

In the hour of battle the orderly was omnipresent, and his duties multifarious. On his gallant steed, with his sabre swinging by his side, and his envelop bearing the talismanic letters "O. B." under his belt, he was a privileged character. No provost guard could stop him; he could go where officers of high rank could not. Ofttimes he was obliged to perform the duties of a staff officer, especially on occasions where the rebs were "getting

careless in their firing," and in a few instances he was obliged to go inside the enemy's lines as a scout.

Anon he is sent to the picket line with a message, as was the case with Rufus Clayton, of Co. L, at Chancellorsville, who, while hunting for the line in the dense wilderness, in the dead hours of the night, was suddenly halted by a rebel picket, he having unconsciously gone through his own line.

Private Ebenezer Johnson, of Co. L, was a marked character, made so by the fact that he was equally at home in leading a prayer meeting or a charge upon the enemy. At the battle of Fredericksburg, while orderly for a brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserves, he was made a sergeant upon the recommendation of Gen. Taylor, commanding the brigade, for his bravery on that occasion. Next we see him at Gettysburg. Gen. Reynolds has just fallen, and Sergt. Johnson is ordered to ride with all speed to the city and inform Gen. Howard that he is in command. He takes to the railroad grade, runs the gauntlet between the two lines, which are hotly engaged, leaps his horse across a deep culvert, does his errand, and in a few minutes is back again. He and his horse have been hit four times, but are not seriously hurt. Gen. Robinson, in his official report, commends him for his gallantry, and subsequently recommends him to the governor of Maine for a commission.

Private Edwin C. Teague, of Co. K, had a similar experience. He was orderly at the headquarters of Gen. Hartsuff's brigade in 1862. When this brigade met the head of Gen. Longstreet's corps at Thoroughfare Gap, August twenty-eighth, Teague volunteered to carry an order which required his running the gauntlet of a line of rebel skirmishers posted along the side of the gap. He delivered his order, and after resting a few moments under the shelter of the old stone mill, started to return, against the advice of the force there posted. He arrived back at brigade headquarters with a rifle ball in the right leg, and was personally thanked by Col. Stiles, then commanding the brigade, and by Capt. Drake, A. A. A. G., his fearful ride having been in full view of our line. Teague remained on duty in spite of his wound, serving at the second battle of Bull Run, and at Chantilly, and then was sent to the hospital by Dr. Jackson, brigade surgeon.

When that final awful storm of shot and shell burst upon us, which preceded the charge of Gen. Pickett's division, on the third day at Gettysburg, Sergt. Hiram M. Stevens, of Co. L, with four orderlies, took refuge behind a friendly boulder, but in a few moments they were driven out by a major general and his staff, when one of the shrieking missiles severed Private Edward Cunningham's head from his body—the first man killed in action from Co. L.

In August, 1863, when orders came to rejoin the regiment, we may be pardoned if we cast a sigh of regret as we thought of the many associations with, and pleasant memories of, our infantry friends, which will always be green in our hearts. At the same time we were glad to again greet our old comrades, and hoped to share in the glory of the regiment, which had just become renowned at Brandy Station, Aldie, and Middleburg.

Private Brown neglects to say what a comrade says for him. He was orderly at the headquarters of the brigade of Pennsylvania Bucktails, Col. Roy Stone commanding, afterwards known

as Dana's brigade. In the hottest part of the fight at the railroad out on the Chambersburg road, when the brigade was flanked by Rhodes' rebel division, he was sent to the division commander for re-enforcements, and on other duty; and when the brigade fell back through the town, he was the only mounted man left with it, the remainder of the horses being either killed, captured, or sent back. A comrade, then a prisoner, says that he heard the rebel officers urge their men to fire at "that mounted Yankee officer."

Sergt. John B. Drake, of Co. G, while in command of orderlies at the headquarters of Gen. M. R. Patrick, provost marshal general of the Army of the Potomac, performed some very important service for Gen. Meade, shortly after the general assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, and while the army, then on the way to Gettysburg, was near Westminster, Md. The whereabouts of Gen. French were unknown at army headquarters, he having been left in command at Harper's Ferry, and three couriers had been despatched to him with orders to evacuate Harper's Ferry and join the main army, but no word seemed to reach him; at least no answer was returned, and nothing was heard from the couriers. Consequently Gen. Meade called on Gen. Patrick for a man to go to Gen. French. Sergt. Drake detailed three men to report to Gen. Meade for that duty, but the three were rejected by the general, when Gen. Patrick ordered Sergt. Drake to report to him in person. The sergeant did so, and was readily accepted by the general. Upon receiving his orders, which were given him about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the sergeant started on his way to find Gen. French, having detailed James D. Foster, also of Co. G, to accompany him. After a long, hard ride, they found Gen. French about five o'clock in the afternoon, on the way from Harper's Ferry to Frederick City, Md., he having received no orders from Gen. Meade until Sergt. Drake reached him. The sergeant delivered his orders to the general, and immediately returned to headquarters, arriving there at about the time the rebels made the charge on the Third corps and were almost successful in breaking through the Union lines. Headquarters seemed to be scattered, no one seeming to know where Gen.

Meade was, while rumors were in free circulation that he had been killed. Sergt. Drake found the headquarter flag and established headquarters. The members of the staff began to gather about the flag, and finally Gen. Meade found his own headquarters, which had become separated from him.

After the battle of Gettysburg, on taking possession of the town, an old-fashioned thirteen-star flag was displayed from the residence of Gen. H. J. Stahle. The boys, thinking it to be a rebel flag, pulled it down, to which action Gen. Stahle strongly protested, and in the excitement he was put under arrest and turned over to Sergt. Drake, to be taken care of. The sergeant treated him with so much kindness and consideration that Gen. Stahle always remembered it. A few years after the war, when Hon. E. F. Pillsbury was stumping in Pennsylvania during a political campaign, he visited Gettysburg and became acquainted with Gen. Stahle, who spoke of his arrest and imprisonment, expressing the warmest attachment for "a young man from Maine who had charge of him for a few days," and asking Mr. Pillsbury to put a card in his paper, the *Maine Standard*, and see if he could not find the young man. The card was published as requested, and was seen by Sergt. Drake, who responded to it, and quite a happy correspondence between the sergeant and Gen. Stahle was the result.

This incident is related by Chaplain Merrill: "The sad and the ludicrous are sometimes strangely mixed. During the three days' fight at Gettysburg Co. L, Capt. Taylor commanding, was on detached duty at Gen. Newton's headquarters. It is not strange that at the close of the third day's fighting the men were greatly exhausted. When the enemy fell back after their last terrible charge, Private Carlton P. Emery, who had done his duty well, threw himself upon the ground, and in a moment was in a sound sleep. A little later a party came along to bury the dead. Seeing this man stretched upon the ground, and supposing him to be dead, they took his measure and dug his grave; but when they attempted to place him in it, he awoke and objected to the whole proceeding so strenuously that they desisted, and allowed him to have his own way, much to the

amusement of his comrades, who had been all the time looking on, 'laughing in their sleeves.'"

Maj. John D. Myrick, at the reunion in Brunswick, 1882, said: "And there is Sergt. Smith, 'of ours,' who rode unflinchingly into that hell of fire at Gettysburg, where Reynolds fell, when he was the only one left to Gen. Wadsworth of his entire staff and corps of orderlies, and whose conduct that day extorted from the general a recognition of which one might well be proud; the man on whom his officers relied in an emergency as on few others; who, to-day, suffers from the barbarous treatment to which he was subjected in southern prisons; a man, too, who never hesitated nor faltered, no matter how hazardous the duty devolved upon him, and who was every inch a soldier."

A sketch of the services and experiences of Simeon A. Holden, of Co. D, who was wounded while serving as orderly at Upperville, is given in connection with that engagement. Yet all these are but specimen bricks from the hundreds that made up the structure of the orderly service of the members of the First Maine Cavalry.

CHAPTER X.

THE WINTER OF 1863-4.

BUILDING WINTER QUARTERS AT BEALTON. — RE-ENLISTMENTS. — EXPEDITION TO LURAY. — CROSSING THE BLUE RIDGE. — A SPLENDID PICTURE. — SNOW ON THE MOUNTAINS. — AT LURAY. — DESTRUCTION. — OVER THE MOUNTAINS AGAIN. — DESTRUCTION AT SPERRYVILLE. — ANOTHER EXPEDITION. — SEVERE COLD, BAD ROADS, AND INTENSE SUFFERING. — CAPT. TAYLOR'S ENCOUNTER WITH MOSEBY'S MEN. — WINTER QUARTERS IN EARNEST. — COMFORTABLE HABITATIONS. — DUTIES OF THE WINTER. — RECONNOISSANCE TO PIEDMONT. — VETERAN FURLONGHS. — RECRUITS. — GUERRILLAS. — THE "DAHLGREN RAID." — INSIDE THE FORTIFICATIONS OF RICHMOND. — THE ATTACK. — FIRST MAINE TO THE RESCUE. — BRILLIANT CHARGE OF CO. F. — FIGHTING IN THE DARK. — DEATH OF COL. DAHLGREN. — A NIGHT IN THE SWAMP. — SURROUNDED. — ANOTHER CHARGE. — KILPATRICK'S ASSAULT ON RICHMOND. — THE BIVOUAC WITHIN SIX MILES OF RICHMOND. — HALF AN HOUR'S FIGHTING BY THE LIGHT OF THE CAMPFIRES. — DRIVEN OUT OF CAMP. — CHARGE OF COS. A AND E AT OLD CHURCH. — INSIDE OUR LINES AGAIN. — AT YORKTOWN. — RESULTS OF THE EXPEDITION. — A MINOR EXPEDITION. — BACK TO CAMP. — "GOOD-BY" WINTER QUARTERS.

AFTER returning from the "Wilderness" the regiment remained on the south side of the Rappahannock a few days, scouting, foraging and picketing in various localities (at Ellis' and Skenker's fords December seventh to tenth), getting a scare on the night of the eighth, when every man was ordered to sleep with side-arms on and carbines handy, and all to stand "to horse" at four o'clock the next morning (that last order was honored more in the breach than in the observance), and having the usual amount of variety to enliven the dull routine. On the twelfth the regiment recrossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's ford and went into camp near Bealton, where, for some reason or other, the boys expected to go into winter quarters. Sunday, the thirteenth, will long be remembered as a charming day for that time of year, being as warm and cheery

as a day in June. On Monday the regiment went on picket on the Morrisville road, being relieved on Wednesday and going into camp half a mile or so from the camp of the Saturday before.

Again the impression became general throughout the regiment that this camp-ground was to be winter quarters, and the boys went to work to make themselves comfortable. The experience of the winter at Camp Bayard the year before had been valuable to them, and they meant to profit by it. There was plenty of small pine timber in the vicinity, which had to be "toted"—a long distance the boys thought before they got done "toting"—and in a short time log walls might be seen going up very fast on the line of each company street. Some excellent and comfortable quarters were quickly made, while others were longer in being constructed, as the men's duties interfered with their building operations.

On the nineteenth the boys were assembled at regimental headquarters, when Col. Smith read to them the orders from the War Department concerning re-enlistment, offering a bounty of four hundred and two dollars and a thirty-five day furlough to such as chose to renew their enlistment to three years from that time, or to add two years to the time they still had to serve. It is due to Col. Smith to say that he would not advise the men to accept this offer, even when they personally asked his advice, preferring to let every man decide the matter for himself. At first, soldier-like, the boys made fun of the order, and a quotation from it, "At the end of six months you'll get fifty dollars more," became a by-word throughout the regiment. But as they thought more of it, and considered the chances, the amount offered, the prospect of the next year's campaign being the final one, the influence of the coming Presidential election, whichever way it went, on the war, the fact that they had another year to serve anyhow, and above all the improbability of their patriotism and interest in the result allowing them to remain quietly at home in case the war should continue, very many of them finally did re-enlist, and the number of "veterans" in the regiment was quite large.

On the twentieth the paymaster visited the camp, and the

men were paid up to October thirty-first previous. Early the next morning "Boots and saddles!" rang out loud and clear, and caused a general lively hustling out of bed, wonderment, flying round and saddling up. "What does it mean?" Is the enemy right here?" as well as more emphatic conundrums, were propounded, but for a time to no purpose. In the course of events it was learned that the regiment was ordered on an expedition to Luray, a town the other side of the Blue ridge, and that only the weak and disabled men and horses were to be left in camp.

There was considerable growling at being called upon at such short notice, at such an hour, in such weather, for it was bitter cold; but there was no help for it. By daylight the regiment was in motion and marched to Bealton Station, where a halt was made, two days' rations of hard bread were issued, and three other regiments joined the expedition, which was under command of Col. Smith, while Lieut Col. Boothby was in command of the regiment. The halt here was a long one, and the men suffered severely from the cold air of that December morning. After a while the column started, and the men began to recover their warmth and spirits. The command crossed the Rappahannock at Sulphur Springs, halted at Jefferson for dinner, marched a few miles further, and then bivouacked for the night.

Information had been received at Gen. Gregg's headquarters that the rebel Gen. Rosser with his force had gone to Front Royal to intercept Gen. Crooke, and this expedition was sent out to intercept Rosser. Five regiments were ordered to join the First Maine in the expedition, but the two regiments in the First brigade did not get the order, the courier being captured between Fayetteville and Warrenton, and did not report. Col. Smith sent back word at night that these two regiments had not joined him, and asked permission to finish the expedition with what force he had, and received orders in return to do so. It was thought at the time a little curious that the fighting force of the brigade should be sent off under a regimental commander, but the result justified this action.

One of Co. G, as good and true a man as ever lived, whose

lips a drop of intoxicating liquor never passed, got intoxicated that night in a novel manner. He was suffering severely with an aching tooth, and his tent-mate advised him, as a friend, to try a whiff of tobacco smoke. He finally concluded to do so, and his comrade gave him a clay pipe, black as a coal—a perfect gem for old smokers—filled and lighted. The suffering hero smoked it a few moments, and thinking he had got enough, handed it back, saying he felt easier, and then prepared to “turn in,” that he might get to sleep before the tooth commenced aching again. As he was about to lie down he was puzzled at the strange antics of those steady old blankets. He had known them for more than a year, and they had never been intoxicated before. He mused a while, and then broke out with: “I wish—somebody would—hold those blankets—while I get in.” He was thoroughly laughed at, to be sure, but he got a good night’s sleep.

Next morning the column was in motion at daylight, and proceeded, *via* Amisville, Gaines’ cross-roads, Little Washington and Sperryville, to Thornton’s Gap, in the Blue ridge, meeting with no serious obstructions, although the advance encountered along the way quite a force of Gilmore’s men. The march of this day was a pleasant one, and when in the afternoon the Blue ridge was crossed, it was most pleasant. As the column made the ascent the centre and rear could see the advance in half a dozen places at once, winding up the mountain-side, each visible portion being at a different altitude, making a picture well worth seeing and never to be forgotten, reminding the boys of the engraving in the school-books of “Napoleon crossing the Alps,” and, naturally, bringing up many pleasant memories of school-boy days. When half way up the gap the boys could at once see the advance and the rear, winding along above and below, and from the highest point they had a good view of the rear of the column, of the mountains towering far above them on either hand, and of a large stretch of country behind them over which they had just passed, with a stray village here and there to add variety to the scene. None who enjoyed that march will forget it as long as memory lingers. When partially down the other side the command halted

at a little house on the side of the mountain, surrounded by several buildings, including a granary, tannery, etc., where forage and rations were procured, an officer being put in charge to see that everything was done decently and in order. After loading up, the column proceeded nearly through the gap, and camped for the night where there were plenty of rails for campfires and plenty of hay for horses and beds, and the boys went to bed happy.

Next morning a couple of inches of snow covered everything, while more was flying, and the boys waked up cross enough to fight like tigers. The discomforts of packing up in the snow were overcome, however, and the column was again in motion by daylight, the regiment being rear guard. The snow stopped falling and the sun came out soon after starting, and then the boys forgot the unpleasant moments of the early morning as they looked back on the mountains and saw crags and peaks, trees and shrubs, all covered with snow, glistening in the sun, the whole making a picture fit to be a companion piece of that of the day before. It was but a short march to the village of Luray, which was entered without much opposition.

Col. Smith had learned the night before, from a prisoner and from citizens, that Rosser had made his way back, and was out of the way. It had also been reported to the colonel that there was in the village a large manufactory of cavalry and artillery equipments for the Confederate government, and this he determined to destroy. So the buildings were set on fire and burned, together with several thousand saddles and sets of equipments, finished and in process.

But this visit to Luray was made an occasion of joy to the men, as well as of destruction to rebel property. Tobacco was found in large quantities and confiscated with due liberality, much to the gratification of a large majority of the men; and a little incident in this connection will illustrate the sudden changes of feeling soldiers sometimes experienced. Co. G was serving as rear guard, and did not enter the village, but was drawn up just outside. After the rest of the column had been in the village a few moments, Capt. Taylor, of Co. L, then in command of a battalion, came riding back in haste, saying:

"Col. Boothby wants the number of your men, quick!" The boys supposed, of course, that this meant fight, and there was a general tightening of saddle-girths, examination of carbines and ammunition, and of the blankets and other household goods on the saddles, in preparation for the coming contest, while Orderly Sergt. Little hastily counted the men and rode off to report. There was a moment or two of anxious waiting, when the orderly returned with his arms full of tobacco, to be divided among the men. And this was for what the number of men was wanted. Col. Smith had determined there should be no general pillaging, or unsoldierly conduct, therefore orders were given not to have the men dismount in the town. Then meat, tobacco, etc., were collected and distributed under the direction and supervision of the colonel himself, and in this distribution the rear guard was not forgotten. In this affair the men were splendidly held.

When it is remembered that this occurred on the twenty-third of December,—two days before Christmas,—and that the preparations for Christmas dinner were ample, it will be seen that the boys, especially the rear guard, had the best chance in the world to forage. Christmas geese and turkeys, ready for the spit, were captured, and in many instances the boys helped themselves to well-cooked dinners prepared for other mouths. Pork, just cured sufficiently to keep it,—the sweetest pork the boys ever ate, the fat of which could almost be drank, so sweet was it,—was captured in large quantities. Christmas pies, bread, etc., were also confiscated, while the boys took occasion to supply themselves with missing saddle-straps, bridles, and other needed equipments and parts of equipments. In short, the boys concluded that they had visited Luray just in time, and left it in the best of spirits.

This incident is told of the many that enlivened this visit: When the rear guard was drawn up in line just outside the village, the boys noticed in front of them a nice row of beehives, and it was not long before they were enjoying the honey, in spite of the bees, for which they did not seem to care. Capt. Taylor, who could not bear to see anything that was not strictly in accordance with Army Regulations, drove the boys

away from the hives; but either the temptation proved too strong and he attempted to help himself to just a bit, or else he remained there to protect the honey; at any rate, the bees, in spite of his efforts in their behalf, attacked him *en masse*, and he left with rather more haste and less grace than did the boys.

About noon the column was in motion, homeward bound. The ascent of the mountain, or rather of the gap, was made in much the same manner as on the day previous, only that the tannery connected with the house where the rations and forage were procured the night before, was burned by order. At that time a man was exempted from conscription in the rebel army if he started a tannery, as the government was in quite as much need of leather as of men. Many will remember the piteous appeal of the woman of the house to Col. Smith, of whom it should be said she formed a most favorable opinion from his conduct during the confiscation of rations the day before, and by whose order the torch had been applied: "O general, some of your rude boys have set our shop a-fire; won't you send some men to put the fire out?" But the colonel did not sympathize with the woman just then, at least not practically. In going down the other side of the mountain a short cut was made, and some time saved, by dismounting and leading the horses, without any regard to the road, down declivities which it would have been madness to attempt to ride. At Sperryville, at the base of the mountain, more tanneries were burned, and others were destroyed along the road — five in all, besides the large one at Luray. From Sperryville to Little Washington the command met little squads of the enemy all along, and on reaching the last named place, met quite a squad, which the advance charged, killing one man. Between Sperryville and Little Washington, also, the advance met a covered wagon, drawn by two horses, in which was a Confederate mail, and a quantity of medicines, bearing every evidence of having been smuggled. Wagon, horses, driver, mail and medicines were compelled to join the column. The column passed through Little Washington just after dark, and soon after went into camp. The weather was quite cold, but the boys were in good spirits.

They had plenty to eat, plenty of tobacco, and the expedition had been a success without the loss of a man, and why should they not be happy? Besides these, there was hay enough in the vicinity to provide them with warm beds as well as supper for the horses. Upon halting for the night the regiment was drawn up in an enclosure, when Lieut. Col. Boothby (who was somewhat near sighted) gave the order to dismount, and added: "Now, men, make some good fires and get your suppers, for here are plenty of good rails," pointing to the fence that surrounded the regiment. But this happened to be a stone wall country, and it was a stone wall that he was pointing at, as he discovered when the merriment of the men led him to scan the fence more closely. There was a further march of a couple of miles or more before going into camp that night, but the boys had rails when they finally did stop.

On the return large numbers of geese, turkeys and chickens were captured between Luray and Sperryville. The next morning a good deal of this poultry was alive, and Col. Smith wished to have it concealed, for decency's sake, before the command reached division headquarters. So, many of the men made small holes in their grain sacks, large enough for a goose, turkey, or rooster to put out its head, while the body of the plunder was concealed in the sack. It was a comical sight to see those heads wagging and waving in cadence with the step of the horses, as may easily be imagined.

The regiment reached its camp at Bealton the next night, after a long march, and then there was a season of growling, that for the time drove away all pleasant thoughts of the trip. The boys had a good stock of pork, poultry, etc., but no bread or coffee, though some had brought along a small quantity of flour. All day long they had cheered themselves with the anticipation of a good square meal when they got into camp; but on their arrival there they found no rations awaiting them, the reason given for which was that the division commissary, when the remainder of the division was supplied, that very day, had refused to issue rations for the men away on this expedition, as he did not know when they would get back. The boys thought this altogether too much, and expressed their feelings

loudly, clearly and openly. It certainly was a cold welcome home.

The raid to Luray is written down as one of the successes of the cavalry force, and Gen. Pleasanton wrote Col. Smith a letter of commendation for the very able manner in which he had conducted the hazardous expedition. A number of slight skirmishes occurred during the trip, but nothing of any account, and the First Maine had no fighting to do.

From Christmas to New Year's Day the regiment remained near Bealton, the boys working on their winter quarters when they could, the greater portion of which were completed, or so nearly so as to be comfortable, by the first of January. But the regiment was not idle during this time. There was scouting and picketing to be done; there was mud in large quantities to wallow through around camp and in the performance of camp duties; there were heavy rains to keep comfortable in as best could be done; and there was a night alarm, nearly every night, causing the boys to leave their warm beds and saddle up in the cold, only to shiver around a while in expectancy and then turn in to wonder what it was all about.

Friday, January 1, 1864, the regiment was again ordered out at daylight, leaving enough in camp to care for it, and joining the remainder of the division, under command of Col. Taylor, of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, started on an expedition very similar to the expedition to Luray, — to see what there was at Front Royal and vicinity. The weather was warm in the morning, but grew very cold before noon, so much so that the mud of the morning soon froze hard enough to bear man and beast. The command halted briefly at the village of Warrenton and then pushed on to Orleans, a distance of fifteen miles, bivouacking in the woods, just beyond the village. Next morning the march was resumed, through Chester Gap to Front Royal. It was a long, tedious day's march. The roads were in the worst possible condition for the smooth shod horses, and every few moments down would go horse and rider; the streams were all frozen over, with ice so thick at times that the horses could walk on it, and the ice had to be broken before they could be forded: and it was so cold that the men were compelled to walk half the

time or more to keep warm, and some of the men were so thoroughly chilled through as to be helpless, and required to be carried. No enemy was found at Front Royal, though he was reported to be the other side of the Shenandoah, but as that river was not then in a fordable condition, the further march westward was prevented, and after camping that night in the woods, the next morning the command started to return *via* Manassas Gap, marching twenty-five miles that day, and bivouacking that night at Oak Hill, near Piedmont, under the mountains, where, fortunately for the boys, there were plenty of rails, the weather still remaining very cold. The roads were still in an execrable condition, impassable in many places for the artillery accompanying the expedition, so that the cavalry was compelled to halt and make roads for it. Much of the way the march was on the road-bed of the railroad, the track of which had fallen a victim to the ravages of war. Capt. Taylor, with Cos. D, F, H, and L, and detachments from the other companies, was sent in advance of the column to carry despatches to army headquarters. He met a considerable force of Moseby's men near Salem, and a spirited engagement took place, when a charge by Co. H. Capt. Hall, drove the enemy, wounding five of their number, and the detachment had no further trouble. During the day the regiment captured twenty-five prisoners, including five commissioned officers. These men appeared to be spending the holidays with their wives and sweethearts, who thought it hard to be thus rudely parted from them; but the edicts of war are inexorable. In one instance a reb soldier sat on a fence talking to an elderly lady, till some of the Maine boys walked their horses close up to him and demanded his surrender, when, with a perfect blank look of astonishment he exclaimed: "My God! they are Yankees! Good-by, mother, good-by," and with that parting he was taken along.

On the morrow the command marched to near Warrenton, in a snow storm, which increased the bad condition of the roads, making them slippery and dangerous, while the weather remained very cold. This regiment had the rear in this march. The enemy followed the column all the way from Oak Hill, but made no violent demonstrations. It was a blue look that night

when the regiment went into camp in an open field, with six inches of snow on the ground, no tents, few blankets, and little wood, and it was wonderful how soon the men made themselves comfortable under such untoward circumstances. A diary of the day's march significantly adds at its close: "Officers and men mad and swearing, from colonel down;" and the same diary says: "Men all agree in saying they suffered more from cold on this reconnoissance, or whatever it was, than all before in the service put together. It was a hard, cold time, and what it amounts to no one knows."

Here the regiment remained the day following, being joined by the men left in the camp near Bealton, and the next day, sixth, marched to the vicinity of Warrenton, where word was given out that quarters would be put up for the winter. The boys did not quite relish throwing away their work at Bealton, but there was no help for it, and they could only console themselves by the thought that they had not been ordered to build winter quarters there, and had worked upon them with an uncertain feeling, and by the knowledge that the experience in architecture had been worth something to them. The camp was laid out with due precision, the company streets being defined under the direction of the colonel before a blow was struck. Each cabin in the several companies was assigned its quota of sacred soil, and the men went to work. A short distance from the camp-ground was a deserted house of ample size, and in a wonderfully short space of time after the line had been dismissed that house was not there, and but little trace of it was left. But the boys had secured a large amount of lumber, nails, and other building materials from it, which was worth its weight in gold to them then. The men went to work with a will on their winter quarters, feeling now that they were building them for good. The quarters were of one general plan,—usually each building was occupied by four men,—log cabin walls some four feet high, made of white oak logs halved, with the chinks filled in with the sticky mud of the locality, long as two lengths of shelter tent and wide as a shelter tent would make a good roof for. Those of each company were on a line, side to the company street and door in the end, and the camp, when the

quarters were finished, presented a neat and comfortable appearance, equal to any camp in the Army of the Potomac, while the location was excellent, the ground being dry, and wood and water plenty and handy. The chimneys were on the rear, and were made of stone, wood, and mud, many of them being topped off with a barrel. Inside, the quarters were finished according to taste, ideas of comfort, and material at hand. The lumber from the old house spoken of, and others in the vicinity, furnished floors, doors, tables, seats, bunks, and, in short, all the furniture, and the boys made the most of it, while a fire-place in the chimney served to heat the house.

Many a pleasant hour was passed in those quarters that winter, with the cheerful open fire, the kindly feeling of the comrades for each other, cemented by two years of hardship and suffering together, reading and writing, joking, telling stories, singing, playing cards, and in the various ways with which soldiers had by this time so well learned to pass their spare time. Indeed, some of the boys were inclined to pity their friends in Maine who knew not the enjoyment of open fires, or the comfort which to them seemed so great in comparison with their condition the few weeks previous to their settling down for the winter.

Among the pleasures of that winter was the result of advertising for lady correspondents, an experiment a few of the boys tried. One comrade had a well-worded advertisement inserted in a Boston paper, which so worked upon the patriotism and kindly sympathies of New England ladies that he received one hundred and twenty-seven answers. A great number of them, of course, were mere nothings, but some of them were so kind in tone and so full of real sympathy as to bring tears to the eyes of those who had expected only fun from the experiment. And who shall say that the influence of such letters was not felt for months afterwards, and the hardships of the service somewhat softened by their memory. Some of them were full of good advice, and some kind ladies took the trouble to send goodly quantities of reading matter, which was doubly acceptable. That the most of the letters were read by the whole company and much fun made of some of them, is true, but it is also true that many of them were answered by different comrades, and

quite a correspondence sprang up, which served to enliven many an otherwise tedious hour, and that the efforts of the fair writers of those letters to relieve the tedium of the dull routine of camp life were eminently and pleasantly successful. Many of the boys also enjoyed the pleasure of receiving boxes from home, filled with good things to eat and for comfort.

But it was not all rest and enjoyment during that winter. There was plenty of picketing to do, of course, and of course the Maine boys had their share, the daily detail of the regiment being thirty men and one commissioned officer; and occasionally there was a detail of one hundred men for a three days' trip of picket on the Morrisville road. Then there was scouting and reconnoitring, so that though the service was not as arduous as that of the previous winter, the men did not forget how to do a soldier's duty. The weather, too, was at times very cold, and anything but comfortable for this sort of duty. One of the reconnoitring expeditions is thus described by Chaplain Merrill:—

At one o'clock on the morning of February fourth, one hundred and fifty men, under Maj. Thaxter, started on a reconnoissance to Piedmont, on the Alexandria and Winchester pike, near Ashby's Gap. Passing through New Baltimore (memorable as the first safe point reached by the regiment after running the gauntlet of Gen. Lee's army, a few weeks before), and leaving Thoroughfare Gap on the right, the detachment reached White Plains at daybreak. This is a point a little north of the Manassas Railroad, twenty miles northwest from Manassas Junction. Signal lights upon the mountains told that the enemy was apprised of their movements. Leaving White Plains they moved north and went to Rectortown, capturing a rebel officer early in the morning. When near the town, a few carbine shots, with an accompaniment of yells, signified that the advance had started the game. A squad of rebels had been surprised while making themselves comfortable at a house, and with undignified haste had betaken themselves to the woods. But they were too late, and in a few moments returned under Yankee escort. One thing alone saved their lives. The coats, pants, hats, and boots, worn by nearly all of them, showed unmistakably where they came from. In this uniform some Union soldiers had been surprised and captured. To put a stop to this, Gen. Pleasanton had issued an order to hang on the spot every man found making war on our forces in the United States uniforms. But these men, though clearly rebel soldiers, were unarmed, and hence the order was not executed. Their horses, which were captured, were of more value than the men. Finding no rebels at Rectortown, the command counter-marched a mile or two, and turned off to the right for Salem, capturing two more prisoners, one of whom was an officer. As the advance guard entered

the town, a squad of guerillas were seen, who waited till our men were near enough to hear them, and then giving a volley of the most vulgar and abusive epithets, scattered in every direction. On the march from Salem to Orleans, about ten miles, mostly through the woods, guerillas hung on both flanks and on the rear, occasionally giving a shot, but without effect. Near Orleans the advance guard came suddenly upon a squad of the enemy, but they made their escape after firing a few shots. The march was now directed toward the camp, leaving Waterloo on the right. Guerillas were seen on the route, but they kept at a respectful distance. The detachment reached camp at sunset, hungry and weary. They had been in the saddle sixteen hours, and had marched over fifty miles.

During the winter the re-enlisted men, or "veterans," as they were designated by the War Department, took their promised thirty-five days' furlough, small squads going at a time, and a large number of recruits from Maine joined the regiment and were assigned to the different companies, taking the places of the men who had been discharged, killed, or had died in the service. The greater part of these recruits were good and true men, and made good soldiers.

There was some trouble during the winter, more especially in the early part, from guerillas, who hung round the rear of the army, and a few men who had gone out beyond the lines, singly, or in very small parties, were captured, and two or three teams were lost in the same way. On one occasion, January fifteenth, four men, a team, and a negro were captured. The negro proved to be the smartest of the whole party, and escaped, rejoining the regiment after an absence of but two or three days. But this sort of depredations did not last long, as the men soon learned to keep within the lines, unless in sufficient numbers to protect themselves from small parties. The loss in this way, and in scouting, was nine in January and two in February.

On one occasion, when Lieut. Col. Boothby was division officer of the day, while going the rounds of the pickets with Corp. George A. Messer, of Co. B. as orderly, he decided to go outside of the line on a private reconnoissance. When some way out, he thought he saw a movement in the woods ahead of him, and being somewhat near sighted, he called upon Corp. Messer to see what it was. To his surprise he learned that the corporal was even more near sighted than he was, whereupon he

remarked, in his expressive way: "Well! we are a healthy set to go on a raid; can't either of us see beyond our noses," and then turned and got inside the lines as quickly as possible.

On the twenty-sixth of February a detail of three hundred men and officers was made from the regiment to join Gen. Kilpatrick on his famous raid to Richmond, known as the Dahlgren raid, from the fact that the brave Col. Ulric Dahlgren, son of Admiral Dahlgren, met his death. Col. Dahlgren, though still suffering from a wound received in a charge at Hagerstown, just previous to the battle of Gettysburg, by which he lost a leg, had volunteered to join the expedition, and was given charge of the most difficult and hazardous portion of it. The object of this raid was to release the Union prisoners at Belle Isle, Richmond, and perhaps, with the aid of the released prisoners, enter the rebel capital, and hold it till the arrival of Butler's forces (which were to advance up the peninsula), and in any event to destroy as much rebel property as possible. The plans were for Col. Dahlgren, with a detached force, to move down to the right of Richmond, destroy as much of the James River canal as he could, then, taking the river road, cross, if possible, and enter the city from the south side, and release the prisoners, while Gen Kilpatrick, who had the general management of the whole expedition, with the main body was to attack the city by the Brooks turnpike, simultaneously, if possible, with the movement by Col. Dahlgren. It was hoped to reach the city in time to effect a partial, if not a total, surprise.

The detail left camp on the morning of Saturday, the twenty-seventh, and was joined by one hundred men each from the Fourth and Sixteenth Pennsylvania regiments, the whole being placed in command of Maj. Taylor, of the First Maine (who had recently been promoted from captain of Co. L), Capt. Chadbourne, of Co. I, commanding the First Maine. The day after the detail left camp, Gen. Gregg and Col. Smith, on learning the object of the expedition, started at once and followed the command to the Rapidan, with the intention, had they overtaken the command, of joining the expedition. This detachment proceeded to Stevensburg and reported to Gen. Kilpatrick.

rick, when it was assigned to duty with Gen. Davies' brigade, and went into camp for the night. The next day, Sunday, Cos. D, F, H, K, and M, under command of Capt. Myrick, of Co. K, were detached to form a part of Col. Dahlgren's force. This force, consisting of five hundred men, left Stevensburg at sunset that Sunday night, — two hours earlier than the main body, — crossing the Rapidan at Ely's ford half an hour after midnight, the First Maine detachment having the advance. Here they captured the enemy's pickets, while a small party that crossed a mile or so higher up the river, captured a picket reserve of fifteen men and their commanding officer. The march was continued across the Chancellorsville battle-field to Spottsylvania Court House, reaching there before dawn.

After a halt of an hour or so, to feed the horses, the march was resumed to Frederickshall, on the Virginia Central Railroad, which was reached at three o'clock that afternoon, where a general court martial, consisting of thirteen rebel officers, was surprised and captured. Gen. Lee had passed through here but an hour before, on his way to Richmond. Some slight damage was done to the railroad, and then the march was continued, through dense woods and swamps, in a drenching rain, until two o'clock the next morning, when a short halt was made, and the men got what sleep they could under the circumstances. The command was in the saddle before daylight, and reached the James River about seven o'clock.

While passing the estate of John A. Seddon, rebel Secretary of War, the troops destroyed considerable property devoted to the use of the Confederate government, as well as his barns and outbuildings; and at Dover Mills, on the James River and Kanawha canal, they destroyed several mills in government employ, together with a number of canal boats loaded with army supplies, and a large amount of forage and quartermaster's stores.

Had Col. Dahlgren reached the vicinity of Richmond, as was designed, on Monday night, or even on Tuesday morning, he would have effected a complete surprise, and perhaps have accomplished his object: but after marching as rapidly as possible nearly all night toward Richmond, as he supposed, he was

amazed when morning dawned to find himself not at the entrance of the city, but moving in an opposite direction, and already some eighteen miles away from it, in the direction of Goochland. A hasty investigation of the matter satisfied him that his guide, a negro, had betrayed him and was leading him and his command to destruction, and he halted the column long enough to hang the poor fellow to the nearest tree.

This accounts for his position on the morning of Tuesday. But the colonel was not the man to give up an undertaking in this way, and after the work of destruction at Dover Mills was completed, he marched through the town, changed his course, and in the afternoon halted a short distance outside the first line of entrenchments around Richmond. From this point the ambulances and most of the pack animals were sent to Hungary Station, which was supposed to be in possession of Gen. Kilpatrick, and then the command moved on, reaching and passing without opposition the outer line of works. The column was proceeding rapidly, one of the other regiments in the advance, and had gone, perhaps a mile and a half, when, as the advance guard reached the summit of a hill and entered some woods, it was attacked from both sides the pike and in front, at an angle of the road. Col. Dahlgren ordered the advance to throw out skirmishers through the woods, and repeated his order with threats and expostulations to the men, but to no purpose, when, seeing he was losing valuable time, he rode back to Capt. Myrick and exclaimed: "Well, then, you go in, First Maine!" The order was instantly obeyed, Cos. D and F, on the left of the road, and H, K and M on the right. Capt. Myrick then advanced the extreme right of the line until he had enclosed the enemy in a semicircle, and then pressed rapidly forward, and as he saw the enemy waver he ordered a charge, and drove him from his position, with some loss. The woods were full of felled timber and other obstacles, which prevented rapid movements of cavalry, and gave the enemy (infantry) the advantage, and he soon rallied and presented another front; but a well-sustained fire and a vigorous charge again dislodged him. Meanwhile Lieut. Harris, with Co. F, was ordered to charge and clear the pike, and did so successfully, and the daring and

brilliancy of the charge was sorrowfully attested by the loss of half his men. At this juncture Capt. Myrick received orders to "rally on the pike and support another regiment, which is already a mile ahead." It was necessary for the skirmish line to fall back some fifty yards to gain access to the pike, on account of the nature of the ground, and on reaching it it was discovered that the other regiment, instead of being a mile ahead, was still in the rear. Where this order came from, no one knew. Capt. Myrick was again ordered to take the advance, and a few moments later, in response to another order, Cos. H and K were deployed on the right of the pike as skirmishers, and Capt. Myrick waited the order to advance, the two lines then being so near together that the First Maine boys could distinctly hear the rebel officers instruct their men to "keep cool! fire low! do not run!" But not one of them could be seen, for they were not only concealed by breastworks and bushes, but night, cloudy and dark had come on, and it was almost impossible to distinguish a man. The order "Forward!" came when the enemy opened a terrific fire along their whole front, and a perfect hail storm of bullets whistled past the First Maine boys. Fortunately the rebel aim was too high, the Union line evidently being nearer than they thought, and but few men were injured. At this volley the support fled, and Col. Dahlgren, who, with other officers strove to rally them, was borne back with the retreating column, and the First Maine was left alone. On learning the state of affairs, Capt. Myrick at once ordered his command to fall back in perfect silence and good order, which was done; but unfortunately the wrong road was taken. This mistake was discovered ere long, the pike was regained just in advance of the enemy, who was advancing very cautiously, and a portion of the force was soon overtaken; but Col. Dahlgren and about one hundred and fifty men had by some means got separated from the remainder, and the command devolved upon Capt. Mitchell, of the Harris Light.

It was afterward learned that Gen. Kilpatrick with his force made an attack on the other side of Richmond that same day, but withdrew some three hours before this attack of Col. Dahlgren, and that the approach of Col. Dahlgren, owing to his

betrayal, had been made known to the rebel authorities, and they were prepared to receive him. Thus was the main object of the expedition defeated. After becoming separated from the column, Col. Dahlgren and his little force crossed the Pamunkey and Mattaponi Rivers and was pushing eastward, when he fell into an ambush about midnight and was shot down with a number of his men, the rest surrendering at discretion.

Private George W. Ward, of Co. D, who was on this expedition, thus tells the story of Col. Dahlgren's death, and of his own subsequent imprisonment:—

The night had shut in dark and cloudy. Col. Dahlgren, with a small force of twenty-five or thirty men, was pushing rapidly on, hoping to escape from the rebel lines by way of the James River. The main object of the raid had failed, and the gallant troopers of Kilpatrick's command, scattered throughout the country, were making their escape as best they could. Col. Dahlgren was riding in the second set of fours from the front, and I was one of the same set. The jaded horses were plunging through the mud, and the sabres were rattling at their sides. Through the darkness Col. Dahlgren saw a dismounted man standing in the road close beside him, and at once cried out: "To what do you belong?" The man, with the unmistakable accent of a Virginian, replied: "The Tenth New York." "You are a liar!" shouted Dahlgren, at the same moment firing his revolver at the man's head. Then from the surrounding thickets which lined the road a hundred rifles flashed a reply. Col. Dahlgren fell, and the survivors of the little squad of Union soldiers, among whom were five of my company comrades and myself, cut their way through the Confederate line which surrounded them and endeavored to escape. We rode all night and concealed ourselves the next morning, but during the afternoon we were discovered and captured by our pursuers. Our horses and arms were taken from us, and then, after the usual custom of exchanging our good uniforms for tattered garments of the Confederacy, our faces were turned towards Richmond, to which city we were obliged to walk through a drenching rain.

At the time of my capture I was wearing a fine pair of new cavalry boots, which I had just received from my home in Biddeford. A surgeon of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry looked upon them with covetous eyes, and accosted me as follows: "Say, Yank, come out here!" The order was obeyed. "Now sit down there and pull off one of them boots!" This was done, and the vacated boot soon contained a Confederate foot. "Now the other," This also was handed him. "A good fit, I declare," said the chivalrous Virginian, as he surveyed his new acquisitions with evident pride. "Here, Yank, take these," throwing me an old pair of red dilapidated shoes, the soles of which had nearly become the "uppers," which the officer had just kicked from his feet. "But I cannot wear those things on my feet," I persisted. "Don't

care whether you can or not — get back in the line there, quick!" I obeyed, and the officer walked away. I remained a prisoner at Richmond sixty days, during which time I suffered with both the mumps and the measles, from the effects of which I nearly died. I was confined in the old Pemberton Building, nearly opposite Libby Prison. When captured I weighed one hundred and eighty pounds; when exchanged, at the end of the sixty days, I had been reduced in weight, by sickness and starvation, to one hundred pounds.

When Capt. Mitchell found himself in command of the greater part of Col. Dahlgren's force, a consultation of officers was held, and it was decided to attempt to reach Hungary Station, where it was still hoped to find Gen. Kilpatrick, but the enemy held the cross-roads, and finding it impossible to proceed, the command was concealed about midnight in a densely-wooded swamp, to await the morning, and scouts were sent to the station. The rain, which had been falling for some hours, turned to snow and sleet about eleven o'clock, and cleared away bitter cold by midnight. No fires could be allowed, and the men suffered intensely. Twice during the night large bodies of the enemy's cavalry passed within a few yards of their hiding place, fortunately without discovering them.

Even under these circumstances the men could laugh at an incident that happened. After the videttes had been posted, the men, cold, wet and exhausted, sought the best chance for sleep. Many of them threw their overcoat capes over their heads for warmth and comfort, and sat down on the ground, holding their horses by the bridles, to doze the night away and get what rest they could. One of them, for better comfort, took off his sabre and belt, and rebuckling the belt, hung it over a stump by his side, that it might be handy, and fell asleep. Before morning there was an alarm, when he jumped for his sabre and found it gone. He searched in vain for it, and then broke out in the most melancholy and distressed tones: "Where's my sabre? I hung it on that stump there, right alongside of me, and now the sabre's gone — and the stump's gone, too!" Meanwhile a corporal of the same company had got fairly awake, and the load about his neck being rather heavier than he was accustomed to, he examined into

the matter and found the extra burden to be the missing sabre, while he himself had been the stump on which the comrade had so carefully hung it in the darkness.

Upon the return of the scouts the command started, just before daybreak, for Hungary Station, which was reached in due time, but no traces of Kilpatrick. An attempt was made to take the Spottsylvania Court House road, when it was found the enemy held the road and the woods. There seemed to be no chance of escape, but a guide who was with the command found a bridle path through the woods, by following which the command arrived in rear of the force on the Spottsylvania road, and shortly afterwards crossed the Chickahominy and set out at a good smart gait toward King William's Court House. Another regiment had the advance until near noon, when a force of twenty from the First Maine was sent out to relieve the advance guard and flankers. This new advance guard had proceeded barely a mile, when, just as it was entering an immense tract of pines, it was attacked from both sides of the road. A lieutenant of the advance ordered his men to charge and he set them a gallant example, but they wheeled in a body to the left of the road, leaving the First Maine once more at the head of the column. Capt. Myrick at once ordered a charge, and with Lieut. Andrews, of Co. H, led the men in a brilliant dash through the woods, the men keeping up such a heavy fire to the right and left, as to drive the enemy back from the road and make a safe and easy passage for the rest of the column. Two hours later the command joined Gen. Kilpatrick's force and the First Maine reported to Maj. Taylor, having lost forty-four men, killed, wounded and missing.

The main force, some twenty-seven hundred strong, with six pieces of artillery, under command of Gen. Kilpatrick (with which was the remainder of the detachment from the First Maine), left Stevensburg two hours later than Col. Dahlgren's force, and proceeded over the same route to Spottsylvania Court House, halting briefly there, and then taking a southeasterly course, reached Beaver Dam Station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, about four o'clock on the afternoon of the

next day (Monday, twenty-ninth). Capt. Estes, formerly of Co. A, acting assistant adjutant general on Gen. Kilpatrick's staff, with a party of men, dashed so suddenly into this place that the telegraph operator was a prisoner before he had time to send word to Richmond of the arrival of the Yankees. Here the station buildings were burned, and two companies of this regiment were sent out to intercept a train which it was learned was then due from Richmond. The conductor of the train, however, became alarmed by the smoke of the burning buildings, and stopping the train, sent out a guard to learn the cause. The column had resumed its onward march, and was leaving the station when the pickets of the First Maine were attacked on a road running parallel with the line of march, and driven in. Fortunately Maj. Taylor arrived with his command just at this time, and the remainder of the First Maine and the Fourth Pennsylvania regiments were deployed as skirmishers, and the Sixteenth Pennsylvania formed in line of battle in the road. A vigorous attack was made, but the enemy was easily repulsed, with some loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, but the latter were allowed to escape, as that was easier than to take care of them. Two men were wounded in the First Maine in this little skirmish.

The march was continued without further serious molestation, parties being sent out in every direction to continue the work of destroying railroads, stations, bridges, etc., until half an hour after midnight, when the command halted near Little Creek for a brief season of rest and sleep, and was in motion again before daybreak, moving toward Ashland, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. It crossed the South Anna River at Ground Squirrel bridge, eighteen miles from Richmond, and then, taking the Richmond and Fredericksburg pike, marched rapidly, reaching the outer line of works around Richmond early in the afternoon, having encountered no force of the enemy of any account except at Beaver Dam Station, though there were several skirmishes with small bodies.

The first line of defence was passed without resistance, and the second almost reached when the advance guard encountered a heavy fire, which checked further progress, and at the same

time a battery opened on the line from a formidable work. Gen. Davies, commanding First brigade, at once dismounted his force and deployed it as skirmishers; a line of battle was formed, and preparations made to assault the works immediately. An assaulting party of five hundred men was selected, including one hundred and fifty of the Second brigade, and, by special direction of Gen. Kilpatrick, seventy-five men of the First Maine, under command of Lieut. Heald, of Co. E, and the artillery opened upon the rebel battery. The order was given to advance, but was immediately countermanded. Gen. Kilpatrick had discovered that the works were too formidable and too heavily manned for successful assault, and also heard the whistle of a locomotive, which, as he thought, and as afterwards proved to be the case, was bringing up re-enforcements for the enemy. He had heard nothing from Col. Dahlgren; the enemy, it seems, had been apprised by scouts of his approach, and were prepared for him; a cold, drizzly March rain was falling, with a prospect of a severe storm; the rear guard had just been attacked in its position two miles in the rear; and under all these circumstances he deemed it prudent to retire, and gave up the attempt to enter the rebel capital about three hours before Col. Dahlgren commenced his attack on the other side of the city.

Crossing the Chickahominy over Meadow bridge, the command went into bivouac near Mechanicsville, six miles from Richmond, where the men cooked their confiscated rations, made themselves as comfortable as possible, and prepared for rest and sleep.

"At ten o'clock in the evening," says Chaplain Merrill, "Gen. Kilpatrick summoned Maj. Taylor to undertake an enterprise at once difficult and perilous. Col. Dahlgren and his party had been heard from: he had been unsuccessful. This expedition had marched nearly one hundred miles in forty-eight hours, and the abandonment of its object, so long as a possibility remained of securing it, was not to be thought of. It was decided to make a demonstration with a party of five hundred picked men, under command of Maj. Taylor. The party was to go into Richmond by way of Mechanicsville. Our scouts had discov-

ered that on this route there were but two picket posts with reserves. These were to be overpowered quietly, if possible. Having gained an entrance into the city, two parties, commanded by competent officers, were to go on different errands. One was to liberate our prisoners confined in Libby, and the other was to secure Jeff Davis. Gen. Kilpatrick himself was to take position at Mechanicsville, with two regiments and the battery, to await and cover the retreat. The expedition was to start at two o'clock. The men were selected and the arrangements made."

At half-past ten, just as those not on duty were getting to sleep, the enemy opened a two-gun battery on the camp of Gen. Davies, and charged into the camp of the Seventh Michigan regiment. The attack was vigorously met; and although the enemy had the advantage in the light of the camp-fires, he was repulsed after an engagement lasting nearly half an hour. Gen. Kilpatrick then decided to move his command, to be prepared for any emergency at daylight, and the expedition under Maj. Taylor was necessarily, if not fortunately, given up. The line of march was taken up in the direction of Old church, the Second brigade in the rear. The enemy was all around the column, continually harassing it, and about nine o'clock a large force of cavalry appeared in the rear, and a fight ensued. Cos. A and E, under command of Capt. Cole and Lieut. Hussey, led by Capt. Estes, A. A. A. G., charged down the road, driving the enemy away, capturing five prisoners, killing five and wounding fifteen, while the loss of the two companies was two wounded and three taken prisoners.

The march was then resumed, the enemy still hovering around and harassing the column, but refusing to give battle, though it was offered several times. During the morning Col. Dahlgren's force, under command of Capt. Mitchell, joined the column as before stated. That night the whole command bivouacked at Tunstall's Station, and the next day was met near New Kent Court House by the force of Gen. Butler, which had come up from Yorktown to aid Gen. Kilpatrick, and the men were right glad to see those troops, if they were black. The column kept on, camping that night at a place called Burnt Ordinary, pass-

ing through Williamsburg at ten the next day, and reaching Yorktown at four in the afternoon of Friday, March fourth: and the raid was over.

During this expedition the command marched through nine different counties occupied by the enemy; viz., Spottsylvania, Caroline, Hanover, Goochland, Henrico, Louisa, New Kent, James City, and York, and the men were in the saddle almost continually for four days. That portion of the regiment with Gen. Kilpatrick lost forty-nine, killed, wounded, and missing, a total loss to the regiment of ninety-three, together with over two hundred horses. This last loss, however, was partially made up from the people living along the line of march.

The command reached Gloucester Point on the seventh, and on the eighth Capt. Chadbourne, of Co. I, with a detachment of forty-two men, was sent on an expedition to King's and Queen's Court House, which resulted in the capture of some prisoners and the obtaining of much valuable information, without the loss of a man. This expedition was gone three days. On the ninth a portion of the regiment embarked for Alexandria, and another on the tenth, and on the eighteenth the whole detachment was back in the comfortable winter quarters near Warrenton, which they reached with a most thorough feeling of "getting home."

The portion of the regiment that remained in camp while this expedition was gone, passed the time as before, picketing, scouting, etc. Maj. Cilley was in command of the regiment the greater portion of the time from February third until April fifteenth, Col. Smith being in command of the brigade. February twenty-ninth the new chaplain, Rev. George W. Bartlett, joined the regiment, and held services at headquarters March sixth and April tenth. March ninth, Maj. Thaxter and one hundred men were ordered to go to Sperryville and Luray to release conscripts, but the order was countermanded at corps headquarters. March twenty-third the camp was inspected by the medical directors of the Army of the Potomac and of the corps, and was pronounced by the corps medical director the best camp in the corps. The camp and the regiment were inspected April thirteenth by Gen. Gregg, and on the seven-

teenth the regiment joined in a brigade review by Gen. P. H. Sheridan, who had been appointed commander of the Cavalry corps, Army of the Potomac. April twenty-first the boys bade good-by to the homes they had enjoyed so much, and went into camp at Turkey Run, only a short distance away, still scouting and picketing, crossing the Rappahannock (never to recross it) on the twenty-ninth and camping at Paoli Springs, near Brandy Station, and again moving camp on the third of May to Richardsville, near the Rapidan, never to see Bealton, or Warrenton, or Brandy Station, or the Rappahannock again.

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST CAMPAIGN UNDER SHERIDAN.

CHANGE IN COMMANDERS.—WHO IS GEN. SHERIDAN?—ROSTER OF OFFICERS AT THE OPENING OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1864.—THE CAMPAIGN COMMENCED.—GEN. MEADE'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.—A FEW DAYS ON THE LEFT OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—IN THE "WILDERNESS" AGAIN.—SKIRMISHING.—FIGHT AT TODD'S TAVERN.—SUCCESSFUL CHARGE UPON INFANTRY.—SHERIDAN'S RAID TO RICHMOND.—THE FIGHT AT BEAVER DAM STATION.—LIEUT. COL. BOOTHBY FATALLY WOUNDED.—FIGHT AT GROUND SQUIRREL BRIDGE.—INSIDE THE FORTIFICATIONS OF RICHMOND.—HEAVEN'S ARTILLERY JOINS IN THE FRAY.—FIGHTING HOME GUARDS.—OUT OF THE TRAP.—GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH SHERIDAN.—THE SOUNDS OF SHELLS FROM UNION GUNBOATS.—BRIDGE BUILDING.—"AT HOME" AGAIN.—GEN. GRANT'S REPORT OF THE RAID.—SERVICES OF A SEPARATE DETACHMENT OF THE REGIMENT IN MAY.

THE spring campaign of 1864 opened under the lead of Gen. U. S. Grant, who during the winter had been made lieutenant general and assigned to the command of all the armies of the United States, but who made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, which from that time operated under his immediate supervision, though Gen. Meade still held the command of that army, as he had done from just previous to the battle of Gettysburg. This change was looked upon with favor, both by the loyal people at large and by the boys in the Army of the Potomac. The boys were well acquainted with the services of Gen. Grant in the west, and believed in him, though they could not help qualifying their belief and their hope with the fact that he had never yet had the Confederate general, Robert E. Lee, to contend against, and the latter might perhaps prove to be worthy the name he had won among his own people, of "the ablest military chieftain in the world." However, the change made it evident that the government meant business, and had at last come to a realizing sense of the

fact that it could not run the country and the war, too, and was willing to place the war entirely in the hands of one who had, at least, shown the greatest capacity for that service. This was a good sign. Another change was made which was of great importance to the cavalry men, and proved to be so to the whole army and the country at large, viz., the assignment of the Cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac to the command of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan. Who this Sheridan was no one seemed to know, only that he came from the west, which was some recommendation. Indeed, so little was he or his services known at that time that some of the northern papers, in publishing the telegraphic news of this appointment, announced in display heads, "Gen. Sherman to command the Cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac," thinking, evidently, that "Sheridan" was an error in telegraphy. But they became better acquainted with him, as did the boys under his command, ere long. Some idea of the changes in the regiment for a year may be obtained by comparing the roster of field, staff, and line officers at the opening of the spring campaign of 1863 with the roster for May 7, 1864, though this does not show all the changes that were made, nor does it show who were and who were not on duty at that time:—

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel, CHARLES H. SMITH, Eastport, June 18, 1863.

Lieutenant Colonel, STEPHEN BOOTHBY, Portland, June 18, 1863.

Majors, JONATHAN P. CILLEY, Thomaston, May 8, 1862.

SIDNEY W. THAXTER, Bangor, June 18, 1863.

CONSTANTINE TAYLOR, U. S. Army, February 18, 1864.

Adjutant, ANDREW H. BIBBER, Eastport, June 1, 1863.

Quartermaster, CLARENCE D. ULMER, Rockland, March 17, 1863.

Surgeon, GEORGE W. COLBY, Richmond, October 31, 1861.

Assistant Surgeons, HORACE STEVENS, Skowhegan, March 26, 1863.

ALEXANDER M. PARKER, Westbrook, March 26, 1863.

Commissary, MARTIN T. V. BOWMAN, Hallowell, February 9, 1864.

Chaplain, GEORGE W. BARTLETT, Litchfield, February 13, 1864.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major, JAMES W. POOR, Belfast, February 1, 1864.

Quartermaster Sergeant, EBED L. SHACKFORD, Eastport, February 12, 1864.

Commissary Sergeant, NATHAN V. COOK, Solon, March 1, 1864.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF—Continued.

- Hospital Stewards*, SAMUEL C. LOVEJOY, Rockland, October 14, 1861.
 EMERY T. GATCHILL, Brunswick, September 28, 1862.
Saddler Sergeant, HENRY W. NORWOOD, Bangor, March 1, 1863.
Chief Trumpeter, ISAAC C. BRICK, Augusta, May 1, 1863.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

- CO. A. — *Captain*, HORACE S. COLE, Hampden, Dec. 31, 1863.
First Lieutenant, MILES COLBATH, Exeter, Dec. 31, 1863.
Second Lieutenant, ORRIN S. HASKELL, Levant, February 13, 1864.
- CO. B. — *Captain*, BENJAMIN F. TUCKER, U. S. A., May 8, 1862.
First Lieutenant, WM. P. COLEMAN, Lincolnville, September 26, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, FRANK M. CUTLER, Union, October 4, 1861.
- CO. C. — *Captain*, ADDISON P. RUSSELL, Houlton, August 30, 1863.
First Lieutenant, HORATIO S. LIBBY, Gardiner, March 12, 1863.
Second Lieutenant, JONATHAN K. BROOKS, Bowdoinham, June 20, 1863.
- CO. D. — *Captain*, WM. MONTGOMERY, Orland, February 9, 1864.
First Lieutenant, PHINEAS FOSTER, JR., Machias, February 9, 1864.
Second Lieutenant, GEORGE E. BUGBEE, Perry, June 1, 1863.
- CO. E. — *Captain*, OSCO A. ELLIS, Lincoln, May 1, 1863.
First Lieutenant, GEO. W. HUSSEY, Houlton, June 20, 1863.
Second Lieutenant, JOHN A. HEALD, Lincoln, August 20, 1863.
- CO. F. — *Captain*, WALSTEIN PHILLIPS, Portland, February 16, 1863.
First Lieutenant, WILLIAM HARRIS, Machias, February 16, 1863.
Second Lieutenant, WM. L. BOYD, Houlton, February 16, 1863.
- CO. G. — *Captain*, ISAAC G. VIRGIN, Dixfield, December 31, 1862.
First Lieutenant, CALVIN B. BENSON, Hartford, February 9, 1864.
Second Lieutenant, HENRY F. BLANCHARD, Rumford, April 30, 1864.
- CO. H. — *Captain*, HENRY C. HALL, Starks, June 18, 1863.
First Lieutenant, JOHN R. ANDREWS, Biddeford, June 18, 1863.
Second Lieutenant, WILLIAM F. STONE, Portland, October 23, 1862.
- CO. I. — *Captain*, PAUL CHADBOURNE, Waterboro', December 2, 1862.
First Lieutenant, FRANK W. PRAY, Shapleigh, December 2, 1862.
Second Lieutenant, SAMUEL C. SMITH, Alfred, June 20, 1863.
- CO. K. — *Captain*, JOHN D. MYRICK, Augusta, January 4, 1863.
First Lieutenant, CHARLES W. FORD, Bristol, January 9, 1863.
Second Lieutenant, GEORGE F. JEWETT, Bath, February 4, 1864.
- CO. L. — *Captain*, JOHN P. CARSON, Mt. Vernon, April 4, 1864.
First Lieutenant, CHARLES O. GORDON, Phillips, April 4, 1864.
Second Lieutenant, LEVI H. DAGGETT, New Sharon, April 4, 1864.
- CO. M. — *Captain*, TEXAS VAUGHAN, Freeman, June 4, 1863.
First Lieutenant, CHARLES K. JOHNSON, Carmel, June 20, 1863.
Second Lieutenant, WILLIAM H. BRADMAN, Parkman, June 20, 1863.

The brigade still remained the Second brigade, Second division, Cavalry corps, was composed of the First Maine, Second, Fourth, Eighth, and Sixteenth Pennsylvania, and Tenth New York regiments, and was still commanded by Col. J. Irwin Gregg, while Gen. D. McM. Gregg still commanded the division.

At midnight, Tuesday, May third, the regiment was in the saddle, and prepared for the advance under the new leaders. After waiting patiently till nearly daylight the next morning, the column moved, crossing the Rapidan at Ely's ford at sunrise, and proceeding to the battle-ground at Chancellorsville, where there was a short halt. Then came a march of a couple miles or so on the Fredericksburg plank road, and a halt which lasted all night. The great campaign which was to show how Gens. Grant and Lee compared with each other as generals, had commenced. Gen. Grant had decided to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," although the official despatch which made that sentence famous had not yet been sent,¹ and appeared to be ready to take advantage of anything that he could construe in his favor, and while he doubtless had a general plan of operations, he was not confined to it altogether, if he could gain more by disregarding it. How the campaign proceeded by successfully turning the right flank of the enemy, and by continually fighting and forcing him back until Petersburg was reached, and that without regard to the dangers that might threaten the capital, are matters of general history, and too well known to need repetition here. To the cavalry was assigned the left of the army, opposite the enemy's right, while the infantry strung its lines through the "Wilderness" to the right, miles away.

Early Thursday morning this address was read to all the troops in the Army of the Potomac, at roll-call:—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
MAY 4, 1864.

Soldiers:—Again you are called upon to advance on the enemies of your country. The time and the occasion are deemed opportune by your commanding general to address you a few words of confidence and caution.

¹ This despatch bore date, "Headquarters in the Field, May 11, 1864, 8 A.M." and said: "We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy fighting. The result to this time

You have been reorganized, strengthened, and fully equipped in every respect. You form a part of the several armies of your country, the whole under the direction of an able and distinguished general, who enjoys the confidence of the government, the people, and the army. Your movement being in co-operation with others, it is of the utmost importance that no effort should be left unspared to make it successful.

Soldiers! the eyes of the whole country are looking with anxious hope to the blow you are about to strike in the most sacred cause that ever called men to arms.

Remember your homes, your wives and children, and bear in mind that the sooner your enemies are overcome the sooner you will be returned to enjoy the benefits and blessings of peace. Bear with patience the hardships and sacrifices you will be called upon to endure. Have confidence in your officers and in each other. Keep your ranks on the march and on the battlefield, and let each man earnestly implore God's blessing, and endeavor, by his thoughts and actions, to render himself worthy of the favor he seeks. With clear consciences and strong arms, actuated by a high sense of duty, fighting to preserve the government and the institutions handed down to us by our forefathers—if true to ourselves—victory, under God's blessing, must, and will attend, our efforts.

GEORGE G. MEADE, *Major General Commanding.*

The boys believed this meant fighting, and fighting till the enemy was whipped, and they took new courage from it. The regiment made a reconnoissance to Fredericksburg that forenoon, and on returning proceeded to join the main column near Todd's Tavern. Here it found the First brigade actively engaged with the enemy, and was held in reserve as its support, but was not called upon. The regiment bivouacked in that vicinity, and the boys were in the saddle by three o'clock the next morning. Considerable marching and scouting in various directions; a short season supporting a battery; a time on the skirmish line in the afternoon, where, in the lull of the firing, some of the men fell asleep, although the regiment the Maine boys relieved called it a lively contest; a trip on the wrong road, and a period of being entirely cut off from the Union lines, during which the regiment was exposed to a sharp fire; and finally a night of picket duty near Pine Run church,

is much in our favor. Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken over five thousand prisoners by battle, while he has taken from us but few, except stragglers. I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Signed, U. S. GRANT, *Lieut. Gen. Commanding the Armies of the United States.*

made up the sum of this day's duties for this regiment, while, from sunrise to sunset, came the thunder of heavy firing from the right. A newspaper correspondent's account of this day's fighting, written at the time, says:—

Late in the day Stuart made a demonstration upon both our right and left flanks, but was handsomely repulsed by Custer's brigade of the First division on the right, and Col. Gregg's brigade of the Second division on the left. Gen. Custer went into the fight with his usual impetuosity, having his band playing patriotic airs in front, himself charging at the head of his brigade, and the artillery playing into the enemy at the same time. The attack on the left was very stubborn, and looked for a time as though it would be successful: but Gen. Gregg, who is the coolest man under trying circumstances I ever saw on the field, ordered Col. Gregg to send in the First Maine and drive "those people" away. The general always speaks of the enemy as "those people." Besides the First Maine, the Second, Fourth and Eighth Pennsylvania regiments were engaged on the left.

Saturday, May seventh, the regiment remained on picket till nearly noon, when it was relieved and sent to the front with the rest of the brigade. There were two or three hours of waiting, and then a dismounted line was formed near Todd's Tavern, across the Catharpen road, the First Maine being in the edge of some woods on the left of the road. The led horses were taken to the rear under charge of the "No. 4" men, each man having charge of the led horses of his set of fours, while Nos. 1, 2 and 3 marched to the line. There was then no appearance of an enemy in front, and no sounds of fighting: but the boys knew they were there to fight, and made preparations accordingly. A rail fence along the road was quickly transformed into breastworks, for the men had now been in the service long enough to learn that it was the part of valor to protect themselves as much as possible. While the boys were busily engaged in carrying rails, a voice came from the right of the road, saying: "What regiment is that?" "First Maine," was the reply of one who had too many rails on his shoulder to waste much strength in talk. "Bully for you! this is the Sixteenth Pennsylvania," was the joyful reply; and then the strange voice rang out to his comrades: "We are all right, boys, the First Maine is on our left," while the fact that the "Sixteenth is on our right," went down the First Maine

me as gladly. The strong friendship which these two regiments had formed for each other at Shepards town, and the firm confidence which each had acquired for the other, had been strengthened during the campaign which followed, and this friendship and confidence were never broken. Either regiment always felt "all right" with the other near. In quick time the breastworks were completed, and they were good works for the time and materials used; half the men were sent a short distance to the rear for support, and to be used where exigencies might require; and the remainder, carbine in hand, waited patiently the turn of events. Before them was a large open field, and beyond that, not two hundred yards away, more woods. Two guns of "horse battery A," regulars, the battery belonging to the division, were in position on the skirmish line, clear up to the breastworks, their muzzles running out through embrasures left for that purpose, — the only time the boys saw the artillery on the skirmish line close to the front. The preparations for fighting had hardly been completed when firing was heard in the front, and a force under command of Capt. Myrick, which had been sent out on the road to find the enemy and watch his movements, came back, followed by a large force of rebels. Out of the woods the enemy came, yelling as only they could yell, and they had but fairly got into the field when cannon and carbines opened a terrific fire, and the rebel yell was turned into a whine as they quickly disappeared in the woods. The sight was enough to make the boys laugh, so suddenly did the enemy turn. They evidently did not expect to find any considerable force so near, and that battery's grape and canister thoroughly astonished them. All that afternoon the fight was kept up, the rebels making several unsuccessful charges, and all that afternoon the brigade held the position, with the battery alongside. It was an afternoon of spirited attacks and of stubborn resistance.

During one of the lulls in the firing, one of the boys of Co. L had a skirmish of his own with a rebel who was concealed in the woods. He first held his cap up above the works to draw the fire of his foe, and succeeded. The cap was not harmed, and he sent back a shout of derision. Thereupon the rebel put up his

hat, as if inviting him to give an example of his marksmanship. He did so, and back came a similar shout of derision. This was repeated two or three times, both parties getting more and more excited, while the comrades of each of the skirmishers took quite as much interest as did the principals, and forgot for a moment their surroundings. Finally the Co. L man got a little too excited, and in watching the foe as the latter was drawing a bead on the Union cap, he unconsciously exposed the broadest part of his body above the rails. Johnny fired, and a jump by the Yankee and a quick application of his hand to the exposed part, told where that bullet struck. Then came over a hearty laugh from the rebel line, in which the comrades of the wounded man could not help joining. It may be remarked that with the laugh against him he could not with good grace leave the field, but pluckily remained to square accounts with that particular rebel.

The brigade remained on the skirmish line that night and the next forenoon, being relieved long enough in the morning for the men to go back to the horses and get breakfast. About ten o'clock the rebels appeared in front, advancing, and there was a sharp fight for a few moments. This fight did not seem to amount to anything at the time, but afterwards it was learned that the enemy's infantry had attempted to make an advance upon the Union force, but had been checked; that dismounted cavalry had forced the infantry back. There were indications that a strong effort was to be made to carry the line, and the men waited anxiously, being in readiness at any moment—at every moment. A little later a charge was made on the enemy's right flank by the left of the Union line, in which the greater portion of this regiment joined, and the rebel infantry were driven from the woods by dismounted Union cavalry men. Shortly after this the brigade was relieved by infantry. The loss to the regiment in this engagement, borne on the flag as "Todds Tavern," was six wounded, one of whom died. One reason for the loss being so small in so severe an engagement, lasting so long, was the fact that this regiment had excellent protection in the breastworks. As the enemy made the attack in this engagement and failed to achieve any advantage, the result is rightfully claimed as a victory for the Union forces.

Maj. John D. Myrick, at the reunion in Bangor, 1873, thus spoke of this engagement:—

You, Mr. President, and comrades, who were with the old regiment during the "Wilderness" campaign, will recollect the memorable fight at Todd's Tavern on the seventh and eighth of May, 1864. Gregg's division held the Catharpen road, our lines being established in the edge of the woods, and having in our front a broad stretch of open ground, skirted again beyond with timber. Late on the morning of the second day, the enemy, having completed his preparations, ordered the advance, and as we lay there impatiently watching his movements, every man grasped his carbine more tightly, while flashing eyes and compressed lips betokened on every hand a stern determination there to nobly do or die.

The long, glistening lines of the rebel infantry pressed on with rapid strides and perfect alignment, until they came within pistol range of our men, and then a rattling volley from the deadly carbines tore crashing through their ranks: and seizing the opportunity afforded by the momentary confusion, our gallant fellows, the dear old First Maine in the advance, without an order, so far as I could ever learn, with one impulse, as if fired with a sudden inspiration, leaped over their frail barricades and fell with impetuous valor on the rebel lines—the lithe, active trooper against the sturdy infantry man,—the carbine against the bayonet,—and hurled them back, and crushed them down, and utterly routed them!

The manner in which soldiers accustom themselves to their surroundings and make the best of circumstances was thus illustrated that morning. The sun was very hot, even early in the morning, and the boys on the right of the regiment, thinking perhaps they might have to stay on the skirmish line all day, made themselves shelter with small trees and branches, and ere long were comfortably shielded from the sun. They were interrupted in this by the advance of the enemy, when they left their fancy work, sprang to the breastworks, and in a moment were fighting sharply, forgetting all about the shelter or the hot sun. The idea of fighting under a brush canopy was certainly unique. After this attack was repulsed the shelters were finished. But this was not enough. The ground was not the cleanest to sit or lie down upon, so a thick carpet of fresh green leaves was put down. Then there was comfort, even on a skirmish line, and thorough comfort, too; and thus situated, the boys calmly watched their comrades on the left make that famous charge upon the infantry already spoken of. When the

infantry relieved the cavalry, one of the boys who had been enjoying this comfort, drolly remarked: "That's just the way: we never could get a real nice place to have a good game of ball, but the fellows from some other town would come and take it away from us."

Upon being relieved, the cavalry advanced along the Catharpin road for some distance, being furiously but harmlessly shelled by the enemy, but the latter had gone too far on the impetus given by that dismounted cavalry charge, and no more fighting was in order that day. The brigade went to the rear at night and went into camp, and next morning started, with the whole corps on Sheridan's raid to the vicinity of Richmond, bidding good-by forever to the "Wilderness," the Rapidan, the Rappahannock, the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, Bealton Station, Warrenton, and the various localities where they had campaigned so long.

Starting at daylight on the morning of May ninth, and passing around the right flank of Lee's army and not far from it, the corps reached Beaver Dam Station, Hanover County, on the Virginia Central Railroad, at night, having had heavy skirmishing all day on the right, though this regiment got none of it. At the station Gen. Custer's brigade of the First division forded the North Anna River and charged, driving the enemy and recapturing nearly four hundred Union prisoners belonging to the Fifth corps, who had been captured while charging rebel breastworks near Todd's Tavern. Three long trains loaded with commissary stores, and a large warehouse filled with flour, bacon and whiskey, were destroyed. It was estimated that a million and a half rations were destroyed at that point. The station was burned, railroad and bridges destroyed for miles, and other damage done, and the command went into bivouac about nine o'clock, the First division being on the south side of the river, and the others, with which was this regiment, on the north side.

The reveille of the morning of Tuesday, the tenth, was the sound of shells flying thick and fast from a rebel battery posted on the hills in rear of the column. This created no scare: a force was sent to capture the battery, which lushed it up, and

the men were allowed to cook and eat breakfast before starting on the march. Soon after daylight the column was on the move, the First Maine being given the advance, and Co. G the advance of the regiment. The advance guard was formed in the usual order, one man alone in the advance, then two men a few yards behind him, then a sergeant and four men a few yards away, then a squad of eight men with a sergeant, then the company, then the regiment, and then the column, the different bodies being some twenty or thirty yards apart. Beside this arrangement, a corporal and four men in line of skirmishers marched in line with the advance of the column on either flank, always keeping in sight of the advance, and therefore at distances according to circumstances, being nearer the column in a wooded country than where it was open. Scarcely had the advance been formed and got started, when the foremost men saw two or three men and horses by the side of the road at the edge of some woods. A remark was made by one of them: "Can these be our pickets, so near Sheridan's headquarters as this?" to which the other replied: "I shouldn't suppose so." To their surprise the men mounted their horses, fired at the advance, and galloped into the woods. So sudden and unexpected was this that for a moment the advance could not understand it, and did not have time to return the fire before the enemy was out of sight. Possibly in the formation of the advance they had marched further than they thought; but the impression was that they were close to Gen. Sheridan's headquarters, and it was impossible for them to realize that these men were the enemy's pickets when they could not believe they were even their own pickets. Lieut. Col. Boothby, who had charge of the advance, rode up and ordered the men to move on as if nothing were there, and to shoot every time one of the enemy showed himself. This order was obeyed, and for a mile or two a running fight was kept up without loss on either side, the advance keeping steadily along, and the retreating enemy appearing at intervals long enough to fire and be fired at. Then came a turn in the road, where the advance found a force of some twenty men drawn up in rear of a rail fence on the left of the road, on the brow of a hill. This sight stag-

gered them for a moment, but Lieut. Col. Boothby gave the order "Charge!" and the three men in the road, the corporal and four men on the left of the road, and the squad of four under the sergeant, obeyed the order with such spirit that the enemy fled down over the hill. The little force followed till it reached the top of the hill, when it ran into a hornet's nest, finding a much larger force in line on the other side of a ravine, some two hundred yards away. The order was again given to charge, but was not obeyed, the boys thinking they knew better. However, the squad of eight in charge of the sergeant, Henry Little, came up, and without orders the men dismounted (the fire was too hot for them to remain mounted), sent the horses to the rear, and the squad of a dozen or so took position behind a rail fence, and kept up a lively fire upon the enemy's line, which was as vigorously returning the fire. In the meantime Col. Smith came up and took command (Lieut. Col. Boothby having been wounded), a portion of the regiment was formed for a charge, a part in line in the field and the remainder in column in the road, and just as the little squad was beginning to get out of ammunition and consequently nervous, swoop came the line over the hill in their front and the column in their rear (as welcome a sight as they ever saw), and the squad stopped work to look. The line charged down the hill and across the ravine, and the enemy waited no longer.

In this charge one of the men managed to run his horse a-straddle of a small tree, just after crossing the ravine, and in his excitement, instead of backing him out, he sat there spurring the animal fearfully, and shouting: "Climb, d——n you, climb!" which somewhat interfered with the solemnity of the occasion.

The regiment lost in this little brush Lieut. Col. Boothby, who received a wound from which he died, a serious loss to the regiment, one man of the advance killed and two wounded.—one severely,—and one or two men wounded in the charge. The man killed was Private Charles R. Delano, of Co. G. He was one of the advance, and started out on the right of the road.—one of the two who rode together, with only the single man in their front. When the first shot was fired by the rebel

pickets the bullet struck in the road in front of him, a short distance away, seeing which he made the remark: "That was meant for me, but there wasn't powder enough behind it." When the advance began firing, his horse became a little nervous and would not keep in place, and he asked his comrade to change sides with him, saying perhaps his horse would go better on that side of the road, as it was all the time working in that direction. So the two changed places, and continued on in their running fight. When the squad under charge of Sergt. Little rode up, this comrade inquired of George M. Delano (a brother of Charles R.) if any one was hurt, and received the reply: "Charley is killed." This news struck him like a blow, as there flashed before him the remembrance of his dead comrade's remark at the first fire, and of the fact that they had changed places, by which action his own life had been saved, while his comrade had been killed. Poor George! he was too good a soldier to leave his place in the line in time of action, and rode by the body of his dead brother into the fight, nor left until the sergeant ordered him to go look after his brother. After the skirmish was over, the body was buried by a squad under charge of Sergt. John B. Drake, near a house by the side of the road. The burial was one that will never be forgotten by any one of the half dozen who were present. Sergt. Drake had found a large box, — a sort of meal-chest, — in the house, and made this into a coffin by kicking out the partitions. The owner of the house protested so strongly against this use of his meal-chest that the sergeant was forced to draw his revolver and threaten to put him into the box, also, if he did not keep still. Chaplain Bartlett made a brief prayer, and the comrades reverently placed the body in its last resting-place, while all the time the column was marching by and paying no attention to the little funeral. This over, the comrades mounted their horses and followed on with the column, with other things to think of than the comrade they had just buried, who less than an hour before had started out as well as they were, and like whom they themselves might be, as one of them was, before the morrow night. Alas! that many a soldier's burial was even less formal than this.

Gen. Smith, in a private letter to Lieut. Libby, thus tells the story of this skirmish:—

Gen. Sheridan ordered me to take the advance, move out rapidly, and brush all resistance out of the way. It was known that a force of the enemy held the road that we were to take. Our pickets were out only a short distance. It was necessary to put out flankers on both flanks. I put Boothby in charge of the advance, while I directed the putting out of flankers, the column being in motion. As soon as the flankers were well out I started to the front, about the time the firing began. I met Boothby going to the rear, accompanied by Chaplain Bartlett. His looks indicated that he was badly hurt. I despatched an orderly to find Surg. Colby, and then hurried to the front, where I found all at a standstill behind a little ridge where Boothby was shot. The enemy was beyond and across a little creek, but within easy range. One man had been killed and two wounded, besides Boothby, before I got there. The ridge was highest to the right of the road, and the enemy was mostly on that side of the road. On the right the road was fenced with rail fence. As soon as I took in the situation I caused the fence to be thrown down, and deployed Myrick's company (K) just behind the ridge, and put Co. G in line behind Myrick's. I put your company (C) in line on the left side of the road, and Co. D in column of fours in the road. Just before we were ready to start two staff officers came up from the rear to find out the cause of the delay. They saw my preparations, and waited to see the result. When I gave the word we all went forward together. Two of the men in Myrick's front were killed—all the others fled. Myrick used revolvers on that occasion—not sabres. We did not lose a man—one man of Co. D was hit slightly in his leg; no other casualty. Myrick had the advance the rest of the day, and I kept along with him, but we did not encounter another Johnny that day.

The column then proceeded, with no further molestation during the day, crossing the South Anna River at Ground Squirrel bridge (about twenty miles from Richmond), and bivouacking on the south side at night, a portion of the regiment being on picket, and the remainder being allowed to unsaddle, which was something new on a raid, and the boys began to get acquainted with Sheridan.

The enemy had by this time got thoroughly waked up as to the presence of the Union cavalry and its probable mission, and had made great preparations to stop its course. Indeed, it was afterward currently reported that Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the rebel cavalry general, had invited Jefferson Davis and the Confederate cabinet to come out and see the Yankee cavalry fall into his trap and be captured. After crossing the river the

bridge was burned, as a matter of safety, on the supposition that the river was not fordable. This, however, proved not to be so, as the regiment found to its sorrow the next morning. The regular arrangement for marching at that time was for each division to take the advance one day, the rear the next, and the centre the next, and so continue in regular rotation, while there was the same arrangement of the brigades within the divisions, the regiments within the brigades, and the battalions within the regiments. This of course brought the Second division, which had the advance on the tenth, to the rear on the eleventh, and the First Maine to the rear of the division, or rear guard for the whole column.

After a good night's sleep and an early breakfast Wednesday morning, the regiment was sent out to wait till the column had passed, and then take its position at the rear, Capt. Chadbourne being sent to the rear on picket as a necessary precaution. A fine grass plat was chosen for the waiting-point, and the boys improved their time by grazing their horses, some of them even taking the bridles out for that purpose. Suddenly an order was received for the regiment to go to the support of the pickets, who had been attacked. Proceeding to an open field, a detachment was dismounted and advanced to the picket line as rapidly as possible, while the rest of the regiment remained mounted as support. There was a lively skirmish going on, but the boys had been there but a short time when an order came to rejoin the led horses as quickly as possible. There was a scramble for their horses, and the men had scarcely got mounted before the enemy appeared in three columns, mounted, but a few yards away, in the road and on each side, charging down upon them like so many demons. Col. Smith ordered a volley from the carbines, which was given, and then ordered: "Fours, Right About!" After marching a few steps to the rear and giving the men time to reload, they were again ordered about, and gave the rapidly approaching enemy another volley. This was repeated two or three times without effect upon the enemy, and, unfortunately, in the haste of mounting the men had not got back into their places, there had not been time to count off, and the men knew not where they did belong.

so that by the time they had wheeled two or three times they were terribly mixed up, the enemy was all in among them, and it is not to be wondered at that the regiment was forced back in some confusion before the impetuous charge of a force outnumbering it three to one. But the boys fought gallantly, though under disadvantages, and won (at how great cost) another name on the battle-flag. Artillery was got into position and opened, checking the rebel advance, the regiment was rallied, the Sixteenth Pennsylvania regiment came up, and the fight at Ground Squirrel bridge was over.

Chaplain Merrill's account of this fight is as follows:—

Early in the morning word was sent to Gen. Gregg that the enemy was in the rear. Thinking the force to be inconsiderable, he directed Col. Smith, of the First Maine Cavalry, to go back to the Yellow Tavern (Goodall's Tavern according to southern accounts), and guard the rear till the column had passed on, relieving the Tenth New York. On reaching the place the regiment was dismounted in the open ground, and Capt. Chadbourne, in command of a battalion, advanced to post the pickets in the woods. But while they were advancing they met the enemy and were forced back to the reserve. Rallying with the reserve, they checked him just in the edge of the woods. The check, however, was but momentary. Struck by the whole force of Gordon's brigade, the regiment was forced back. Few of our men had time to mount before the enemy was upon them. Those first mounted instantly charged and pushed them back, whilst the others remounted. No sooner was this done than Col. Smith ordered a charge of the whole line. The incessant rattle of musketry, together with the demoniac yells of the assailants and the answering shouts of our own men, however, prevented the order from being generally understood. A portion of Capt. Chadbourne's battalion, together with Cos. L and M, charged with a valor unsurpassed, but after driving the enemy some distance they were compelled in turn to fall back. As they did so Col. Smith was seen in the extreme front, almost alone. Seeing Sergt. (afterwards Capt.) Wilson, he called out to him: "Sergeant, tell the officers to rally their men, if the number is ever so small, and bring them up." In a few moments there commenced one of the most hotly contested actions of the war, the rebels fighting with terrible fury, and the First Maine boys with the dauntless valor of Roman veterans. Squadron after squadron charged, and fierce and fiercer grew the contest, and near and nearer the main forces of the contending parties, till friends and foes were repeatedly mixed up, and fought hand to hand. In one of these encounters a rebel colonel made a thrust at Lieut. Boyd, his sabre passing through his sleeve and through his vest. At the same instant a ball from the revolver of a private laid the rebel low—he had fought his last battle. In the first charge that was made a younger brother of Capt. Chadbourne fell, severely wounded. The men, forced back, yet fighting at every step, tried to take him with them, but were finally compelled to leave him.

(He was captured and survived his wounds: after being held a prisoner three months he was paroled and sent to Annapolis, but died seven days after his arrival. — one of the many martyrs to the cause of good government.) It was a touching sight to see the gallant captain, on that terrible day, fighting under the two-fold inspiration of patriotic and fraternal love — fighting hand to hand to drive back the foe and rescue his wounded brother. Once during the fight he became separated from his men and entirely cut off. Disguised, however, as he was, by smoke and dust, he was not recognized. Perceiving this, he at once took a position in the rebel line, and charged with them. Soon after, an opportunity offered to slip out, of which he was not slow to avail himself. To the great joy of his men he returned unharmed. When Gen. Gregg learned the true situation, and saw the retrograde movement of the regiment, he is said to have been more moved than he had ever been known to be on any other occasion, exclaiming: "My God! is the First Maine coming back?" Instantly ordering up the artillery, however, the enemy was checked, and the fight at this point ended.

Col. Smith, in the letter to Lieut. Libby, referred to a few pages back, thus speaks of this day's battle: —

The next day, May eleventh, our regiment was assigned to the rear of the whole cavalry corps. The bridge across the river had been destroyed. The whole corps had got well off on the road towards Richmond, and I was about to draw in the pickets and follow, when the pickets were vigorously attacked. Gordon's brigade of cavalry had forded the river at some point above, and gave us an unexpected attack. I dismounted four companies to cover and rescue our pickets. Then I deployed the rest of the regiment, to enable the dismounted men to remount. In the meantime I sent three messengers, one after another, at short intervals, to inform the brigade commander, Col. Gregg, that we were overpowered. He returned answer in each case to "fall back." He had in that case too much confidence in the First Maine. He had never seen it beaten, and thought it could take care of itself, and fall back against any odds. With charge after charge we held that open field, each company becoming more broken and reduced every minute, till we reached the timber, when the entire regiment went to pieces for the first time in its career, and every man took the road for himself. Then Col. Gregg soon discovered that he had work in hand, and deployed the whole brigade and put the artillery in position, and used it, too. We lost fifty men. My horse was shot early in the fight, but not disabled: a ball passed just underneath the skin of his hind leg, setting him to kicking fearfully for a few seconds, while I was under heavy fire, much to my discomfort. At another time I was completely enveloped in a charge by the enemy, and expected to be taken prisoner, but escaped, much to my own surprise. I was covered with dust, and had only eagles on my shoulders, without straps. I was not observed by the enemy. I had two revolvers in my holsters, and during the fight I drew one after the other, and fired eleven shots. One barrel missed fire. I could not, or did not, return my sabre, but held it in my bridle hand while I was using my revolvers. I lost

my field glass. I think the strap must have been shot in two, as it was quite a strong one, that could hardly break. At one time, while in the road, I was at the extreme rear of the regiment, and was firing to the rear at some of the enemy in hot pursuit of us. I had cocked my pistol on one occasion, and turned my head to the rear to look for the enemy, when, in my trepidation, I presume, I discharged my revolver prematurely. I turned my head to the front, and saw one of our own men falling from his saddle. It is possible, if not probable, that my accidental shot killed him. Many others were shooting at the same time, especially the enemy, from behind us; yet I felt quite sure that mine was the fatal shot, and was glad that I did not recognize the man.

The regiment's loss was Capt. Vaughan taken prisoner, Lieut. Libby, of Co. C, wounded, six men killed, fourteen wounded and twenty-nine taken prisoners. Maj. Thaxter's horse was shot under him, and he, thoroughly exhausted by exertion on foot, was in danger of being captured, when Private Isaiah Welch, of Co. L, seeing his situation, galloped up to him, gave him his horse and ran into the woods. The major escaped on the horse, and the brave boy managed to hide in the woods between two logs, where he remained until he found a chance to escape, which he succeeded in doing, and rejoined his company. This was the only instance in the history of the regiment where it was completely broken.

These extracts from a southern account of this engagement, dated "Headquarters Gordon's brigade, Brook church, May 13, 1864," may cause a smile on the part of the men who were there:—

Individual instances of daring are numerous, and we hope not to be invidious in mentioning an instance: In the charge, the Yankee colors at one time being almost within reach, Lieut. Lindsay, of the Fifth North Carolina, dashes at them and grapples with the color bearer. As he reaches for them an expert shift from one hand to the other by the color bearer saves them from his grasp; but with a well plied stroke of the sabre, he almost unhorses the bearer, who, bleeding, reels, but gathers his equilibrium, and, by means of the fleetness of his horse, saves himself with his devoted Yankee bunting. Another instance is also worthy of publicity: Private Brown, of Co. H, Fifth North Carolina Cavalry, a mere stripling, dashes into the heavy ranks of the First Maine regiment and encounters an athletic Yankee captain, who, with a stunning blow with his broad sabre, knocks the lad from his horse: at the same instant the Yankee captain's horse was shot from under him. Just as this brave lad was rising from the ground his eye caught the situation of his antagonist, and raising the butt of his gun, he commenced clubbing

the Yankee, who lustily cried out for quarter. The brave boy had the satisfaction of seeing him subsequently shipped to Libby. At this point the Yankees had settled down to have a good time, for a while, at least, from the number of chickens, geese, eggs, etc., they had collected into camp. — some with heads just wrung off, some half picked, while eggs, boiled and unshelled, lay in profusion around. The ladies' pantries had contributed no little to the occasion, as pickle jars and preserve cans lay scattered about around their camp-fires. Amid these spoils also lay a number of dead and wounded Yankees. A remarkable instance of immediate retribution came under our observation on this part of the field. Just at the head of a dead Yankee who had fallen near the roadside, lay a large, fine preserve can, with its rich contents scattered around the unhappy wretch's head. The peculiar cause and circumstance of his death was some subject of remark, when a little North Carolina lad curtly replied, "Ah, boys, he took his sweetened."

In the meantime the advance of the column had been having a hot time with the enemy, and had succeeded in opening the way only after a severe contest, during which Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, commanding the Confederate cavalry, received wounds from which he afterwards died.

But the day's duties were not finished with the morning work. The march was still onward, the Second division was rear guard, and the regiment had its full share of work to do. All day the enemy delayed the advance and harassed the rear, and progress was slow. Several times the regiment dismounted and formed a skirmish line to repel a threatened attack of the enemy, or to prevent a surprise, staying on the line until the column was well out of the way, only to mount, advance a short distance, and again "prepare to fight on foot." But the enemy, though close behind the column and all around it, showed no disposition to risk another such charge as that of the morning, at least on the Union rear, but contented himself with watching matters, threatening, and occasionally exchanging a few shots.

On this day the men wonderfully increased their admiration for the new chaplain, Rev. George W. Bartlett, who had joined the regiment late in the winter before, but who was at this time hardly known to the men, owing to the character of the duties of the winter, the large detail for Gen. Kilpatrick's raid, and the absence of many men on "veteran furloughs." As the regiment was hurriedly forming a skirmish line at one time, the chaplain rode along the line, saying in a cheery tone: "Be lively, boys,

the quicker you get in there the better chance you'll get." which was as encouraging as it was soldierly.

In this slow, tedious, discouraging way, the day's march progressed. Along towards night word came back to the rear guard that Custer had captured the outer line of the fortifications of Richmond and several big guns, or words to that effect, which was received with cheers, but the effect of the good news was somewhat lessened, as far as this regiment was concerned, by the fact that just then there was a flurry in the rear, and the boys had to hurry back to the skirmish line they had left but a few minutes before. Darkness was most welcome that night. Soon after it came the regiment reached the Richmond pike, where it found a nice, wide road, in good condition, with a beautiful hedge fifteen or twenty feet high, on either side, over which the column marched "by platoons" easily and as pleasantly as could be under the circumstances, and without molestation. Just at daylight of Thursday, the twelfth, the regiment passed inside the first line of the Richmond fortifications, where Custer had made the break, and halted, as the boys supposed, for breakfast.

It appears that here was another trap set for the Yankee cavalry. The whole command was now inside the outer wall of fortifications. On the right was a deep ravine, through which no troops could pass. In front was Meadow bridge, a bridge nearly a mile long over a swamp, with now and then small streams. At the further end of this bridge was a strong earthwork, well manned, while the bridge had been partially destroyed. In the rear a large force appeared soon after the rear guard had passed through the works, and on the left was the line of fortifications. The only way out was to cross Meadow bridge, or to take the back track. Had Sheridan been as well known at that time as he afterwards was, there would have been no question as to which he would do. He had started to go through, and he was going through. And he did go through.

The Maine boys had scarcely got out of their saddles before there was an order to draw ammunition; and this over, without time to cook coffee, barely time to eat a "hardtack straight."

there was an order to mount and away. Swearing was of no use, and the only consolation the boys got was to wish they had cooked breakfast instead of drawing ammunition. Back over the road they had just come they went, halting a short distance inside the earthworks, where they were drawn up in the road in rear of a battery, which was at this time vigorously at work, and which was getting prompt replies to its missives, from a rebel battery. One battalion was sent forward to charge on the rebel guns, but for some reason this project was abandoned (probably on account of the great danger of the undertaking and the poor prospect of any gain), and the battalion rejoined the regiment. Here the regiment remained, for what seemed a very long time, as support for the battery, the boys sitting still on their horses, with the enemy's shells striking all around them, while to add to the confusion a smart thunder shower came up, and the rain fell on Yanks and rebs alike, while the thunder of heaven's artillery mingled with that of the contending human forces. Those who sat on their horses that morning, listening to the various sounds, will never forget the sensations they experienced. While here a rebel shell struck the ground in front of Maj. Thaxter's horse, splashing mud all over the men in the first set of fours. Another exploded right over the major, and sent a piece through the withers of the major's horse, while another piece struck the major's heel, killing the horse and giving the major the cognomen of "Achilles," for, with the other qualifications of that hero, he was vulnerable only in the heel. Several of the boys at once reined out to assist the wounded major, but he waved them back to their places and hobbled off alone. When this sitting still under fire had got so tedious that anything was welcome for a change, the regiment was marched to the left, near the bank of the ravine, dismounted, and sent into the woods to the skirmish line. Here the boys had fun. They concealed themselves, as they had well learned to do, behind a rail fence, trees, stumps, etc., and were comparatively out of sight, while their enemy (whom they supposed to be home guards, men who had always done duty in and about Richmond, and though brave enough, knew nothing about actual service.

but thought it would be cowardly to seek any kind of protection), stood boldly up in line, in an open field, and made excellent marks for the aim of their unseen and well protected foe. It was cruel to shoot at those brave fellows, to look at it now, but then the boys thought only of doing their duty, and really enjoyed selecting the men to shoot at. The regiment remained on this line a long time, losing one man killed and four wounded, and about two o'clock in the afternoon was called in and followed the column, which was passing out of the "trap."

The fight at the front was more severe, but Sheridan drove the enemy, the bridge was repaired, or rather rebuilt, and the First and Third divisions crossed, and finally the Second, which was unmolested. The whole force then marched to near Mechanicsville, half a dozen miles or so, without further molestation, and went into camp; and the boys, the enemy, and the country, were better acquainted with Gen. Sheridan.

Concerning this day's work, a newspaper correspondent's account of this raid, dated "Headquarters Cavalry corps, Haxall's Landing, on James River, May 14, 1864," says:—

In the rear Col. Gregg's brigade of the Second division, and a portion of the Third division, under Gen. Wilson, were hotly engaged with Stuart. Gen. Wilson sent word to Gen. Sheridan that the enemy was driving him slowly back. Gen. Sheridan sent word that "he must hold the position at all hazards: that he could and must whip the enemy." Col. Gregg's brigade, being re-enforced by a regiment from the First brigade, charged the enemy and drove them nearly a mile. The day was now ours. The enemy had disappeared from our front, and we succeeded in rebuilding Meadow bridge, and the First and Third divisions crossed, covered by the Second division, which, in turn, withdrew, and also crossed without being annoyed by the enemy. The rebels, previous to crossing the river, planted a large number of torpedoes in the road, two of which exploded, fortunately, however, killing nothing but two horses. The rebel prisoners were at once set at work, and compelled to dig carefully with their fingers for the remaining infernal machines. Twelve of these beauties were unearthed in the space of a couple of hours, and placed in the cellar of a lady with strong rebel proclivities, living on the road. She protested in the strongest terms against the indignity, but was told that if she did not handle them they would not explode.

These extracts from the same southern correspondent, quoted in regard to the engagement at Ground Squirrel bridge, will also be of interest:—

On Thursday morning the enemy was still on the same road, moving toward Richmond, but closely pressed by Gen. Gordon, who came up with the Yankee rear near Brook church, about a mile from the last line of fortifications. The Yankees turned down a road leading to Mechanicsville. Here we were re-enforced by a regiment, or a portion of a regiment, of infantry, which we hoped would assist in arresting the raiders. They were placed by Gen. Gordon on each flank, in the place of dismounted men, with orders to double quick and charge the enemy's dismounted men simultaneously with the cavalry charge. Our boys raised the yell and were going in, when the necessary support failed. The command was then forced to dismount and advance as skirmishers, which was done immediately, steadily driving the enemy's skirmishers, when the recreant infantry were again ordered forward by Gen. Gordon; but the only execution they did was by firing into our dismounted men, who were far in the advance, killing two and wounding several. They then fell back upon the road. Our lines held back the enemy and drove him gradually till nightfall. Gen. Gordon was severely wounded while leading his men in the skirmish. After resting our weary frames, it was discovered that the continued thumping we had given the enemy had induced him to causeway the Chickahominy swamp and make his escape.

On the thirteenth the march was continued, the enemy making no more attempts to hinder it. The command bivouacked that night near Bottom's bridge, a dozen miles east of Richmond, and marching over Malvern Hill, reached Haxall's Landing, on the James River, fifteen miles southeast of Richmond, on the fourteenth, where were United States gunboats, which had come up to assist Sheridan, did occasion require, as well as to convoy transports with rations for the command. By some misunderstanding the gunboats commenced to shell the column as it came in sight, and the boys will never forget the sound of those shells ("cast iron stoves" they called them) as they whirled through the air. The signal officers galloped to the front in hot haste, and in a short time the firing was stopped,—before any casualties occurred in this regiment, though there were rumors of a man killed in another regiment of the command. Here the men were allowed to unsaddle (all but one battalion, which was on picket), and to get a good night's rest, two unexpected luxuries about that time. And the rations were very welcome, for the command had been living on the country almost since starting, and such source of supply was rather irregular, especially when time to forage could not be spared from fighting. And more than all, the boys were cheered by

the good news from the Army of the Potomac, which had been doing wonders in the few days the cavalry had been away; and though the news was somewhat indefinite, it was none the less welcome.

The command remained here the next day, during which the sick and wounded were put on board the boats for transfer to Washington, and there was a general, though brief, season of refreshing rest. About six o'clock on the afternoon of the sixteenth, the regiment and the pioneers of the whole division, all under command of Col. Smith, started for the Chickahominy River, to repair Jones' bridge, and put it in condition for the command to cross. This force reached the locality about midnight, and early the next morning the pioneers commenced their work, the regiment acting as support and also doing picket duty in all directions, while the bridge building was under the direction of Col. Smith, assisted by Capt. Ellis, of Co. E. In the morning Lieut. Harris, of Co. F, who had been on picket with his company, was found dead under such circumstances as to lead to the belief that he shot himself accidentally. There was no trouble from the enemy, though guerillas showed themselves at times during the day. By noon the bridge was finished, and the command waited patiently, some of the men using the time quite profitably the whilst in fishing, for the column to come; but it did not come till the next morning. When it arrived, Chaplain Merrill says: "To facilitate the passage of the troops it was then found necessary to build the second bridge. The water was deep, the banks high, and the bridge must be thirty-six feet between the bearings; and yet so well had the exigency been provided for, and so energetic and skilful were the men, that in one hour and forty-five minutes the structure was completed, and the first train passed over it." This at that time was the quickest built bridge on record. The abutments were made by cutting down trees that hung over the water on either shore, placing logs from the one to the other on the same shore, and resting the stringers on these logs.

The crossing was effected during the day, and there was a deal of tedious waiting, for those first over must wait for the

rest, while to add to the discomfort the hot sun alternated with showers all day long. About five o'clock in the afternoon the command started, and about ten o'clock halted for the night, being then a few miles from White House Landing. The next morning (nineteenth) the command was ordered in readiness to move; but after the order was obeyed it was countermanded, and the day was spent in resting, foraging (for the rations were out the night before), and picketing. On the twentieth there was a hot, tedious march by the Second division, to near Coal Harbor. Here there was a couple of days of picketing, this regiment getting the second day of it, and on the twenty-second the march was resumed, the command halting that night near White House Landing, on the Pamunkey River, where transports supplied rations and forage, and where the horses had another night relieved from saddle and pack.

Next morning the command crossed the river on a high railroad bridge, which was anything but pleasant or easy to do, and then started off, passing by King William's Court House, and halting before dark on the banks of the Mattaponi, near Aylett's warehouse. The order was "unsaddle and go into camp," an order always cheerfully obeyed; and soon after that there was a sight such as is seldom seen. The river was near, its waters were tempting, the boys were dusty and dirty, and it only needed one or two to lead the way to entice large numbers into the water. A brigade in swimming could be seen from the camp of the regiment, and probably the rare, invigorating fun was enjoyed all along the line, and it was rare fun and thoroughly enjoyed. The sounds of cannonading in a northwesterly direction at sunset told the boys they were getting in the vicinity of the Army of the Potomac.

On the twenty-fourth there was another tedious, dusty march to near Hanover Court House, and then for a while on the Bowling Green road, with the sounds of Grant's cannon all day, and about noon on the twenty-fifth the cavalry corps had joined the Army of the Potomac, and the boys were again "at home," this being the seventeenth day the corps had been outside the army lines. As an indication of the severity of the

marching on this expedition, it may be said that in one day seventy-two horses became unfit for service, and were killed, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy and being recuperated and rendered fit for service. Of this expedition, which he designates a "raid against the enemy's lines of communication with Richmond," Gen. Grant thus speaks in his official report:—

On the twenty-fifth (May) Gen. Sheridan rejoined the Army of the Potomac from the raid on which he started from Spottsylvania, having destroyed the depots at Beaver Dam and Ashland Stations, four trains of cars, large supplies of rations and many miles of railroad track; recaptured about four hundred of our men on the way to Richmond as prisoners of war; met and defeated the enemy's cavalry at Yellow Tavern; carried the first line of works around Richmond, but, finding the second line too strong to be carried by assault, recrossed to the north bank of the Chickahominy at Meadow bridge, under heavy fire, and moved by a detour to Haxall's Landing, on the James River, where he communicated with Gen. Butler. This raid had the effect of drawing off the whole of the enemy's cavalry force, and making it comparatively easy to guard our trains.

A newspaper correspondent who accompanied the expedition, thus writes from Haxall's Landing, on the fourteenth:—

The Cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, under the command of Maj. Gen. P. H. Sheridan, have during the past ten days covered themselves with glory, and accomplished the most decisive results of the war. They have fought and defeated Stuart's boasted cavalry for nine successive days, flanked his army, destroyed all his communications with Richmond, captured and destroyed three long trains loaded with commissary stores, together with two first-class engines, recaptured three hundred and seventy-eight Union prisoners, including two colonels, one lieutenant colonel, and several officers of lower grade, captured three pieces of artillery and about two hundred prisoners, taken the outer line of fortifications on the north side of Richmond, whipped their cavalry and infantry within the sound of the church bells of their capital, and brought the command safely through to the James River, under the protection of our gunboats.

During this part of the campaign of 1864 a portion of the regiment had been doing good service elsewhere. Maj. Cilley and Cpts. Virgin and Montgomery found themselves in Washington, the former on his return from New York, where he had been with the men transferred to the navy from the Second division, and the other two on their return from leave of

absence, after the cavalry corps had cut loose from the rest of the army, and were put in command of a detachment of men at "dismounted camp." These men were veterans returning from their furloughs, convalescents from hospitals, etc., and consisted of one hundred and five from the First Maine and detachments from other regiments of the division. They numbered at first two hundred and thirteen from the Second brigade (including sixty-seven from this regiment), and one hundred and two from the First brigade, and were afterwards increased to four hundred. This detachment left Washington on the twelfth of May for Belle Plain, arriving the next day, and there remained until the sixteenth, guarding rebel prisoners. On that day the detachment started, crossing the Rappahannock soon after noon, camping two miles or so from Fredericksburg, and reaching Gen. Meade's headquarters about noon the next day. In the afternoon the detachment was sent out to support the Thirteenth Pennsylvania regiment, which was being driven back from a reconnoissance to Guiney's Station, and got ready to receive the enemy, but he did not come.

On the twenty-first Maj. Cilley, then under Gen. Torbet, was directed, with three hundred men of his command, to support the artillery near Milford Station, and afterwards to drive the enemy back from the left of the station. He deployed two squadrons as skirmishers, keeping one in reserve, and advanced through a wood, pressing the enemy back to the rifle pits, and then charged. The first attempt was unsuccessful, but at the second charge he carried the works, capturing forty-one prisoners, including four officers of the Eleventh Virginia Infantry. In the afternoon Capt. Montgomery, with a detachment of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, captured ten prisoners on the other side of the river. The loss to the detachment this day was seven killed and ten wounded, none being from the First Maine, as the one hundred men of this regiment, under Capt. Virgin, were guarding a road on the flank.

The next day the detachment reported to Gen. Hancock and was sent in different directions, scouting and guarding the trains, and on the twenty-third the pickets were called in and

the detachment was ordered to proceed immediately to Old Chesterfield. The roads were crowded by infantry, and the horsemen were obliged to take the side of the roads, making marching unpleasant and slow. During this march Maj. Cilley had the same satisfaction of being spoken to by Gen. Grant that the comrade did who, early in the history of the regiment, bragged that the colonel had spoken to him, and on being asked what he had said, replied: "He told me to 'push up.'" The major was ordered by Gen. Torbet (to whom he reported for orders) to move rapidly to his assistance, and for so doing was reprimanded by Gen. Grant, who did not know of this order.

That night the detachment was sent on picket near Chesterfield Station, and Capt. Montgomery spent the night in the saddle trying to connect with the left of the infantry, during which one of his sergeants was shot by the infantry pickets. On the twenty-fourth Capt. Virgin, with a strong detachment, escorted a train with wounded men to Port Royal, on the Rapahannock. Next day Maj. Cilley with his command crossed the North Anna River and reported to Gen. Gibbons on the extreme left of the infantry, and participated in the fight at that point. The next day he reported with his detachment at division headquarters, and brought a welcome re-enforcement of one hundred men to the regiment.

CHAPTER XII.

SECOND CAMPAIGN UNDER SHERIDAN.

ON THE ADVANCE AGAIN. — THE FIGHT AT HAWES' SHOP. — MAIL DELIVERED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD. — THE FIGHT AT COAL HARBOR. — DEATH OF CHAPLAIN BARTLETT. — SHERIDAN'S RAID TOWARD GORDONSVILLE. — FORAGING ON FOOT. — THE FIGHT AT TREVILLIAN STATION. — A LIVELY ARTILLERY DUEL. — VISIT TO LOUISA COURT HOUSE. — ON THE BACK TRACK. — A WEEK OF HOT, DUSTY, TIRESOME MARCHING. — SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE A MONTH AFTER THE BATTLE. — FIGHT AT WHITE HOUSE LANDING. — FIRST DAY'S REST FOR NEARLY TWO MONTHS. — THE FIGHT AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH. — INTENSE HEAT. — THE DAY WITH THE LED HORSES. — "AT HOME" AGAIN.

THE boys found that "home" had moved since they left it, three weeks before, and was now on the North Anna River, instead of in the "Wilderness." The news of what the Army of the Potomac had done in their absence, that Grant had gradually been nearing Richmond and forcing the enemy back, was inspiring, indeed, and to this were added letters and papers for the boys from home in abundance, that had collected during their absence. Not long was the rest, however, for the next day, twenty-sixth, the command started about noon and marched, as the advance of the Army of the Potomac, directly back over the road it had just come, for some distance, and then turning to the right, continued on all night, reaching the Pamunkey River, near Hanover Town, next morning, where there was a short skirmish in which the enemy was driven, and crossing the river on pontoons, this regiment getting across about eight o'clock. There was some manœuvring and skirmishing on the other side of the river, and then the regiment marched down the river a short distance, and went into camp on some fine bottom lands belonging to an old lady, who was terribly exercised about it, where the horses lived in clover and

the boys feasted on ripe strawberries. This movement was another of Gen. Grant's flank movements.

The morning of May twenty-eighth the regiment was still on the bank of the river. About ten o'clock the orders came to move out, and in a very short time the regiment was moving out. It was but a short march before trouble began with the advance, and ere long two divisions of the cavalry corps were engaged in what was pronounced the severest and most hotly contested cavalry fight of the war up to that time, and which Gen. Grant in his official report says was a "severe but successful engagement," the fight borne on the regimental battle-flag as "Hawes' Shop." In this engagement the regiment was given the unenviable, soul-harrowing, though responsible position of support for a battery, and a lively battery it was, too, not only keeping up a heavy fire, but drawing a smart fire from the rebel battery. The regiment was drawn up in line a short distance in rear of the battery, a portion of it partially behind some woods, while in front of the centre was a tall chimney supported by a large brick oven—all the war had left of some mansion. Here for an hour or more, and time did drag fearfully, every minute seeming an hour, the boys sat on their horses, listening to the sounds of the battle they could not see; listening to sounds of the enemy's shells whizzing through the tops of the trees in front of them or close by that tall chimney, and thinking how the bricks and mortar would come down among the men if a shell or solid shot should strike it; watching the shell and shot strike the ground in their front, for the enemy had remarkably good range; and all the time wishing they were anywhere but there. Then they were allowed to dismount and sit or lie down on the ground in front of their horses, which was much more comforting. And if some of the men found themselves working into the ground before that long, severe strain was over, who can blame them, for the fight raged long and hot, and to remain under that severe fire doing nothing was a greater strain by far than the more active if more dangerous fighting. The men under those circumstances get the noise of the battle without its excitement, and the danger without the glory and without the forgetfulness of danger that activity brings. Shells

never scream so fiercely or sound so wickedly as under those conditions. Men can only think and hope, and their nerves are sorely tried. They are inclined to wish the enemy would charge on the battery they are supporting, so they can have something to do—something to think about besides themselves and their chances.¹

Before the regiment was dismounted a shell came bounding along the line from right to left, taking off the legs of three horses in its course, and rolling along directly under the horse rode by Maj. Cilley, just in rear of Co. I. There was a general shudder for a moment by all who saw it, in anticipation of its explosion, for the fuse was smoking and the major's horse was so thoroughly frightened that it could not be induced by the most vigorous application of the spur to leave the dangerous locality. However, the explosion resulted harmlessly, as far as the major or his horse was concerned.

One of those hair-breadth escapes which were so common as to excite not much wonder at the time, occurred during this engagement. When the regiment dismounted, Sergt. Jumper, of Co. G, lingered by his saddle-bags for a moment to get some tobacco, and hardly had he left them and seated himself on the ground, when a shell struck his horse in such a manner that, had he stood as he did the moment before, or had he been on the horse, he would probably have been instantly killed. The boys learned to look upon such instances not as matters of luck, but as evidences of the protection of a higher power. The horse was killed. The sergeant took off his blankets, tent, etc., emptied the saddle-bags, distributed among his comrades, to take care of until he returned, so much of his worldly goods as he could not conveniently carry on foot, bade his com-

¹ This feeling is well described by J. W. DeForest, in a short sketch entitled "A Night at Sea," published in 1869: "What does a man think of when he stands consciously on the borders of the grave? The writer of this knows by frequent experience that there is in such conditions very little consecutive thought. The mind acts in brief and numerous yet not violent convulsions, which seem almost to explode at once, and which instantly extinguish each other. The peril—the distant home—again the peril—what is beyond—the movement of some object—the outline of another—the dread of bodily pain—the chances of escape—what happened yesterday—what should be done to-morrow—hopes that may be dashed—once more the loved ones—then again the peril—always a foreboding—a dull, persistent foreboding. Such is the waiting for conflict; a very different thing from conflict actual,—a thing much harder to bear."

rades good-by, as he knew not when he should see them again, and left the field. In less than half an hour he was back again, having obtained a horse from one of the comrades who was ill, when he gathered up his worldly goods, packed saddle and saddle-bags, and took his place in line as though nothing had happened.

For three or four hours the fight raged, and then, the enemy having apparently got all he wanted, the firing ceased, though the battery and the regiment remained in position until nine o'clock in the evening, when the regiment went back to the river, the horses were unsaddled, and the men went into camp as if there was not a rebel within a thousand miles. The loss to the regiment in this engagement was one man killed and three wounded, while four horses were killed. The regiment had taken part, and an important part, in one of the most severely contested cavalry fights of the war, yet the men had not fired a shot or seen a rebel. They had really been in little danger, — the loss was small, — but they had shown quite as much courage as their comrades in the thick of the fight, and there was no time during the engagement that they would not willingly have changed places with them.

On the twenty-ninth the regiment remained comparatively idle, doing a little picket and other duty, and moving two or three miles to secure better grazing ground. Next day preparations were made to move early in the morning, but they were afterwards countermanded, and the men got a rest until two o'clock in the afternoon, when the pickets were attacked, everything went to their support, and a smart fight commenced near Old Church Tavern. This fight lasted a couple of hours or so, but the down east boys did not get engaged, being held in reserve. During its progress the train arrived, and forage was issued and mail delivered on the field, while the regiment was in position as support. Such are the comforts and conveniences of modern warfare.

On the thirty-first there was marching, countermarching, picketing, scouting, etc., the regiment camping at night near White House Landing, the new base of supplies for the Army of the Potomac, and the first of June was like unto the last of

May, the regiment picketing on the flank of Gen. Baldy Smith's forces, which were moving up to join Gen. Grant's army, and camping that night on the Coal Harbor road.

The morning of June second the division was early on the move in the direction of and by Barker's Mills, this regiment having the advance. About eight o'clock a portion of the regiment was deployed as mounted skirmishers, and ordered to advance through the woods, while the remainder advanced in column through a road on the left. This last portion, as well as the left of the line of skirmishers, soon got through the woods, when, finding the enemy's skirmish line posted on top of a hill, Col. Smith at once charged up the hill with this force and drove the enemy; but his command had barely reached the top of the hill and got into position when the enemy opened a severe fire with several batteries of artillery, from a larger and longer hill on the right. It seemed as if the air was full of deadly missiles, and the cannonading was incessant. Sending the horses back, a skirmish line was formed, and the position was held the greater part of the day (the Second and Thirteenth Pennsylvania regiments coming up and taking position on the right and left of the regiment), in spite of the heavy artillery fire and the frequent spasms of musketry with which the enemy was affected.

In the meantime the right of the regiment, which attempted to go through the woods mounted, found itself in thick underbrush, — such woods as they seldom saw in Virginia, — and it was with difficulty they got through, and that not until after the charge had been made and the artillery had opened. They reported the sounds of the cannon, mingled with that of the shot and shell crashing through the trees, as perfectly terrific; and they got out of the woods as quickly as they could, when they were sent on picket duty on the right and left of the skirmish line, and then to support the dismounted line, in which position they remained till the line was withdrawn.

No attempt was made to advance from the position on the hill, and though one or two attempts were made to drive the regiment from there with dismounted men and the artillery, they were not successful. The regiment remained on

the line till after four o'clock that afternoon, when it was relieved (the infantry coming up), and marched to near Bottom's bridge, and went into camp. The loss in this engagement was one officer and one enlisted man killed and five men wounded. The position of the regiment, just behind the brow of a hill, accounts for the comparatively small loss, for there was ammunition enough thrown at it to have given each man his weight, almost. This was known among the boys as the fight at Barker's Mills, but is on record officially as the battle of Coal Harbor, it being the preparation for, and commencement of, that engagement.

At the very first of the engagement Chaplain Bartlett was instantly killed. He had charged up the hill with the regiment, and when the enemy's artillery opened, a shell or solid shot struck him in the body, cutting him in two. His body was buried, after the fight was over, a short distance from the field, and that night his horse and effects were sold at auction, and naught but the memory of the kind, brave, patriotic chaplain remained with the regiment. In the cool pursuits of civil life, to read of such a proceeding thrills one with horror; but in the hurry and bustle and exigencies of active service, it was looked upon as a matter of course, and the men turned from the tears at his grave and in his memory, to the curiosity of the auction sale, and then to the round of duties, with tender reverence, but with no thought of undue haste or any impropriety. Nor did they the next two days, as the plain board that marked his grave was midway between the two skirmish lines, hesitate to fire for fear of disfiguring that.

Narrow escapes were numerous in this fight, and many a man came very near being hit by shell or shot as they ricocheted over the brow of the hill, or were driven from their direct course by the trees. Early in the engagement a shell struck into the rails of a light breastwork, hastily thrown up, behind which was a portion of Co. A. At this the men stepped back down the hill a bit, when Col. Smith, who saw them, quietly remarked: "You are safe up there, that place has been hit." The men returned to their places. Later in the day, as Col. Smith, Maj. Cilley, Adj. Bibber, and other officers and men —

nine in all—were sitting on the ground, in shade of a small tree just in rear of this breastwork, Adj't. Bibber said: "Those fellows have got our range, and I think the next shot will come about here"; and he got up and walked about. Sure enough, a moment later a shell passed between the bodies of Col. Smith and Maj. Cilley, struck in the middle of the group, ploughing the ground up along the leg of Corp. Thomas J. Neal, of Co. C, who was on duty at headquarters, and knocking his sabre hilt against him without hurting him, though it gave him a severe blow. Had Adj't. Bibber not got up just as he did, that shot would have gone through him. The boys of Co. A, to whom the colonel had spoken a little while before, saw this incident, and the colonel fancied he could see a sort of smile creep over their faces, as they thought of what he had said to them. Capt. Tucker and Lieut. Boyd were both hit by balls from shrapnel, but neither were injured, and Sergt. McCobb, of Co. B, had a portion of the rim of his hat carried away by a shell, while his forehead was torn by a sliver from the pile of rails behind which he had taken position for protection. And there were other escapes as wonderful, which have not come down to history.

The next forenoon the men got a bit of rest, but at noon were again on the move, going back to near the ground of the fight of the day before, at Barker's Mills. Here they went on picket as a dismounted skirmish line, in sight of the enemy, the men putting up breastworks, and remained that night, the next day, and until the morning of the fifth. While on this line the men heard the sounds of the severe battle at Coal Harbor. On the fifth the regiment moved to Bottom's bridge, remaining there that night, and the next afternoon marched at a rapid rate back to near Old Church Tavern, crossing the Pamunkey River at Newcastle Ferry, half a dozen miles or so below Hanover Town, and going into camp about eleven o'clock.

The morning of the seventh, the regiment, with two divisions of the corps, under Gen. Sheridan, who by this time was well known to the men personally, and had won the pet name of "Little Phil," started on an expedition against the Virginia Central Railroad, with instructions to Gen. Hunter, who was

expected to meet Sheridan at Charlottesville from the Shenandoah valley, to join his force, then to effectually break up the railroad connection between Richmond and the Shenandoah valley and Lynchburg, and then rejoin the Army of the Potomac. This was known among the boys as Sheridan's second raid, or the raid toward Gordonsville. The command camped the first night near Aylett's; crossed Altoona swamp the second day, camping that night near Pole Cat Station, on the Fredericksburg Railroad, having marched slowly and halted much during the day; marched a while on the direct road to Fredericksburg the third day, and then struck to the left, passing through Newmarket, the regiment doing picket duty that night on the road leading from Newmarket to Bumpass Station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, and a detachment under Maj. Thaxter reconnoitring the railroad during the night; and marched slowly behind the trains the fourth day, passing by Waller's Tavern, Good Hope church and Andrews, crossing the North Anna River, and going into camp near Nelson's Branch, on the road to Louisa Court House.

There was little to distinguish this march from others, only that the orders against taking horses from the column, except with permission or by order, were so stringent and so rigidly enforced, that private foraging had to be done on foot, which, however, did not prevent it being quite extensively done. Adventurous and hungry boys would start off on foot in advance of the column in the morning, and scour along the line of march as well as they could, leaving their horses to be led along in the column by comrades, recompensing the comrades for this trouble by dividing the spoils with them on their return, which oftentimes was not till the command had halted for the night. This method of foraging was quite successful, though now and then some of those who had wandered too far from the column visited Richmond before the comrades leading their horses got their share of the spoils. The foragers sent out by orders from headquarters were also quite successful, though some of them were fired on, and occasionally men were killed or captured. Lieut. Gordon, while out with a foraging party, was fired upon, but no one was injured. On the whole

the men did not suffer a great deal from hunger, while many of them lived on the fat of the land.

On the third night out there was a bit of a scare, followed by lots of fun. The regiment was on picket, and after the line had been established the men at the reserve were allowed to unsaddle their horses for an hour to rub them down and rest them. They had unsaddled and were busily engaged in getting supper, when the sound of the sharp crack of a rifle, followed by another and another, came from the direction of the pickets. Col. Smith, who was resting under a tree a short distance from the regiment, at once jumped to his feet and sang out, "Attention!" Then there was a hustling, a jumping for the horses, and a throwing on of the saddles such as the regiment but seldom witnessed. Before half a dozen of the liveliest had got saddled, an orderly rode up to Col. Smith and said a word, whereupon the colonel turned round, and with military voice and manner gave the entirely new order, "Go on with your Apple sauce!" an order which was long remembered. The boys obeyed this most willingly, the excitement was over, and hilarity ran rampant for a few moments. It appeared that the commander of the pickets found near his line some fine, fat cattle, and wisely judged they would do his men good, so he concluded to shoot one or two of them, first sending an orderly to notify Col. Smith, that no alarm might be created. The orderly had some difficulty in finding the regiment, and the cattle were killed just before he arrived, the officer thinking he had waited long enough.

The morning of June eleventh the command started at an early hour, this regiment next the advance, instead of at the rear where it properly belonged, owing to its being first in readiness to move out. The advance soon met the enemy in force near Trevillian Station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, eight miles or so from Gordonsville. Skirmishing commenced between six and seven o'clock in the morning, and the engagement soon became general and severe, lasting all day long. This is known as the fight at Trevillian Station, and was a hard day's work for the command, while the Maine boys considered it one of the hardest days in their experience, for the amount of actual fight-

ing they had to do. The regiment prepared to fight on foot half a dozen times in as many positions, without firing a shot. It moved all along the Union lines, taking up various positions, only to leave them without getting into action. In short, it was moving round and getting ready during the most of the engagement, a great part of the time supporting a battery which could not seem to get where it wanted to.

At one time the battery was drawn up behind a piece of woods, and so close to them that it was reported that the officer commanding declared, in response to an imperative order from Gen. Gregg to open on the enemy's battery, which was doing lively service, that he could not fire in that position, to which the general replied, "Well, I can," and he did, sending a shot through and over the woods, followed by others, that silenced the enemy's battery for a while. While there, a shot or shell came whizzing through the trees, knocking one of the battery drivers from his horse. Another came bounding sportively along toward the regiment, which was in line a short distance to the rear, almost tempting one to try and stop it with his foot, and passing between two companies. As it neared the regiment there was a general scattering of the men in its way, which caused a laugh from one who was farther off, and the query: "Can't you dodge anything coming so slow as that?" to which a dry joker replied: "Yes, but the darn thing may be rotten." The fact that it might be a shell, and liable to explode, had not crossed the mind of the questioner. At another time, while the battery was apparently in reserve, the regiment had a position where the shells and pieces of shell flew round altogether too thickly to be encouraging to men who had nothing to do but wait in patience and watch for the missiles, and the boys were not sorry to get orders to move, though they knew not what was in store for them next. Other portions of the command had severe fighting, and this regiment only escaped by the fortunes of the service.

About five o'clock a determined attack was made on the enemy's position by the dismounted men, accompanied by this regiment and its battery, who went down the pike, which finally succeeded in breaking the enemy's lines, and in a moment

the battery was in position on a hill in the very place the rebel battery had just left, and the regiment was in line in a small field behind it, while the dismounted men had advanced and taken up a new position. Then all was quiet. The men began to get careless. Some were sitting on the ground in front of their horses; some had gone for water, leaving their horses in charge of their comrades; some were writing, and some were lying down. A portion of the artillery horses had been taken to water, and one or two companies of this regiment had led their horses away for the same purpose. Everything looked as little like fighting as it is possible to imagine, and there was a free and easy look to the whole field. Suddenly the dismounted men commenced firing briskly, and more briskly, and then the rebel artillery opened. Their gunnery was excellent. They had the exact distance, as they knew well enough the Yankees would place their battery on the ground they had just left, that being the only available place in the immediate vicinity; and they knew just how to time their fuses. (This knowledge of the country, and of the distances from one position to another, was an advantage the enemy's artillery had all through the war). The first shot that came over was shrapnel, and it struck plumb into the Union battery, wounding the commanding officer, disabling two horses, and bursting, scattered pieces of shell and iron balls all over the regiment. Others followed in rapid succession, all striking in the battery or between it and the regiment, and filling the air with their contents. Then there was excitement, but no confusion. The men who had wandered from the line returned in hot haste; the horses that had strayed from their places were brought back; the artillery horses came galloping to their positions. Still came the shells from the rebel guns with wonderful precision, striking in front of the regiment, and sending a shower of iron in all directions. The Union battery got ready to reply quicker than it takes to tell it, and opened fire. Col. Smith took in the situation at once, and coolly riding along, sang out in his clear, ringing voice and well-known manner: "At—TEN—TION! *Fours* LEFT!—FORWARD!" These orders were obeyed with exceeding promptness, and before half

a dozen shots had been fired the regiment had moved its length to the left, and was out of range, and the shot and shell, for the most part, went harmlessly by on the right, though the stray shrapnel bullets occasionally bounded round strangely, some stopping so near the men that they picked them up as mementoes of the fight, almost without leaving their places. This artillery duel was of short duration, the enemy soon getting enough, and quiet was restored. Col. Smith then rode along the line, inquiring of each company: "How many men hurt in this company?" To his surprise he found but three or four, and one or two horses (the regiment's loss in the engagement was three wounded and two missing, and five horses killed), and he rode back shaking his head, and saying, half to himself: "I cannot understand it; I cannot understand it. I cannot understand how they can throw so much of that stuff in amongst us and not hurt more of us; I cannot understand it."

Private Thomas A. Trask, of Co. B, was severely wounded in the arm in this engagement. On being taken to the surgeons they decided to cut the arm off; but Trask was not agreeable to that idea, so he darted out of the house used for a temporary hospital, and made his way to his company, where he stayed until he could be sent to a hospital. He was absent six weeks, and returned a sound man.

Gen. Grant, in his official report, speaks of this fight as an obstinate contest in which the enemy was driven from the field in a complete mob, leaving his wounded and about four hundred prisoners and several hundred horses in our hands.

It was now nearly dark, and there was no more fighting that night. One battalion of the regiment went on picket on the road to Louisa Court House, and the remainder bivouacked on the field behind the battery. The boys of this latter portion would have got a good night's sleep but that a great part of the night was spent in drawing rations (service the men were generally most ready to perform, but they would have preferred some other time than most of the night after a hard day's work), and before morning a drizzling rain rather interfered with first-class sleep in the open air.

Early rising was in order next morning, and at six o'clock

the regiment was again on the move, a portion to go on picket, and the remainder to go by itself on a reconnoissance to Louisa Court House, going by different roads, a portion under command of Maj. Cilley, and another portion under command of Maj. Thaxter, all under command of Col. Smith. There were small bodies of the enemy in the vicinity, slight skirmishing took place at times, and one or two charges were made by portions of the regiment; but no large force was found, and the command reached Louisa Court House with but little trouble or hindrance. Here was a wonderful place in which to revive old memories. Well did the boys remember their visit the year before, under Gen. Stoneman, and well did the citizens remember it, too, and there was some sharp sparring about it. Beside, there were with the detachment some of those who were taken prisoners at Brandy Station, and who had promised the citizens of this village, as they went through there on the cars *en route* to Richmond, just a year before to a day, to call and see them again in a year; and right glad were they to make their promise good, especially when they remembered the taunts, and jeers, and insults they received from the inhabitants when they were under guard. No enemy was discovered in this vicinity, and the command did not make a long stay.

Before it left, however, the boys had done some foraging, securing goodly quantities of forage, bacon, and tobacco, and some government stores had been destroyed. The men who were on that trip, or a portion of them, at least, will never forget the appearance the head of the column made as it left the town. Some of the boys, in their investigations, had found several jars of preserves, and of course helped themselves. The jars were brought out to the column, and each man, even to the officer who rode at the head, dipped in his hardtack for a bit of the delicacy. While this was going on, the order was received, "Forward!" and away the column went, nearly every man eating from a hardtack daubed with rebel preserves, to the general disgust of the citizens. In another portion of the village was a sweet time, also. The boys found some bee-hives, and being more powerful than the bees, captured the honey. During this operation Maj. Cilley had a similar experience to

that of Maj. Taylor at Luray the December before, for which he has since been accused by Sergt. W. B. Smith of "fighting the busy bee with the sabre." However, the honey was a success, if the fight was not.

The detachment got back to the field of the day before about noon, and went on picket in the afternoon. During the day other troops had been engaged in destroying the railroad between Trevillian Station and Louisa Court House. There were sounds of fighting on the right along towards night, but this regiment got none of it. At dark the order was received to "unsaddle and go into camp," a very welcome order, and the boys had prepared for a good night's rest, when a second order came which was not so welcome; viz., "Saddle up, pack up, and be ready to move immediately!" There was no help for it, and those who had been feasting in imagination on the baked beans they were to eat in the morning (confiscated at Louisa Court House) had to take a late supper of parboiled beans, and make the best of it.

Gen. Grant's official report in regard to this expedition says that on the afternoon of this day Gen. Sheridan advanced in the direction of Gordonsville, and after a heavy engagement, during which his reserve brigade carried the enemy's works, five miles from Gordonsville, twice and was twice driven therefrom by infantry, night closed the contest, and not having sufficient ammunition to continue the engagement, his animals being without forage and the country furnishing but inferior grazing, and hearing nothing from Gen. Hunter, he withdrew his command and commenced his return march. This is the reason given for the abandonment of the expedition, and accounts for the contradictory orders.

About midnight the command started on the back track and marched till daylight, halting for breakfast near the campground of the night of the tenth. This regiment then took the advance, crossing the North Anna, and went on picket for the day near Tyman's store. The enemy made no sign, and picketing was quiet. Indeed, it was too quiet for one of the men posted on an outpost on a road, who was found on his post by the sergeant in charge of the relief, sound asleep. It

was a bad breach of discipline, and one that would have caused him the severest punishment: but he was a good soldier, and the sergeant, knowing he had been without sleep for two nights, felt like excusing him, and as none but the two knew of it, the secret was locked in their own breasts, where it remains to this day. And it may be said the sergeant never regretted that action. A foraging party sent out this day was fired on and one man wounded and three horses killed.

The regiment was relieved from picket about dark and went into camp, but was called out in a hurry at three o'clock next morning, and galloped down to support the Fourth Pennsylvania regiment in covering the right flank while the column moved by, and then followed after the column on the direct road to Fredericksburg, halting soon after noon on the Catharpen road, on the ground occupied by the enemy on May eighth after being driven from their first position near Todd's Tavern. Here the boys got three or four hours' rest, and then the regiment moved back a short distance and went into camp.

From the fifteenth to the twenty-first were days of most tiresome marching. The sun was extremely hot, the roads extremely dusty, the men were tired, worn, and, for the most part, hungry (as foraging was hard and not over-profitable), and decidedly cross, and the horses were worn out and half starved, which made riding much harder. Very many of the horses were played entirely out, and the rear guard had a large number of such to shoot before starting each morning, so they might not be recuperated and furnish aid to the enemy. The first day of this tedious march the command passed over the battle-ground of Spottsylvania Court House, where a halt was made to allow the pioneers to bury the Federal and Confederate dead, who were lying around in all directions. Camping at Guiney's Station that night, the march was continued on the second day across the Po River, through Madison and Bowling Green, to White Marsh Run; through New Town and Clarksville to within four miles of Walkertown, the third day; and through Walkertown and King and Queen's Court House (or, as one diary has it, where King and Queen's Court House was before Kilpatrick's raid), and a few miles beyond, the fourth day.

The morning of the fifth day the trains, with sick, wounded, and dismounted men, were sent to West Point, for transportation north, and the cavalry took the back track, the First Maine in the rear, reaching Clarksville that night, where the Maine boys went on picket. The morning of the sixth day the regiment was ordered to move before time for breakfast, and soon after starting crossed the Mattapony River on pontoons, near Dunkirk, finding the corps train on the other side, which gave cheerful promise of something to eat. The command halted just long enough to draw forage and receive the mail, but orders came to move before rations were issued, and the boys, who were prepared to take in a good square meal, suffered severe disappointment. It was noticed that the command moved out with more than usual haste, and that Gen. Sheridan and his staff rode to the front faster than was his custom (for he seemed to make it a point to ride along the whole length of the column each day on the march, as if to let every man in the command see him daily, which calls to mind the same characteristic of Napoleon Bonaparte), and the boys began to suspect something was up, a suspicion which was soon verified by the sounds of cannon in the distant front. On went the column, at a rapid walk, through Aylett's and Lanesville to White House Landing, when the cause of the commotion was discovered by learning that the rebels had attacked the force guarding a large wagon train parked there, expecting to make a handsome capture; but fortunately the gunboats came up in time to prevent their success, and the enemy retired before the cavalry arrived. The rations that were almost given out in the morning were issued in the evening, and the boys camped down on full stomachs, and consequently happy.

At three o'clock next morning, twenty-first, the division was sent across the river, the First Maine going mounted and the other regiment dismounted, to find the enemy and drive him back. They found him without difficulty and pressed him back to Black Run, where he made a stand and a stubborn resistance. Skirmishing was kept up until the middle of the afternoon, when the enemy advanced in line of battle, but was repulsed after a sharp fight, the Union forces having the best

position. The First Maine held the right of the line and remained mounted until after noon, when it was dismounted. By a blunder of some staff officer two companies were withdrawn and a gap was left in the line, through which the enemy penetrated, and a portion of the regiment had a severe fight before driving him back. The loss of the regiment during the day was three wounded, one of whom died from the effects of his wounds.

Capt. A. H. Bibber (then adjutant) had a little experience during this engagement, which is thus told in his own words:—

Our regiment was in line on the right of a brigade or division line of battle. Our left was on the top of a hill facing an open space for some distance. At the foot of the hill, on our front, and possibly eight or nine hundred yards away, was Black Creek, or Black Run. Our regiment's left extended from the top of this hill down its side to the railroad at its base, which crossed the creek on our front. The Johnnies' skirmishers occupied the other side of the creek, and fired at us whenever we showed ourselves. Half of the hill to our rear was wooded, and our line, dismounted, lay along the edge of this wood. The clear ground lay between us and the Johnnies. Further to the left the woods grew down to and crossed the creek and extended beyond, hiding the view. I happened to go along the left of our line about noon, and discovered that it was not connected with anything. I immediately reported to Col. Smith. He said: "Ride out there and know the reason." I found the last man on the left, and asked him how long since the man on his left had gone. "About an hour," was the reply. I moved along the face of the wood, with the intention of finding that man and the line, but had not gone more than three hundred yards from our line when five Johnnies "of the deepest dye" stepped out of the woods not more than seventy-five yards in front of me, and bringing their guns up to their faces, said: "Surrender, you d——d Yankee." Holding up my hand I said: "Hold on there! what in thunder are you going to shoot at?" Down came their guns, and they proceeded to "take me in." I was an object for examination. I had on a pair of corduroy pants and straw hat, and was mounted on a citizen saddle (not exactly a regulation suit). Directly they saw my shoulder straps, and that settled it. Again I was summoned to surrender. Of course I said "yes." I threw the reins on my horse's neck and touched him with my right spur. The horse turned partly round, bringing his side toward them. Disengaging my left foot I left the saddle in a second. I hardly touched the ground before they all fired, my horse falling where it stood. I jumped into the woods. There I saw a skirmish line of them moving to our rear and evidently getting into position to assault our flank. My record for getting towards Col. Smith never was reached by any man in the regiment during the balance of the war. I did not know exactly where to find him, so used my voice. It was no "still, small voice." He heard me. (He never failed to hear the cry of

every man in his command.) With what little breath I had I told him the situation. Immediately two companies went to the rescue of our left, and none too soon. Every survivor knows the result. I have no hesitancy in saying that the fast time made on that hot, hot day (I think it was not less than 100° in the shade) saved a number of Co. D, as they were on the left, and would have been the first to suffer.

At the moment this attack occurred Col. Smith, Maj. Cilley, and Capt. Chadbourne were preparing for dinner. A box of sardines, the last one of a lot and one that had been kept with great care through the march to Trevillian Station and back, had just been opened, and they had got a single taste of the delicious bit, when "pop! pop! pop, pop, pop!" and a volley of musketry caused them and the line of men in their immediate front to leave in a hurry; and instead of eating they found their hands full in re-forming the line and repulsing the enemy. But they never forgot or forgave the loss of that box of sardines.

A curious incident happened in this fight. A bullet struck over the heart of Private Charles W. Jordan, of Co. G, and knocked him down. He supposed at first he was dead, or would be in a moment; but finding he had some life left he got up, and was much surprised to find himself unhurt. The bullet had struck a small pair of scissors in the watch-pocket of his vest, which saved his life, and he kept on with his fighting, though he could not help shaking his head now and then, as he thought of his narrow escape.

The regiment remained on picket on the field till midnight, when it was relieved and went into camp. Next morning the horses were unsaddled, and the boys enjoyed the first whole day's rest since crossing the Rapidan, May fourth. The march was resumed on the following day, the brigade being rear guard for the immense train which had been in park at White House Landing, and which the corps was to escort to the James River. The Chickahominy was crossed near Jones' bridge, on pontoons, and the regiment went into camp near Charles City cross-roads, in the driest country it ever camped in, the boys getting water to cook with only after long search and patient, persevering exertion.

The morning of the twenty-fourth the First division took the

advance, with the train; and the Second division was sent off on a road running to the right rear,—the only road leading to Richmond which would intercept the main column,—to prevent an attack on the train, the main force of the enemy being in that direction. The First Maine had the advance of the Second division, and as it passed by the camp of another regiment, inquiries were made, “What regiment?” and on being told, the cry was passed along: “Fight, to-day, boys, the First Maine’s got the advance!” This had come to be considered a sure sign throughout the corps, and a careful study of the regiment’s history will show that there was reason for it. The regiment advanced in the usual form, Co. G being the advance guard, and after a few miles’ march the pickets of the enemy were discovered in the road a couple of miles from St. Mary’s church. The advance halted, and word was sent back to Col. Smith, and from him to Gen. Gregg, both of whom immediately rode to the front and took a survey of the position. Meantime the advance guard and the enemy’s pickets sat quietly on their horses looking at each other, as if either were a great curiosity, and passing not a word except the first peremptory “Halt!” of the gray coats, which was of course obeyed. On the left of the road were woods and on the right an open field, while in front of the field were more woods, the pickets standing in the road at the edge of these last named woods. A company of the regiment was dismounted, and advancing through the field, out of sight of the pickets, the men entered the woods without the knowledge of the enemy’s pickets, and the first warning the latter had of their presence was when they burst from the woods within a few feet of them, looking for all the world like so many boys hunting for partridges, and opened fire. The pickets fired one volley and left, and the advance guard, who sat on their horses and saw this proceeding, made merry over the fact that as the bullets from the rebel rifles whistled down the road, Gen. Gregg, who sat by the side of the road watching events, made as polite a bow to them as did ever a common soldier. The command rapidly followed the pickets until the church was reached, where a stand was made, the regiment and in fact the greater part of the command were dismounted, and a line was formed and breastworks

thrown up. This was the beginning of the severe fight at St. Mary's church, into which the First Maine led the division, which engagement is thus described by Chaplain Merrill:—

Skirmishing continued through the forenoon. Discovering the enemy's purpose, Gen. Gregg despatched two orderlies, in quick succession, for re-enforcements, both of whom were captured with their despatches. From these despatches the enemy learned the weakness of this part of the line, and at once concentrated his forces to crush these two brigades. At about two o'clock the grand attack was made. It fell on this regiment like a thunder bolt. Our men, struck thus suddenly by a greatly outnumbering force, were falling back rapidly. Col. Smith's horse had been shot under him, and he himself was wounded and bleeding. Still, perceiving that everything depended on checking the enemy here, he resolved to retreat no further. Halting, he called on his men to rally. "Like commander, like soldiers," involves a principle as true in military as in moral and religious matters. As by a magnetic influence the sound of his voice seemed to inspire the men with the same indomitable spirit which animated their commander, and bore him through that terrible fight. As his voice, clear as the sound of a trumpet, rang out over that bloody field, calling on the men to rally, an answering shout came back from the whole line. Above the din of battle rose the loud "Hurrah for Col. Smith!" Instantly they rallied and turned upon the foe, who, strong in numbers and confident of success, was pressing close upon them. In a moment he was checked, and then came the "tug of war." Backward and forward the tide of battle surged. Capt. Phillips, a splendid officer (on detached duty, commissary of musters on Gen. Gregg's staff), was struck by a shell and killed. Ten officers and fifty-eight men went down. When the order was finally given to fall back, they did so, fighting still. Once, the enemy was so near capturing the artillery as to lay their hands upon the guns. It was the first and last time. Their temerity cost them dear. Three times the Maine boys rallied and fell back, stopping behind every tree, and log, and fence, and hillock, to load and fire. Col. Smith, though severely wounded, still kept the field, and was one of the last to retire. By this desperate resistance the enemy was disappointed of his prey, the train was safe, and the imperilled command of Gregg escaped.

This incident of the fight is from the diary of Maj. Cilley:—

In the afternoon, after the line had been in position for some hours, and there were indications in the air that an attack might be expected, I reported to Col. Smith that my battalion, which was on the extreme left of the line occupied by the regiment, did not connect with the next battalion on the right, though drawn out to a thin skirmish line. A squadron of a Pennsylvania regiment had reported to Col. Smith by order, and turning to the officer in command of the same, he said: "You may fill the gap if the attack comes and the major calls on you." This squadron was then placed some ways in the rear and at the edge of the woods, and in front of quite a clear-

ing, my battalion being chiefly in the woods some ways in advance, except the left, which faced a large open field.

I then returned to my battalion and walked along the line till I came to its extreme right, where was Co. H, or a part of it, under the command of Lieut. Andrews. In a few minutes Andrews called my attention, and said: "There they come." And through the trees the rebels could be seen, marching in column of fours, on a road a little diagonally across our front and towards St. Mary's church, whence a road at right angles came which crossed our line at nearly right angles.

The boys opened fire most merrily. Telling Andrews to hold on as long as possible, I hastened back to the Pennsylvania squadron, who was to support this weak place. I was surprised and disappointed to find they had moved, but soon saw the dismounted squadron I was seeking appear in line, advancing from the opposite side of the clearing. Shouting for them to come on, and waiting till a few of the leading ones were near me, I started ahead, yelling vigorously with the rest. I noticed the firing was heavier both to the right and left than in front. Soon I saw a soldier coming towards me, and thinking him a straggler making for the rear, I shouted: "Forward!" He suddenly stopped and looked surprised, as I was then closing on him. He turned, and I noticed his gray uniform. I drew my pistol, sang out "Surrender!" and commenced firing at him; but the circumstances were not conducive to good shooting. We charged through to the former position of Co. H, but found entirely different material in its place. The firing soon lulled, indicating some readjustment of the lines, and I proceeded to find my battalion. They had intuitively concentrated towards the left, and towards the large open field, where the enemy could be seen in considerable force. I was anxious to find the rest of the regiment and connect with it, as the lull presaged a heavier attack. I started back towards the clearing mentioned before, which was quite a knoll or hill, and enabled one to look round. As I approached the summit I was surprised to find that I offered a fair target to the rebel line in the large field, and became vexed, and began to cuss myself for such a foolish, heedless manoeuvre, as certain hummings went by my ears and little patches of dust were raising themselves on my right and left. The temptation to run was almost irresistible, but there were the men of my battalion looking at me. On this account I dare not even stoop or bow my head. When I reached the other side and the shelter of the woods, I found Maj. Thaxter, who told me Col. Smith had just been wounded, and the command of the regiment was in my hands.

The rest of the line was quite broken at this time, and I decided to re-form the line on this side of the knoll, and moved the battalion I had command of to that position, connecting it with the other two who had fallen back to near that position. We held them there for a time, and then fell back and formed in line near quite a number of buildings, and held them in check again. Near this point Col. Smith was seen riding towards our line with a handkerchief tied round his wounded leg, and ere he reached it down his horse went, by a bullet from the enemy. His orderly, or some mounted man near him, immediately dismounted, and Col. Smith took his horse and resumed the command of the regiment. Then followed a series of falling back and re-forming the line to check the enemy, until the enemy interfered

with the motion of one of my legs, and two men helped me to walk, till I reached Gen. Davies, who dismounted one of his orderlies and put me on the horse. The orderly held me on, and I took a rest by going to the rear, and about sunset enjoyed the hospitalities of Surg. Stevens. Then followed an all night ride in an ambulance with Capt. Montgomery and Capt. Tucker.

Lieut. Blanchard, of Co. G, in his address at the reunion at Augusta, 1878, thus speaks of St. Mary's church:—

How many will remember that summer morning at St. Mary's church, a morning not soon forgotten. St. Mary's church, June twenty-fourth. Did you think of it, you of the mystic tie? It was good St. John's Day. A day dedicated by masons to their patron saint. Who, as he stood in the little grove which surrounded that quaint old quiet church, with its dark weather-beaten sides and decaying steps, with its quiet hallowing thoughts and softening reflections, so like the little church in many a New England town, whither we on many a Sabbath morning had bent our childish steps—who, as he stood in its shadows on that lovely morning, could have dreamed what a conflict would in a few short hours be raging there?

But, comrades, I have said I would not dwell upon any of the battle scenes in which our regiment took a part, and I am unwilling to detain you with the details of this encounter, many of you having participated. Yet be it known that here for twelve long hours we contended in the dust and heat, abandoned by our support, driven from position to position, disputing every inch of ground in the face of terrible odds, with the most obstinate and determined resistance: under a terrific fire of shot and shell from the enemy's guns, as their missiles came screaming and tearing through the trees, or ploughing up deep furrows through the ground; charged on front and flank, we are driven, but not routed, beaten, but not conquered or dismayed. Slowly and in order we retire from the unequal contest. The dusty, sunburnt cavalry man turns his face backward towards the enemy he is slowly and sullenly leaving behind him: and though overpowered by superior numbers as he has been—at times almost surrounded—crushed and driven from one position to another, set upon by infantry, cavalry, and artillery, yet he mutters his grim defiance to the foe, and hopes to square up that account on another field.

Our object has been attained, and we realize a victory out of our defeat. The one thousand baggage wagons of Grant's army have passed safely over from the Chickahominy to the James, and the rebels have fought and contended in vain for that coveted prize, but have won an empty victory. The casualties to the First Maine were sixty-eight officers and men killed, wounded and captured. Among the many wounded were Col. C. H. Smith, afterwards major general; Lieut. Col. J. P. Cilley, afterwards brigadier general, and now our present honored adjutant general of the state. Among the killed were the brave and impetuous Capt. Phillips and the gallant Capt. Ellis.

Maj. Myrick thus told the story of this engagement, at the reunion at Pittsfield, 1880:—

The advance guard soon met and drove the enemy's pickets, and charging, routed their reserve and seized the church. Hastily throwing up breast-works in the edge of the woods, the regiment made preparations to hold the position, and before nine o'clock the whole regiment was in, dismounted. They held the road, our lines extending some distance to the right and left of the church. Skirmishing continued, at intervals, throughout the forenoon. The enemy felt occasionally of our whole line, hoping to find some weak point, and at noon made a heavy attack on our right, while a large force was hurled against our right flank. The advance line of skirmishers fell back on the second line, behind our rude works, constructed chiefly of stumps and logs. The timber had been slashed in our front, and effectually barricaded the road against any cavalry charge. Two squadrons of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania were put in as support for our right flank, and for half or three-quarters of an hour the fight raged hot and furious all along our right; but an ominous stillness on the left foretold the tempest coming in that quarter, and during a lull in the firing on the right a heavy column suddenly burst through our lines near the right of the Second Pennsylvania, coming stealthily on through the dense underbrush till within a few yards of our position, when they dashed on at double quick, discharging and then clubbing their pieces in a manner familiar to infantry. Our men met them manfully and resolutely, loading and firing their carbines till they could use them no longer, and then using the revolver. The regiment was ordered back, but every few rods Col. Smith, who, although severely wounded, persisted in remaining on the field, would order a stand, when, with cheers for their gallant commander, the regiment would face about, and by their terrible fire again and again they checked the rebel advance. The Sixteenth Pennsylvania, which had been ordered to our support, had been called away to re-enforce a broken and disordered regiment of the First brigade, and the First Maine was left to struggle alone with the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Then two of our twelve-pounders opened on the rebels, and with three hearty cheers our men struggled on with renewed courage; but the odds were too great, and soon we were pressed back, covering the retreat of the guns. Now we hear a terrific roar of musketry on the left, followed by the roar of our entire battery, as the enemy debouched from the woods and charged our left flank. The gunners poured volley after volley into their ranks till the enemy was close upon them, and then, as their horses and men melted away under the murderous fire of the enemy's musketry, they were compelled to retire to a new position. Then they wheeled again into line and opened their fire, checking the rebel advance for some minutes. A moment later, just as the enemy had massed once more for a desperate charge upon our guns, a rattle of wheels was heard in our rear, and, with horses lashed into foam, the First brigade battery whirled up the hill, and in a twinkling eight guns were hurling shell and canister with murderous effect into the compact columns of the foe. Not a moment too soon came the unexpected aid, for once the rebels had their hands upon the Second's guns. Our artillery, double-shotted with canister, swept them down like a whirlwind, and to crown all, the Eighth Pennsylvania charged down upon their flank with desperate valor, and they were forced to fall back in great disorder, and did not attempt to

renew the fight in that quarter. During all this time the First Maine was contending gallantly against fearful odds, and though forced back by sheer weight of numbers, it was only inch by inch, and still holding the enemy at bay and protecting the right flank of the division. In this, one of the severest battles the regiment was ever engaged in, the First Maine lost ten officers and fifty-eight men, killed, wounded, and missing, out of a total of two hundred and sixty engaged. The enemy was so severely handled in this action that when Gen. Gregg finally withdrew his division from the field he did not attempt to follow us up.

This extract concerning this engagement is taken from "Maine in the War for the Union": —

For two hours the conflict raged, our force stubbornly holding them, until by overwhelming numbers they were able to flank us, both right and left. The First Maine and First Pennsylvania Cavalry were the last to leave the field. By the stubborn tenacity of these two regiments our battery was kept upon the field until they had exhausted their ammunition, and then brought safely off. To no two regiments in the corps, perhaps, could this position have been better assigned. The train was now safely passed, and fortunately for it that it was: for at this juncture of affairs Gen. Gregg's division of cavalry was, for the first time in the history of its organization, compelled to retire, but in a masterly manner, leaving the field in the hands of the enemy. In the many battles in which Gen. Gregg has fought his division, always distinguishing himself by his cool bravery and high-toned military ability, never has he so covered himself and his command with glory, and so fully established its fighting qualities, as on this occasion.

Among the casualties not mentioned in these accounts, Capt. Ellis, of Co. E, died that night from the effects of heat and exhaustion, having been borne from the field by private James Donnelly; Maj. Cilley,¹ Capt. Tucker, of Co. B, Capt. Montgomery, of Co. D, and Lieut. Hussey, of Co. E, were wounded, and Capt. Carson, of Co. L, Lieut. Gordon, of Co. L, and Lieut. Johnson, of Co. M, were taken prisoners. The day was fearfully hot, and the men suffered terribly from the heat and from thirst. Several were overcome by heat, among whom were Capt. Myrick, of Co. K, and Lieut. Benson, of Co. G. The former, however, recovered, and was able to resume duty in a very short time, losing none of the fighting, while Lieut. Benson was ill for some time, finally going to the corps hospital, from

¹ The twenty-fourth appears to be an unfortunate day for Gen. Cilley. May twenty-fourth he was severely wounded at Middletown; February twenty-fourth his father was shot; and June twenty-fourth he was again wounded.

which he was discharged at the expiration of his term of service. Col. Smith had two horses shot under him after he was wounded.

The men who had charge of the led horses in this engagement (No. 4 of each set of fours), a position that a few men sometimes eagerly sought, had an experience they did not care to repeat, and some of them were never again found No. 4 men if they could by any means help it. The men had been at work all day in the heat, changing position, watering the horses, and the usual duties of caring for four horses each, and late in the afternoon, when the line gave way, the horses were ordered further to the rear. They had scarcely got into a new position when they were ordered still further to the rear. They had just started when an order came to halt, a new position was taken, and that was left as soon as taken. This was not owing to any conflict of authority, but to the necessities of the case—the exigencies of the tide of battle. Finally the column of led horses was in full retreat, not hurriedly, but as orderly as could be expected, with the shells of the enemy whistling over them. Soon this column was overtaken by the retreating men as the line was pushed back by the enemy—at first stragglers and those who got scattered or did not rally when the command made a brief stand, and later by the men in greater numbers. Appearances indicated that but for the opportune coming on of darkness the whole command would have been driven back, and that the stubborn resistance could not have been maintained much longer. However, as the train was safe there was no need of further fighting, and the men began to consider their own preservation. Back went the led horses, men joining and mounting every moment with a feeling of relief such as only those who have been in such situations can realize, the men already mounted keeping up a continual shouting of their company and regiment as a guide for such of their comrades as might be making their way through the woods in the vicinity, and the regiment was perhaps half mounted when it came to a halt for the night near Charles City Court House. Here ensued a scene that beggars description. Dismounted men from all regiments were continually straggling by, singing out the names of their regiments, in

the hope of receiving a response which should indicate that their regiment was close by, and that thus their weary retreat was over, while the men of each company in this regiment were shouting out "Co A this way!" "Co C, First Maine, here!" etc., reminding one of the hackman in the crowded depot of a city, to tell their missing comrades where they were. It was some time before the procession stopped and the cries ceased, and the men did not all get in that night, many of them remaining concealed inside the rebel lines and within sound of the rebel pickets until they had been refreshed by sleep, and then cautiously making their way out, rejoined the regiment the next morning after it had started on the march. During this march from the field to the court house the column crossed a large brook, whereupon the tired and thirsty men jumped from their horses, and stooping down among the horses' feet, drank eagerly and freely of the water muddied by the tramp of hundreds of horses, and water never tasted better to them.

The men were thoroughly exhausted, but there was no rest yet, a portion of the regiment being sent back in the direction of the field and going on picket. The next day was also very hot, and several men were overcome by the heat, though only a short march was made, and the regiment now under command of Maj. Thaxter (the wounds of Col. Smith and of Maj. Cilley necessitating their absence) was in camp at Wilson's Landing, on the James River, by noon. Here it remained, men and horses getting some needed rest, until the morning of the twenty-eighth, when the boys were aroused at three o'clock in the morning to start at half-past four, marched a couple of miles to the river, and after waiting there until about six o'clock in the afternoon for a chance, crossed the river by steamers, landing at Fort Powhattan and going into camp a mile or so from the landing, and was once more "at home" with the Army of the Potomac, having been outside the lines twenty-two days.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIRST CAMPAIGN AROUND PETERSBURG.

TRIP TO THE BLACKWATER TO ASSIST KAUTZ. — LIGHT HOUSE POINT. — ON PICKET AT THE GURLEY FARM. — PICKET SKIRMISH. — A FEINT ON THE RIGHT. — A TRIP ACROSS THE APPOMATTOX AND THE JAMES. — SKIRMISHES AT MALVERN HILL. — ANOTHER MOVEMENT ON THE RIGHT. — A FUNNY LITTLE FIGHT. — A MAIL ON THE SKIRMISH LINE. — THE FIGHT AT DEEP BOTTOM. — COL. GREGG WOUNDED. — A SERIOUS FIGHT ON PICKET. — RETURN OF COL. SMITH. — BACK ACROSS THE RIVER. — SKIRMISH BY MOONLIGHT. — THE FIGHT AT REAMS' STATION. — A COUPLE OF WEEKS OF PICKET. — ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA MEN.

THE Army of the Potomac was now in position in front of Petersburg, and the long siege of that city had commenced. From this time forth it was the lot of the Second division, Cavalry corps, including, of course, this regiment, to take a prominent part in the various movements connected with that siege,—to go from the right of the Army of the Potomac to the left of the Army of the Potomac, and back again,—in short, to get full rations of hard fighting and unpleasant campaigning in a dreary pine wood country, and with few of the more exciting features of the previous campaigns. The first of August Gen. Sheridan, whom the boys had come to have the utmost confidence in, and to really love, and whom they were willing to follow anywhere, was sent to Washington to repel Gen. Early's invasion, taking two divisions of the cavalry corps with him, and going subsequently to the Shenandoah valley, where he was placed in command of the forces, and where he and his cavalry won everlasting fame and did most valuable service later in the summer. This left the Second division to share the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac, and the Army of the James as well, under their tried and trusted leader, Gen. David McM. Gregg.

The boys waked up on the morning of Wednesday, June twenty-ninth, near Fort Powhattan, on the James River, having crossed the day before. That was an easy day in camp, until five or six o'clock in the afternoon, when the command was again in marching order. A diary of that day says: "Bothered around without doing much marching till eleven or twelve o'clock, and then toddled right along." The command reached Prince George Court House, about eight miles from Petersburg, the morning of the thirtieth, halted for breakfast, and then pushed on to the Blackwater, with a view of assisting Gen. Kautz's division of cavalry, which was out on what is known as "Wilson's Raid," and, as near as could be learned, was having a hard time on the way back. The Blackwater, a mixture of water and swamp, filled with dead trees—a most desolate-looking place—was reached about night, and the command went into camp. The boys had just got to sleeping soundly, as only tired soldiers can sleep, when the First Maine was roused up and ordered on picket near Old Shop church, and even the near presence of the church did not prevent some profanity at having their slumbers thus disturbed, and for such a purpose. The picket duty lasted until eight o'clock July first, when the regiment joined the column, which crossed the Blackwater, marched three or four miles, drew up in line of battle, and remained till nearly night, and then marched back a mile or so and went into bivouac.

On this march some little excitement was occasioned by another regiment of cavalry, which was moving on a cross-road at right angles with the line of march of the First Maine, attempting to cut through the latter's column, between the third and first battalions. Capt. Myrick, who was in command of the first battalion, well knowing he had the right of way, ordered his men to close up, whereupon the colonel of the other regiment fiercely attacked Capt. Myrick with his sabre, and a contest ensued, lasting several minutes. The captain, who soon saw that he was master of the situation, simply defended himself, and finally Lieut. Col. Bristow, commanding the Second Pennsylvania, the regiment in rear of the First Maine, came up to learn the cause of the delay, and moved the

column forward, and no further attempt was made to break through the line. There was much excitement, and the men of both regiments only wanted the word to make the fight general. The matter was afterwards investigated, and Capt. Myrick relieved of all blame for his part in the affair.

Saturday, July second, the command marched back to Prince George Court House, not having found any of Gen. Kautz's cavalry, camping near there till the morning of the fourth, when it started about seven o'clock, and after any quantity of halting and a couple of miles of marching, went into camp near Light House Point, and celebrated the anniversary of American Independence by drawing soft bread, — the first time since crossing the Rapidan, just two months before.

An incident occurred that morning which illustrates some of the dangers of campaigning beside the bullets of the enemy. The boys were leisurely packing up in the morning, when, as Sergt. Little, of Co. G, lifted his overcoat, which had been rolled up and used for a pillow, he found under it a venomous snake, nicely coiled up and apparently well satisfied with his comfortable quarters. Few who saw it could help shuddering as they thought what might have been, and it is needless to say his snakeship did not live to frighten any one else.

The regiment, now in command of Maj. Thaxter, who retained command until the return of Lieut. Col. Cilley, the latter part of the following September, remained in camp near Light House Point, resting and recruiting men and horses until the tenth, when it was ordered to report to Col. Bryan, commanding a cavalry detachment at army headquarters, and was sent to the left of the army, where it performed picket duty in various positions until the sixteenth, and then rejoined the brigade at Lee's Mills and returned to camp.

A portion of this picket duty was near the Gurley farm, where several incidents occurred that showed with what feeling the soldiers of either army regarded their foes, personally. The Gurley house stood on a road near the centre of the line picketed by this regiment. On the right of this road the line ran a short distance through an open field and then into the woods, while to the left it ran through some woods and

then along in front of woods, with a fine field of growing oats between it and the rebel line, which was also in the edge of some woods. The boys on both sides looked with longing eyes on this oat-field, and thought of the good a portion of the grain would do their horses; and finally it was proposed that they suspend their hostilities for a while, and the men on both sides gather oats. It was agreed to, and without delay men in blue and men in gray rode out into the field, dismounted, shook hands, and went to cutting grain. This action was contagious. A First Maine relief, which just then came down to go on post, joined the reapers, more joined from the other side, and in a very few moments the men from Maine and the men from Virginia and North Carolina were talking together freely, swapping jack-knives, and talking of swapping horses, while the animals, left to themselves, wandered over the field at will, eating wherever they chose. It was a remarkable sight, and it was fortunate that the scene was not discovered by officers high in rank. However, the affair passed off without trouble, though it could not be kept from headquarters, and the most stringent orders were issued against a repetition.

On this same day a man rode out from the rebel line opposite the farm house, waving a paper. The sergeant in command of the relief sent out a man with a paper for the purpose of exchange. The two pickets met half way between the lines and exchanged papers, though the rebel at first demurred at giving a Petersburg *Register* of that morning for a religious paper a week old, but finally consented. He also sent over a note to the sergeant, by which the latter learned that the Ninth Virginia and Fifth North Carolina regiments were on duty on that side of the line. Next morning, about eight o'clock, as the same relief was being relieved, and a portion of the men were washing in the farm house and around the pump, the same Johnny came out and waved another paper. The sergeant was looking for a paper to send over for exchange, when, crack! crack! a dozen times, came the sounds of rifles from the right of his line, where the new relief had just gone. Getting his men mounted as soon as possible, the sergeant hurried to where the sounds came from.

and found an attack had been made upon his right by about a dozen dismounted men, and that the enemy had wounded one man, captured one man and horse, shot another horse, and then retired. Considering the friendly relations that had existed among the pickets the day before, and the fact that the rebel picket was waving a paper, in token of friendship and a desire to trade, at the time the attack was made, the sergeant felt decidedly ugly about this little affair, and determined to at least express his opinion the next time he was on post. However, before that time came a note was sent over to him from his friend of the newspaper exchange, stating that neither he nor his regiment was to blame for the attack; that the regiment on their left, which was opposed to the extreme right of the First Maine line, was relieved the night before by a regiment from Texas, who, not knowing anything about picket, had made the attack, and they had been censured for it. This restored the sergeant to good humor, and he and his rebel friend to good feeling.

After getting back to camp there was another season of comparative rest and quiet, until the night of the twenty-sixth, when, as Gen. Grant says in his official report, "With a view of cutting the enemy's railroad from near Richmond to the Anna Rivers, and making him wary of the situation of his army in the Shenandoah, and, in the event of failure in this, to take advantage of his necessary withdrawal of troops from Petersburg to explode a mine that had been prepared in front of the Ninth corps and assault the enemy's line at that place, the Second corps and two divisions of the cavalry corps and Kautz's cavalry were crossed to the north bank of the James River, and joined the force Gen. Butler had there." In this expedition the Second division, Cavalry corps, took part, and, of course, the First Maine.

The regiment left camp about five o'clock, crossed the Appomattox River, at Point of Rocks, about eleven o'clock, and marching to the James River, near Jones' Neck, drew up in line and halted, where it remained, the boys holding their horses and some of them getting some sleep, till morning. On the twenty-seventh the command crossed the James on pontoons,

the regiment getting across about noon, and after marching a short distance halted, remained standing "to horse" till night, and then went into bivouac. Next morning there was a march of three or four miles, and the regiment took position near Malvern Hill, on the right of the First division, which had been fighting before the Second arrived. Only one battalion of the regiment was engaged, which advanced by a path through the woods, and surprising the force there, succeeded in driving it from the works, killing, wounding and capturing a number of the enemy, and losing five men wounded. The regiment went on picket at Malvern Hill that night, and remained till about five o'clock the next afternoon, when the pickets of the regiment were fiercely attacked, and at first driven in; but after a severe skirmish, during which two men were wounded, the attack was repulsed, and the pickets were reposted on the line from which they had been driven. Soon after this the regiment was relieved by the Thirteenth Pennsylvania, and went into bivouac on the camp-ground of the twenty-seventh.

The first object of this movement having failed, by reason of the very large force thrown there by the enemy, the force was withdrawn to engage in the assault in front of Petersburg, a portion of the Second corps recrossing the river on the night of the twenty-eighth, and the remainder, with the cavalry, on the night of the twenty-ninth. The boys had just got well to sleep on this night when they were roused, and daylight found them on the other side of the river. The march was continued — by the famous mine, which was exploded that morning, and which, unfortunately, was not so much of a success as had been hoped — down to the left of the Army of the Potomac, where a fight was going on near the Blackwater. Here the regiment was placed in support of the reserve artillery, and remained "ready, if wanted," all day, but was not wanted, the First brigade having done the division's share of fighting that day, and driven the enemy from the Blackwater, where the horses of the First Maine were watered that night. The line of march was taken up before dark, and with marching and halting the regiment reached Prince George Court House at

sunrise the next morning, July thirty-first, and was sent on picket.

From the first to the thirteenth of August the regiment spent the time in picketing, scouting, etc., on the left of the army, getting a fair quota of rest. On the thirteenth another movement across the James was commenced, to threaten Richmond from the north side of the James and prevent the enemy from sending troops to re-enforce Gen. Early in the Shenandoah valley, as well as to force him to call back those already sent, which was successful in detaining troops that were under marching orders for the valley, in capturing six pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners, and in drawing so many of the enemy's troops from Petersburg as to make it possible for the Union forces to take possession of the Weldon Railroad, which was done by the Fifth corps on the eighteenth.

The regiment started at four o'clock on the afternoon of the thirteenth, crossing the Appomattox on pontoons, at Point of Rocks, about midnight, and the James on pontoons just before daylight next morning. After resting on Strawberry Plain till about nine o'clock the line of march was taken up, the First brigade having the advance. This brigade soon found the enemy and commenced skirmishing, but the Second brigade kept on, scouting between Newmarket and Charles City cross-roads, marching through highways and by-ways, apparently in all sorts of directions, till the boys came to the conclusion that they were in a great country for by-roads. Along towards night the First Maine and Thirteenth Pennsylvania were sent off alone on the crookedest kind of a road, through the woods, where they had to march in single file. The advance soon found the enemy, and the sound of the skirmish fire was anything but encouraging to the boys back in the woods, who fancied they were getting into a tight place, without a chance to manœuvre or even to turn around. The command was hurried as much as possible, and as soon as a sufficient number of the First Maine got out of the woods to form a line in a small open field, a small line was ordered to charge into the woods where the enemy had just been. They went in with a yell, a shot or two was fired, then all was still, and a few moments

later the rest of the command, which had by this time arrived at the open field, was somewhat surprised to see the men who went into the woods so fiercely come out like lambs, many of them eating something with apparent relish, while others had evidently found something they did not expect in the woods.

It appears that a rebel picket reserve occupied that position, but the Yankees came upon them so suddenly, in their rear, through a path they evidently thought no cavalry could come, that they were thoroughly surprised, and after a brief resistance fled, leaving one officer, one man, and five horses in the hands of the Yankees, as well as camp equipage, cooked rations, etc. Some of the Maine boys got a good supper out of the operation. A merry laugh rang out when the state of affairs became known, and the boys ate their captured rations with great gusto. A few moments later there were reports of the enemy's cavalry advancing along the road the rebel pickets had just gone. This might not be so funny an affair, after all. Preparations were hurriedly made to receive the advancing foe, and a few shots were exchanged, when it was discovered that the supposed enemy was the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry. Firing ceased at once. It was rumored that a lieutenant in the Second Pennsylvania was killed in this skirmish, but the boys never had official knowledge of such a casualty. After another march of two or three miles the regiment went into bivouac.

The morning of the fifteenth the regiment started about ten o'clock, marched a short distance, and prepared to fight on foot. Breastworks were hastily put up in the edge of some woods, and just as they were about finished the line was advanced to the top of a knoll in a corn-field, and the boys had to build breastworks over again. It was extremely hot and the men suffered severely, but they worked manfully until the works were completed, and then they rested from their labors. They were on the second line, in the nature of support, and got no fighting for the day, though the line in advance got plenty of it, but held its own, and stray bullets now and then found their way into the rear line. The boys feasted on apples and green corn in abundance, cooking it on the skirmish line, and just at night killed a heifer that wandered between the lines, thereby

getting some fresh beef, and on the whole they thought they had a good time for a day on the skirmish line. Several times during the day, when the firing in front became very severe, the boys got ready to be called upon, but the enemy was repulsed every time, and they were not wanted. During the afternoon a mail was received, and in fact it was no uncommon thing to receive a mail on the skirmish line. The regiment was called from the line after dark and went into camp on the ground of the night before, but the boys had scarcely got to sleep when a portion of the regiment was ordered to go on picket, dismounted. What this meant the boys wondered greatly, and some of them have not got over the wonder yet. It succeeded in keeping them up all night, and they got back to the regiment just in time to start out at daylight.

On the sixteenth occurred the fight known as the fight at Deep Bottom, which is thus described by an officer who took part in it:—

On the morning of the sixteenth of August the First Maine was called from the rear of the brigade to assume the advance with the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, and shortly after met the enemy on the Charles City road, about half-past five o'clock, and after a sharp contest drove them back three miles. Col. J. I. Gregg was wounded at this time, and in the absence of Col. Smith the command of the brigade devolved upon Col. Kirwan, Thirteenth Pennsylvania, while Maj. Thaxter commanded the regiment in the absence of Col. Cilley, wounded. Gen. Chambliss, commanding the brigade opposed to us, was killed, and his body fell into our hands. Our troops pressed on to White's Tavern, seven miles from Richmond, and were there ordered to support the infantry lines, being drawn up facing and close in front of a dense undergrowth of pines, with the infantry skirmishers lying immediately in their front. At the first shots the infantry broke and fell back, leaving the cavalry to bear the brunt of the whole attack. There was slight confusion for a few moments among the cavalry, but it was soon checked, and the entire brigade was shortly after put into position by columns of squadrons, in a sort of basin, and the enemy ran up two guns to the summit of the hill in their front and opened on them with shrapnel. Under this fire the command lost heavily till Maj. Thaxter moved two squadrons of the First Maine up under cover, within short range, who quickly drove the guns back. In this position the brigade was exposed for some time to fire, unable to return a shot, while the enemy could be seen working down through the woods on the left of the road, to gain our rear and cut off retreat. Maj. Thaxter was solicited by the commanding officers of other regiments to withdraw his command and the others would follow, but he replied he had been placed there by order of the brigade commander, and would remain there while a

man was left him, unless ordered away. At length, after sustaining heavy loss, the brigade was ordered back, and took up a new position in front of White Oak swamp. At the crossing was stationed a section of artillery, while the brigade, mounted, stretched away far to the right. In our front was an open field, perhaps two hundred yards in extent, and beyond this our dismounted skirmish line was placed, in the edge of the woods. The rebels advanced in three lines of battle (infantry), while their guns opened with shell. Our own artillery replied vigorously, but was soon compelled to limber up and fall back across the swamp, where they took position in some earthworks. Our skirmishers were driven in, and the overwhelming infantry force advancing rapidly, our mounted line, which was drawn up with a high rail fence in rear, and behind all the swamp, which was impassable except at the road, with earthworks, abatis, and felled trees obstructing the hillside, soon gave way, escaping as best they could. Many were killed at the road, many rode into the swamp, where their horses perished, and many followed several miles down the swamp to find some road around it by which they could rejoin the command. The men were, however, quickly rallied on the other side of the swamp, and held the earthworks, pouring in such a heavy fire that the enemy did not attempt to force the crossing.

A sergeant who was in this engagement thus wrote home about it at the time:—

The rebs had left the position they held the day before, and we advanced over that ground to the Charles City road, or, as some papers have it, the Newmarket road. The Sixteenth Pennsylvania had the advance, dismounted as skirmishers, and we came next, mounted. The advance had a sort of running fight for a couple of miles, while we kept close up with them. The rebel Gen. Chambliss was killed that morning, and his body lay by the side of the road as we passed along. Finally the rebs made a stand in some woods, and would go no further. A brigade of the Second corps was along with us, and a portion of them was sent into the woods to help our dismounted men. Lively skirmishing was kept up for a while. We were in the road, ready, if wanted, but the skirmishing began to die away, and as a battery opened on us, throwing shell rather near, we were taken back a short distance and formed a line of battle in the field, dismounting, and I made up about an hour of the sleep I lost the night before. There had been scarcely any firing for an hour when the infantry was most all called back to strengthen another part of the line, and we were ordered up again. Got most up there when the Johnnies opened on us fiercely, emptying three or four saddles and laying out two or three horses. Whew! didn't the bullets sing! We were taken out of the road lively, and formed a line in the field on the right of the road. We had noticed fires all along the edge of the woods, and supposed they had caught from the guns; but we were soon made very well aware what the matter was. The rebs had set the woods on fire and formed a strong line under cover of the smoke, and when they did open they opened big. Bullets flew thick and fast. We could do nothing but sit there on our horses, awaiting orders. Our dismounted men

were in front of us, so we could not fire. On the left of the road was a corn-field, and we had infantry in the woods that side of the road, but they broke and ran back through the corn-field, letting the rebels down on our left, an opportunity of which they quickly took advantage. That field was just alive with rebels, yelling like demons, and pouring a cross-fire into us that was telling fearfully. Our regiment was alone in the field, though the rest of the brigade was in supporting distance. Men and horses in the regiment were getting laid out strangely. We were told not to fire, as we might hit our men; and in fact we could not fire to much advantage, being side-ways to the enemy. But it was too good a chance, and some of the boys could not help it. I began to get nervous. I had been under fire long enough without doing anything, and wanted to be busy. I was bound to fire, if I did no good. Was just getting a cap on my carbine when we got the order: "Fours—RIGHT ABOUT!" which showed plainly our officers saw it was no use to stay there, as we could do nothing. I dropped my carbine, and just as we were wheeling a bullet struck my elbow. It numbed my arm and hand so quickly, and struck so solid, I thought I was pretty well used up. I told the one next to me I was hit, and he left the field with me. When we got out of range we stopped, looked at my elbow (and I will own I did dread to pull up my sleeve), and finding I was more scared than hurt he went back, and I kept on down to the hospital. That is all I know about the fight, only that they drove our men back to where we fought them the day before.

The loss of the regiment in this engagement was five men killed, one officer and twenty-four men wounded, and two men captured. Six horses were shot, and on the retreat several had to be left in the swamp to perish. Those who were there will remember how the infantry men (or rather heavy artillery men) ran through the cavalry lines, and long afterwards it was a saying in the regiment that the "heavies got round shouldered going under our horses in their skedaddle."

In the skirmish on the fifteenth, Charles H. Cobb, of Co. B, became separated from the company when they retired from the line, and reported to the Thirteenth Pennsylvania, when he was marched to the front and remained on the skirmish line all night; when the First Maine relieved the Thirteenth Pennsylvania in the morning, he was relieved with the rest, and in answer to the question "Where have you been, Cobb?" he replied: "Fighting the d——d rebs, where you ought to have been"; he then joined his company and was engaged in the fight at Deep Bottom until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when he was wounded by a cannon ball, from the effects of which he did not recover for a long while.

The regiment remained in line near the swamp till about dark, and then was relieved and went into camp on the ground of the night before. The next day was a quiet one, though a scare on the right, along toward night, caused a lively saddling up. On the eighteenth a portion of the regiment was on picket at Malvern Hill, on the right of the Second Pennsylvania, while the rest of the regiment was serving as support. About four o'clock in the afternoon the picket line was attacked, and quite a skirmish ensued, during which the regiment lost three killed, and the picket line was taken in somewhat. The regiment remained in line as support for the pickets the nineteenth, the men in constant readiness and expectancy, and on the morning of the twentieth moved a short distance and took position in an open field, where all around were skulls and bones of the soldiers killed at the battle of Malvern Hill during the peninsular campaign of 1862. This was not an encouraging sight for the boys, though some of them obtained pieces of bone suitable to make a ring of, for ghastly keepsakes. It was a blue day in every respect. The boys felt as if the whole movement had been unsuccessful and many lives wasted (they did not know, till afterwards, that it had been a success in the highest degree), they were tired and worn, they had lost their long-trying brigade commander and the brigade was in the hands of a man of whose ability they knew nothing, and, all in all, it was one of the bluest days in the history of the regiment. Along about noon there was a scare, a hurried mounting, and a getting ready for emergencies which did not come, and then the men returned to their listless, blue, homesick state. Suddenly Col. Smith, just recovered from the wounds received at St. Mary's church, rode into camp, and the transformation was instantaneous. Three as hearty, soul-felt cheers as ever greeted a man, greeted him, and the boys took new courage. They were glad to see his well-known form and features, and they were glad to know he would, by virtue of his rank, take command of the brigade, which he did at once, and they recovered their spirits wonderfully.

That night the regiment moved back to the river, in a

drenching rain, with the division recrossed about midnight, reached the Appomattox, and recrossed it before daylight; marched to near Prince George Court House and halted for breakfast; then marched to near the Jerusalem plank road and halted awhile, when the paymaster joined them, and the boys had the fun of signing the pay-rolls; and after dark marched out to the Gurley farm and went into bivouac for the night. The next afternoon the men received their pay up to June thirtieth, and very many of them sent a large portion of the money to City Point, to be expressed home. The regiment changed position two or three times during the day, and finally went into camp near the Weldon Railroad (which, as already stated, had been captured during the absence of the cavalry across the river), the horses being unsaddled for the first time in many days, and two or three heavy showers cooling the air and wetting everything just at night.

On the twenty-third the regiment moved three or four miles down the railroad to near Reams' Station, then back again and then down again, this time halting by the side of the road while the boys got a good dinner from a corn-field near by. About five o'clock the pickets were attacked and the regiment galloped to the front, the men dismounted, and a lively skirmish ensued, lasting till about nine o'clock in the evening, when the regiment was relieved and went back to the position so hurriedly left. This skirmish, during which the regiment lost three killed and four wounded, was known as the "fight by moonlight." Several times the enemy attempted to surprise the First Maine under cover of the darkness, and once succeeded in almost reaching the line in what may be called a silent charge, but their coming was made known, either by some one of their number firing a shot too soon, or by some exclamation, and each time the boys rose up and poured such a rapid fire into the foe that they were only too glad to get back to their lines, and they finally gave up the attempt, having made nothing by it.¹

Next morning the First Maine returned to the position, and

¹ The remainder of the brigade had a very hard fight, although in front of this regiment it was only a very lively skirmish. Col. Smith commanded the brigade, and lost four out of his five regimental commanders, while he himself was struck by a bullet in the

building rifle pits, made themselves not only comparatively well protected, but comfortable. The boys threw up embankments two feet high or more across the open field, and then they could sit on the ground behind the mounds, with their feet in the holes the dirt was taken from, very comfortably. Thus they awaited the advance of the enemy, but the enemy did not advance that day, and after an hour or two of expectancy the boys amused themselves reading, writing, sleeping, etc., until nearly night, when the infantry took the position and the regiment went into camp on the ground of the night before.

This account of the movements of the regiment, from recrossing the river to the night of the twenty-fourth, is from a private letter written at the time:—

DEAR MOTHER:—I believe in my last letter to you I left off just as we got back this side of the river after our campaign at and near Deep Bottom, Charles City road, etc. At any rate, I will go on from there. We got back the morning of the twenty-first of August, after marching all night, feeling somewhat tired, but as we were evidently steering for our old camp near Prince George Court House, we expected some rest there, and tried to keep in good spirits. But, as if to aggravate us, they marched us to within half a mile from there, halted for us to get breakfast, and then started us for the left of the army, on the Weldon Railroad. That was rough on us. We halted soon after noon near the Jerusalem plank road, where we learned the paymaster was up with us to pay off. That was good news, and sure enough in a few moments the pay-rolls were brought around for us to sign. Got them partly signed when "Get ready to move out immediately!" was passed along the line. We got ready, marched a short distance across the plank road, and again halted. Finished signing the rolls there, and drew forage for the horses. Dark by that time, and we turned in. Got to sleeping nicely when we were routed out to start immediately. Some growling, but it had to be done. Marched a couple of miles in about two hours, the road being just awful, and halted again. Did stay there all night, and till the next night. Were paid off the next day. Just before night of the twenty-second we moved about half a mile, to within sight of the works on the Weldon Railroad. Had a series of smart showers just as we halted, while we were in the worst state we could be to receive them, and most of us got wet, while the water stood on top of the ground, making it anything but nice to sleep on. But we made ourselves as comfortable as we could, and

ankle. The surgeon offered him a twenty days' leave of absence on this wound, but he would not accept it, preferring to remain with his command. For Col. Smith's conduct of this engagement Gen. Gregg recommended him for a brigadier generalship, but there was no vacancy. However, he was brevetted brigadier, to date from St. Mary's church, June twenty-fourth, and from this time was given a command according to his brevet rank, another brigade soon afterwards being formed for him for that purpose.

got a good night's rest. Next morning, twenty-third, started early and moved down along the railroad towards Reams' Station. The Second corps was busily engaged in tearing up the track and destroying the railroad as thoroughly as possible. We went to within a short distance of Reams' Station, found some reb pickets, skirmished with them slightly, and came back. No damage done on our side, and I guess not on theirs. Came back to where we stopped the night before. Were dismounted and making ourselves easy, when "*Attention! PREPARE TO MOUNT! MOUNT!*" came from the major, and we were off again. Went right back down the railroad, this time to Reams' Station, drawing up in line and halting a little beyond. Dismounted, pitched into a corn-field, had a fair time eating roast corn, and laid around till about four o'clock. About that time the pickets in front of us were attacked, and the First Maine was sent out to support them. We went out at a trot, meeting pack mules, led horses, etc., coming to the rear in brisk confusion. We drew up for a charge when we got in sight of the fighting, but the order was countermanded, and "*Prepare to Fight on Foot!*" came instead. Stray bullets began to whistle around us, and, indeed, one of the regiment was wounded way back there before dismounting. We were not long in dismounting and getting into line, for it is much nearer pleasant to be on foot when minnies are flying than on horseback, — they are more likely to go over our heads. We were marched up to some old buildings, and ordered to hold them at all hazards. At that time there was a skirmish line in front of us, fighting briskly, and in case they got driven back we were to help them. We fortified around the buildings as well as we could with rails, and kept ourselves under cover, as the bullets kept up a continual whizzing over us. Cos. A and G were there by the buildings together. We could see no rebs, but could tell where their line was, in some bushes, by the smoke of their carbines. We staid at the buildings but a short time when we were ordered to go to the right into the edge of some woods, where part of our regiment was engaged. Did so, and built another cheap set of breastworks. Just got to firing — having fired but two or three shots — when word came that the left of the line was giving way, so of course we had to go back or perhaps get surrounded. Fell back a short distance into more woods, or rather into another corner of the woods, when the major sang out: "*Rally, boys, RALLY!*" and we stopped and faced the Johnnies again, which was the same as telling them to "*Come on, if you wish; we are going no further.*" We sheltered ourselves as best we could behind trees, etc., and held them where they were. We were just behind a slight rise in the land, where we could lie flat on the ground, and they could not trouble us. We staid there till about nine o'clock. We would rise up, fire, and drop down as quickly as possible. Shooting was brisk, and bullets did everlastingly hum there. By some good fortune we were kept well supplied with ammunition all the time, — all we wanted, and some to keep for any emergency. After dark we could only see the flash of the reb guns to fire at, and that was all they could see of us. "*Fighting by moonlight*" was just gay. At times we would be all quiet for perhaps fifteen minutes, and then would commence a firing on both sides that would make the woods ring, sometimes by volleys and sometimes scattering. When the rebs fired by volley we could see their whole line in

the flash. Then all would be quiet again, both sides listening intently to catch the least sound of any attempt of the other side to steal up in the dark. They tried that on us once, but made nothing out of it, if they lost nothing. Then some one would fire, and all would commence. That is the way we had it till about nine o'clock, when we were drawn off the field silently and marched back to the horses. They had moved the horses back a long distance, which caused any amount of grumbling, for we *were* tired. But grumbling did no good, and walk back to them we were obliged to, — back beyond where we got dinner. Found them at last, mounted, and then were taken right back a good half mile over the road we walked, and halted for the night. "Strategy," that was. Part of the regiment was left down near where we had the skirmish line, on picket, and the rest of us turned in and had a good night's rest. The loss of the regiment was small, — some half a dozen wounded, one of whom died the next morning. Other regiments in the brigade lost heavier. Next morning, twenty-fourth, as soon as we got breakfast, "Prepare to *Fight on Foot!*" was the order again, which meant every "No. 4 man" stay there and take care of his four horses, — the rest take their carbines and "fall in." We did so, and were marched through a small pine grove into a large field back of where we had the skirmish the night before. Marched some little distance from the woods, were deployed as skirmishers, which means spread out some six or eight feet apart, and ordered to build breastworks. We had pickets a long distance in front of us, and knew we could work uninterruptedly till they were attacked, so at it we went. We had the pioneers down there with axes and shovels, and in a couple of hours we had some works we felt safe to fight behind, built of rails, logs, earth, etc. It was hot work, though. The sweat poured off of us wonderfully. Seeing no prospect of any fighting right away, we went to work getting brush, and soon had something to shade us from the hot sun. After that we took things easy. We had a good chance. Front of us was a large open field, which the rebs would have to advance through to get at us to hurt. We felt that if we were obliged to fight, we would like to fight in that position. Some of the boys went to reading or writing, some went to sleep, and others amused themselves in various ways. I would like to have had some of the good people of Lewiston taken a look at us there. Do not think they would have imagined we were there waiting for somebody to come and shoot at us. Reckon they would have concluded if that was fighting, it was not so bad business, after all. At noon they allowed half of us to go back to the led horses and get our dinners, bringing back dinner for the rest of them. Luckily I had received three or four papers by mail the day before that I had had no chance to read, which I carried back to the lines, so I had plenty of reading matter for the afternoon. The Johnnies either knew better than to attack us, or had left altogether. All was quiet. Along towards night we were relieved by some infantry, and went back to camp. Got another good night's rest, having the privilege, also, of unsaddling our horses.

On the twenty-fifth was the battle, which was the continuation of the fight of the twenty-third, known as "Reams' Sta-

tion," the whole resulting from an attempt on the part of the enemy to recapture the railroad, the loss of which was a severe blow to him. Deserters from the rebel lines reported that the day after the road was captured rations and forage were reduced one-half. Early in the morning Gen. A. P. Hill's corps attacked the Second corps below the station. The cavalry was on the flanks, and went from position to position all day long. This regiment had its share of this, of course, getting under fire several times without getting any fighting of its own. Soon after noon it was ordered into position, dismounted, on the left of the line, but after an hour's hard work building breastworks was relieved by the infantry, who took the works, while the cavalry men, already tired out, were sent further to the front and put into position on the ridge of a hill and in front of some woods, where they built another set of works. They had got these works nicely done when the boys found themselves exposed to a new danger. The Union line had assumed the shape of a siphon, facing outward, and this regiment was on the left, or the short side. Scarcely were the works finished when the enemy commenced a heavy artillery fire on the front of the line, and the two flanks were so near together that the shot and shell that went over the front came over into the left. This drove the boys to the outside of their works at once, whereupon Maj. Thaxter rode down the line, coolly saying: "If the enemy comes out in front, you must get inside the works and stand the shelling." No casualty occurred to the regiment while here, and after a while it was ordered to advance to the woods, which it did, without finding any enemy, and then was ordered somewhere else. It halted under the brow of a hill, where the boys felt perfectly safe, thinking the shot and shell, which had all the time been flying over and around them, could not get at them there, and they settled down for a few moments' rest, of which they felt sorely in need. They had but begun to enjoy this rest when a shell struck the top of a dead tree that stood on the hill, and was lowered into the regiment, killing two men in Co. G (cutting them in two), and then exploded, wounding two men in Co. E. which was the total number of casualties in the regiment during the day.

About dark the regiment went back to near the Gurley farm and went into camp, the men being extremely tired with the hard day's work. Then there was two or three days of picket duty, and then the regiment went into camp on the Jerusalem plank road, five miles south from Petersburg, and here closed the month of August, having marched more than one hundred miles, participated in six distinct actions, and lost forty-nine men killed, wounded, and missing, and twenty-one horses killed and forty-four wounded.

September second the regiment went on a reconnoissance with the brigade, passing out through the infantry line near the Yellow Tavern, on the Vaughan road, and thence moving out on the Poplar Spring road, drove in the rebel pickets and pursued them till they met the enemy in force and fortified on the Boydton plank road, when, having accomplished the purpose of the scout, viz., to learn what there was at that point, the force withdrew.¹

Then came a couple of weeks of picket duty, which was somewhat dull after the excitement of the previous month, but there was little complaint, as the boys had no objection to rest. On the sixteenth the regiment, with the division, was sent in pursuit of Wade Hampton's cavalry, which, with three brigades of infantry, had made a successful raid on the Union pickets at Sycamore church and captured a large number of cattle, etc. The division reached Stony Creek, fifteen miles south of Petersburg, where the enemy was found in a strong position on the other side of the creek, and a slight skirmish took place. The bridge was impassable, and it was deemed impracticable to ford the stream in the face of the opposing force, so the command returned to camp, having lost two men wounded in the skirmish. On the nineteenth one battalion advanced to Lee's Mills, met and drove in the rebel pickets, and re-established the old picket lines. Then a day or two of rest, and then three days' picket on the Norfolk Railroad.

¹This was just a dash into the enemy's lines, the orders being not to be gone over forty-five minutes, and these were the first troops that went beyond the Weldon Railroad across the Peebles farm. The force ran into the camp of Gen. Deering's brigade of rebel cavalry, causing a deal of consternation, and as quickly came out again, losing two wounded, and bringing out as prisoner the old man Peebles.

On the twenty-fourth the men composing the eight companies of the First District of Columbia Cavalry which were enlisted in Maine, were formally transferred to this regiment, and so many as were at the time serving with that regiment and were in a condition for service, arrived and were assigned to the different companies. A very large portion, however, were absent,—some in hospitals, some at dismounted camp (called cavalry depot), awaiting horses, and some on detached duty; but by far the greater number of the absentees were in rebel prisons, captured on Wilson's raid and in the fight at Sycamore church. In this condition of affairs it is not to be wondered at that the names of many men were borne on the transfer rolls and placed on the rolls of this regiment who were at that very time dead, or who died before release from prison, and who never saw the regiment. This transfer at first created considerable ill feeling on the part of the men of both commands, especially among the commissioned and non-commissioned officers, whose chances of promotion were lessened; and beside this, the old boys of the First Maine were inclined to look upon the new comers with disfavor. But after they had been under fire together this last feeling was entirely overcome, and from that time the men were all members of the First Maine, and all alike jealous of its glory and its fame, and the regiment lost none of its prestige by this addition, while the feeling among the officers gradually grew less, even if it was never entirely obliterated, and the matter of promotion was made as fair as it could possibly be done. The men thus joining the regiment brought with them the famous "sixteen-shooters," which afterwards gave the regiment the reputation among the enemy of being "the regiment which loaded up Sunday and fired all the week."



CHAPTER XIV.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE FIRST DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CAVALRY.

"BAKER'S CAVALRY."—ORIGIN.—REGIMENTAL ORGANIZATION.—HENRY'S RIFLES.—KAUTZ'S FIRST RAID.—FIGHT AT NOTTAWAY BRIDGE.—RETURN TO CITY POINT.—ANOTHER RAID.—ASSIGNED TO GEN. BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT.—TO BERMUDA HUNDRED.—IN FORTIFICATIONS.—UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE.—AN ATTACK AND A REPULSE.—ADVANCE ON PETERSBURG.—MOUNTED AT LAST.—SECOND ADVANCE ON PETERSBURG.—WILSON'S RAID.—FIGHT AT ROANOKE BRIDGE.—FIGHT AT STONY CREEK.—FIGHT AT REAMS' STATION.—FIGHT AT SYCAMORE CHURCH.—TRANSFER TO THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

THE history of the First District of Columbia Cavalry, from its organization to the time of the transfer of the Maine men belonging thereto to the First Maine Cavalry, is taken largely from Chaplain Samuel H. Merrill's "Campaigns of the First Maine and First District of Columbia Cavalry," to which has been added such material as the historian has been able to collect.

The First District of Columbia Cavalry was originally a single battalion, raised in the District of Columbia, for special duty at the seat of government, under command of Col. L. C. Baker (provost marshal of the War Department), and familiarly known as "Baker's Mounted Rangers." To this command eight companies were added in 1863, embracing about eight hundred men enlisted in Maine, so that it became, to this extent, a Maine organization.

Co. D, numbering one hundred and forty men, under command of Capt. J. W. Cloudman, left Augusta on the twenty-second day of October, 1863, and arrived at Camp Baker, in Washington, on the twenty-fifth. The three officers of this company were commissioned by the President of the United States, while those of the other companies from Maine were commissioned by the governor of Maine. A few days after its



arrival in Washington the company was ordered to Anandale, ten miles west of Alexandria, where it remained on duty, under command of Lieut. Howe, till the twenty-seventh of January, when it was ordered with the battalion to Yorktown. Embarking on board the steamer "Conqueror," it arrived at Yorktown, on the twenty-eighth, and went into camp about two miles from the city, on the bank of the beautiful York River. A morning so summer like and scenery so charming, few of the men had ever seen before in midwinter. The next day they moved about eight miles west, and went into camp three miles from Williamsburg. January thirtieth, at daybreak, the bugle sounded "Boots and saddles!" and in half an hour they were off on a raid. The men marched about twelve miles, and returned to camp with nothing of special interest to report. An expedition was made to Bottom bridge, on the Chickahominy, twelve miles from Richmond, on the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth of February, which will not soon be forgotten by the men who participated in it. They did little fighting, but much hard work. From the time they left camp, on the fifth, till they returned, on the eighth, they were hardly out of the saddle. Three days later the battalion was ordered to Newport News, on the James River, a distance of twenty-five miles. On the nineteenth they moved out on a scouting expedition, but had not proceeded far when an order was received to return and be ready in one hour to take transports for Norfolk, where they arrived the next morning. From this point they were ordered to Great bridge, on the Elizabeth River, ten miles south of Norfolk. The weather at Newport News, and during this day's march, has been spoken of by the men as the coldest experienced during their whole term of military service. On Sunday, the twenty-first, Lieut. Howe marched for Pungo bridge, in command of Cos. D and E, to relieve another regiment. The march of twenty-five miles through the enemy's country, intersected by unbridged streams and swamps, and infested by guerillas, was slow and tedious, consuming two days. On the twenty-second they relieved the Tenth New York Cavalry, and remained on duty, well worked and well fed, till the first of March, when they were ordered to Deep Creek, south of Norfolk, on the borders of the Dismal swamp.

The remaining seven companies from Maine were mustered into the service of the United States at Augusta, February 8, 1864. Two days later, Co. F, Capt. Sanford commanding, left Augusta for Washington. Reaching Camp Baker, a short distance east of Capitol Hill, on the fourteenth, they found comfortable barracks. Two days later they were mounted, and from this time till the seventh of April, a part of each day was spent in drilling. This company was followed, on the twenty-ninth, by the remaining six companies.

The regiment was organized as follows:—

Colonel, L. C. BAKER, Washington; *Lieutenant Colonel*, E. J. CONGER; *Major*, BAKER; *Major*, J. W. CLOUDMAN, Stetson, Maine; *Major*, D. S. CURTIS, Wisconsin; *Adjutant*, SPRAGUE; *Quartermaster*, BAKER, LeRoy, N. Y.; *Surgeon*, GEORGE J. NORTHROP, Portland, Maine; *Chaplain*, SAMUEL H. MERRILL, Portland; *Sergeant Major*, HOWARD; *Quartermaster Sergeant*, MILLER; *Commissary*, WOLFER; *Hospital Steward*, LOVEJOY, Meredith, N. H.; *Chief Musician*, LEVI E. BIGELOW, Skowhegan, Maine.

CO. A. — *Captain*, HAMILTON; *First Lieutenant*, WILKINS; *Second Lieutenant*, CLARK.

CO. B. — *Captain*, McNAMARA; *First Lieutenant*, GEORGE A. DICKSON; *Second Lieutenant*, WOLFER.

CO. C. — *Captain*, GEORGE GRIFFIN; *First Lieutenant*, McBRIDE; *Second Lieutenant*, GOFF.

CO. D. — *Captain*, WILLIAM S. HOWE, Stetson, Maine; *Second Lieutenant*, ELI PARKMAN, Charleston.

CO. E. — *Captain*, T. C. SPEARS, New York; *First Lieutenant*, JACKSON; *Second Lieutenant*, ALBERT SPAULDING, Newport, Maine.

CO. F. — *Captain*, EDWARD T. SANFORD, Warren, Maine; *First Lieutenant*, JAMES MAGUIRE, Portland, Maine; *Second Lieutenant*, JAMES F. McCUSICK, Warren, Maine.

CO. G. — *Captain*, THOMAS C. WEBBER, Gorham, Maine; *First Lieutenant*, DANIEL F. SARGENT, Brewer, Maine; *Second Lieutenant*, LEANDER M. COMINS, Lincoln, Maine.

CO. H. — *Captain*, ANDREW M. BENSON, Oldtown, Maine; *First Lieutenant*, ZEBULON B. BLETHEN, Lewiston, Maine; *Second Lieutenant*, SYLVANUS R. JACKSON, Foxcroft, Maine.

CO. I. — *Captain*, ROBERT F. DYER, Augusta, Maine; *First Lieutenant*, JAMES H. RUSSELL, Houlton, Maine; *Second Lieutenant*, JOSEPH W. LEE, Calais, Maine.

CO. K. — *Captain*, JOHN W. FREESE, Bangor, Maine; *First Lieutenant*, VINCENT MOUNTFORT, Bowdoin, Maine; *Second Lieutenant*, CORYDON B. LAKIN, Stetson, Maine.

CO. L. — *Captain*, CHARLES C. CHASE, Portland, Maine; *Second Lieutenant*, WILLIAM S. FARWELL, Rockland, Maine.

Co. M was subsequently organized and officered as follows:—

CO. M. — *Captain*, DANIEL F. SARGENT, Brewer, promoted from Co. G; *First Lieutenant*, EDWARD P. MERRILL, Portland, Maine; *Second Lieutenant*, HENRY D. FULLER, Corinth, Maine.

This regiment was the only regiment in the Army of the Potomac armed with Henry's repeating rifle. The peculiarity of this gun was, that it would fire sixteen shots without reloading. The subsequent history of this regiment proved it to be a terribly effective weapon. Fifteen shots could be given with it in ten seconds. Thus a regiment of one thousand men could fire fifteen thousand shots in ten seconds.

On the sixteenth of February Co. F was mounted, and remained at Camp Baker, engaged in daily drilling, until the seventh of April. At that date it left Washington for Norfolk, and the next day joined a squadron of the old battalion, on picket at Great bridge. On the fourteenth the company marched to Deep Creek, where it was joined by three companies of the old battalion, already referred to as having been on picket duty at Newport News. These companies remained here on picket duty until the organization of the cavalry division, under Gen. Kautz, two weeks later.

On the fifth of May they marched with the cavalry division under Kautz, on his first raid. The object of these raids was to weaken the enemy by destroying public property, and by drawing off detachments in pursuit. In this movement Gen. Kautz had passed through Suffolk and crossed the Blackwater (where his march could have been easily arrested by destroying the bridge), before the enemy became aware of his purpose. At half-past two o'clock, on the afternoon of the seventh, he had marched a distance of seventy miles, and struck the Weldon Railroad just in time to intercept a body of rebel

troops on their way to Petersburg. A thunder-bolt from a clear sky could hardly have been more astounding to the enemy. Instantly he was attacked. In an incredibly short time the action was over, the enemy was whipped, the railroad was cut, the public buildings were in flames, and the gallant Kautz was again on his march, with some sixty prisoners in his train.

Turning southward, the march was continued to the point where the railroad crosses the Nottaway River. Here an obstinately contested fight took place, in which the gallant Lieut. Jackson, of Co. E, fell mortally wounded. Here, too, fell a brave private, Samuel P. Delaite. In this engagement, as in others, the bravery of the men, and the efficiency of their sixteen shooters, were put to the proof. Maj. Curtis was ordered to deploy his battalion as skirmishers, and charge a much larger force of the enemy along the railroad, near a bridge. It was a covered bridge, and the rebels soon ran to it for shelter. The brave boys charged boldly after them, driving them through and into their fortifications on the other side, killing some, and taking several prisoners, with small loss. Some of the prisoners said they thought the Yankees had a whole army, from the way the bullets flew. One lieutenant asked, "Do you load up over night and then fire all day?" He said he thought, by the way the bullets came into the bridge, they must have been fired by the basketful. The result of the affair was that the bridge was burned, and Kautz was again on the march with forty more rebel prisoners.

The immediate object of the expedition having been accomplished, the command marched to City Point. Crossing the Appomattox on the tenth, they encamped for a day near Gen. Butler's headquarters. Twenty-four hours, however, had not elapsed when the division moved again on another raid, which proved to be one of the most hazardous and effective of the war. During the time that Gen. Butler's forces were engaged with the enemy, between Bermuda Hundred and Richmond, Gen. Kautz adroitly slipped through the lines, and again boldly dashed into the heart of Dixie. He passed rapidly through Chestertfield County, pausing at the court house only long enough to open the jail and liberate two prisoners. Leaving



the court house, the column moved on to Coalfield Station, on the Danville Railroad, thirteen miles west from Richmond. On the arrival of the troops, at about half-past ten in the evening, the inhabitants were surprised and alarmed quite out of their propriety. That the Yankees should have had the audacity to visit that section seemed absolutely incomprehensible. But there was no remedy. Instantly guards were posted on all the roads leading to and from Petersburg and Richmond, and the work of the hour was hardly begun before it was ended. No harm was done to persons or to private property, but the railroad was destroyed, the telegraph came down, and trains of cars, depot buildings, and large quantities of government stores went up in smoke. On the twelfth, the "history of this affair" repeated itself at Black's and White's Station, on the South Side Railroad, thirty miles west from Petersburg, and forty from Coalfield Station. The railroad was torn up and the telegraph torn down, while the depot buildings, together with large quantities of corn, flour, tobacco, salt, and other articles designed for the rebel army, were subjected to the action of the fire, and resolved into their original elements. Wellville Station, five miles east on the same railroad, a few hours later shared a similar fate. The column now moved in the direction of Bellefield, on the Weldon Railroad. When within two miles of that place, Gen. Kautz learned that the enemy was in force to receive him. As his object was not so much to fight as to weaken the enemy, by interrupting his communications and destroying his supplies, he avoided an engagement, turning to the left from Bellefield, and marching *via* Jarrett's Station, to the Nottaway River.

When the advance reached Freeman's bridge, on this river, at ten o'clock in the evening, it was discovered that the whole command was in a trap. One span of the bridge, forty feet in length, had been cut out. The river for a considerable distance was unfordable. The fords above and below were strongly guarded, and the enemy was gathering in force in the rear. • The position was not a desirable one. The river must be crossed, or a battle must be fought on the enemy's chosen ground, where little was to be gained, but where everything



must be hazarded. A major of a New York regiment, commanding the advance, declared that the bridge could not be made passable before the afternoon of the next day. But on the assurance of Capt. Howe that it could be done in a much shorter time, Co. D was ordered up and told what was wanted. Working parties were instantly organized. In a short time tall pines in the neighboring woods had fallen before the axes of one party, and stalwart men, by means of the drag ropes of a battery, had drawn them out. Another party had in the meantime crossed the river on a little float they had fortunately found, and stood on the remaining part of the bridge on the other side. The ropes were thrown to them, and the stringers were drawn across the chasm and placed in position. To cover them with rails was but the work of a few moments, and in less than three hours from the time the Maine boys began the work it was completed, and the column passed on in safety.

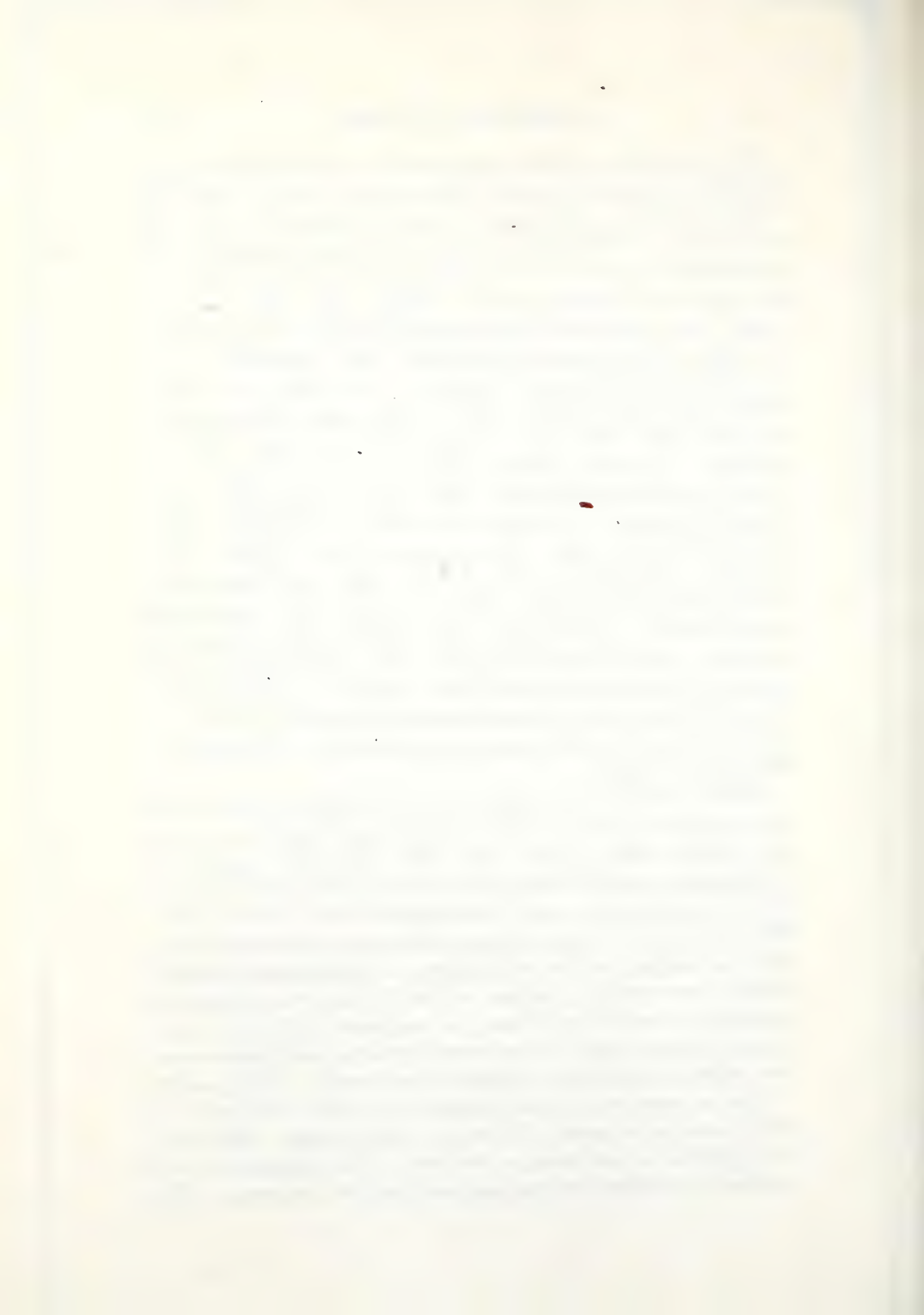
The division reached City Point on the nineteenth. During the last nine days it marched on an average twenty hours out of the twenty-four, leaving only four hours for rest. It will hardly be believed that in some instances hunger compelled the men to eat raw corn, like their horses, but such was the fact. On this raid they cut the Richmond and Danville and South Side Railroads in six different places, and inflicted an amount of damage upon the enemy's communications and army stores, which told severely upon them afterwards. On their arrival at City Point, both men and horses were much exhausted. On the twentieth the command crossed again to Bermuda Hundred, and went into camp about a mile from the river.

In the services so far narrated, only two companies from Maine, viz., D and F, participated. The other six companies remained in Camp Baker, under command of Lieut. Col. Conger. Previous to their arrival the regiment had been assigned to Gen. Butler's department. On the twelfth of May these six companies, still unmounted, and having drilled only on foot, were ordered to Fortress Monroe. Leaving Washington the next afternoon on board of transports, after touching at Fortress Monroe they proceeded to Norfolk, and reporting to Gen. Shepley, were ordered to Portsmouth, where they disembarked and went into camp in the rear of the town.



On the morning of May twenty-second they re-embarked on board the transport steamer "Monahanset," and proceeded up the James River. Although the day was bright and clear, the men were so crowded and uncomfortable that it robbed the trip of whatever enjoyment there might have been in it. The water the boys had to drink was of a reddish color, called "swamp water," and though said to be good, they partook of it sparingly. At night the transport anchored near Fort Powhattan, under the guns of the iron clad "Atlanta," the strange sea monster which had been captured from the enemy, and which some of the boys said looked like a huge turtle on a raft, "with his back up." The next morning they proceeded up the river and landed at Bermuda Hundred, and went into camp about a mile from the landing, by the side of the other six companies. Here, for the first time, all the companies of the regiment were together, one half mounted and the other half dismounted. On the twenty-fourth four companies, dismounted, were ordered to City Point, to take the place of a detachment of troops that had been sent to Fort Powhattan, which Fitz Hugh Lee had attacked; but the enemy had been gallantly repulsed by the colored troops before the re-enforcements arrived, and the services of this battalion were not required, so it returned to Bermuda Hundred.

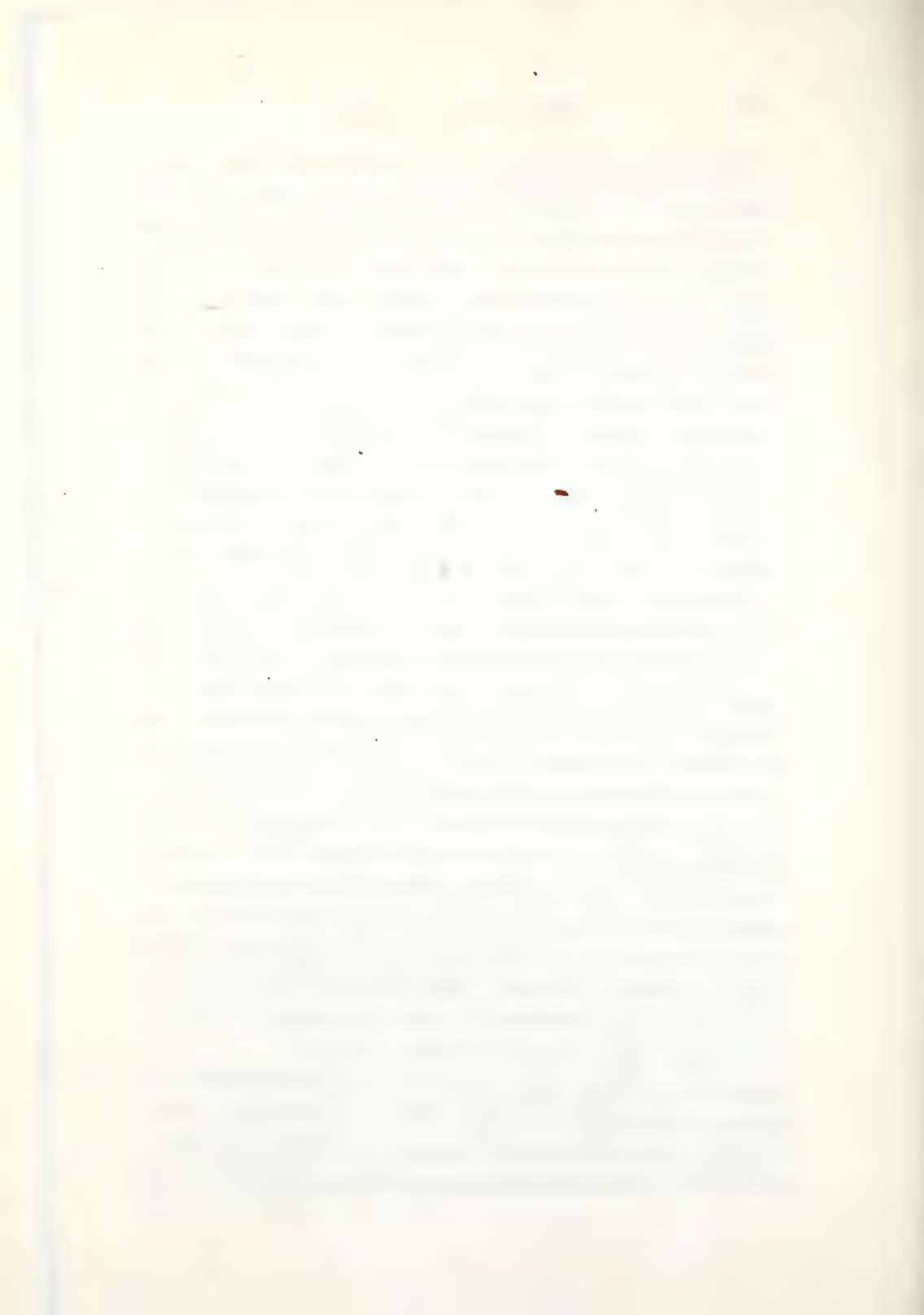
At this point the Appomattox River unites with the James River, forming a point of land shaped something like a letter V. On the fifth of May Gen. Butler had taken possession of this point, and had built a line of works from near Point of Rocks, several miles up the Appomattox River, across to near Dutch Gap, on the James River, a distance of about five miles, and was holding the line with a force of infantry and artillery. On the twenty-fifth a portion of this infantry was ordered to proceed to the White House to co-operate with the Army of the Potomac, and this regiment, mounted and dismounted, was ordered to the front to man the earthworks. The position of the regiment was about midway of the line between the two rivers, in an open field and on level ground. The tents were pitched a few rods in the rear of the breastworks, and with no protection from the shot and shell of the enemy. The



enemy held a formidable line of works in the front, varying in distance from half a mile to two miles. Directly in front of the camp, at the distance of about forty rods from the main line of works, a thick wood prevented the men from seeing the enemy's position. A little to the right the country was open, and there, on an eminence some eighty rods in advance of the Union breastworks, was a small redoubt, known as Fort Pride, defended by a section of a battery, and commanded by Capt. Pride, an artillery officer, from whom it took its name. Co. M, Capt. Sargent commanding, was stationed in this fort as an artillery support. A portion of the regiment was constantly on picket in front of the main line of works. The regiment was to hold this line. It was here that the six companies that recently reached the front loaded their pieces for action for the first time, and it was here that the pluck of the men and the efficiency of their guns were first put to the test.

The enemy shelled them nearly every day from behind his breastworks, and though the regiment received no damage, still a vivid recollection is retained of the shelling. The guns of the enemy on a part of his line were trained on the redoubt, and when the shells failed, as they often did, to explode at the point intended, they came directly into the camp of this regiment, the Whitworth whistling with a sound like that produced by the wing of a pigeon swiftly cutting the air,— others screaming overhead, or tearing up the ground. In one instance the fusee of a shell was blown out and struck a colored boy in the face, but inflicted no serious injury. Some of the boys proposed to wash his face, to see if the fright had not bleached him. The humor of these people is irrepressible. When the fusee whisked across this fellow's face he opened his eyes wide, and seeing a friend, exclaimed: "By golly, Bill, did you see dat ar snipe?" "Yah, yah, yah," exclaimed the other, "you nigger. I reckon you wouldn't like to have dat ar snipe pick you."

At three o'clock on the morning of the twenty-eighth the rebels opened with artillery all along the line, and the whole force was ordered to "fall in." It was supposed they were about to assault the works. Drawn up for the first time in close line of battle, a few paces from the breastworks, in antici-



pation of a bloody conflict, the whole bearing of the men was such as to make their gallant commander proud of them. When all was ready, the intrepid Col. Conger mounted on old "Barney," as his war horse was called, the inevitable pipe in mouth, puffing as quietly as if sitting at his tent door. Chaplain Merrill passed along in front of the line, with words of cheer to the men. As he told them what was expected of them, and that he trusted they would give a good account of themselves in the coming conflict, they answered with the utmost enthusiasm: "We will, chaplain, we will; that is what we came here for. We will do it." The expected assault, however, was not made, and three hours later they returned to their quarters.

On the picket line the time did not entirely pass without enlivening incidents. An officer one night discerned a suspicious looking object moving stealthily towards the fortifications. Making a detour he got into its rear unperceived, and soon discovered that it was a man reconnoitring our works. By cautious movements, now stepping behind this tree, and now crouching behind that stump, still when the game was still, and moving quickly when it moved, he succeeded in getting sufficiently near, when, taking deliberate aim, he roared out: "Lay down!" Disarmed and brought in, the captive proved to be a lieutenant in the rebel service.

Corp. Wilbur F. Lunt, Co. I, thus describes life while on duty here:—

Here the actual experience of war begun. A little to the right of where we were encamped were two Union batteries. Our company lay entirely exposed, the breastworks in front being only four feet high, with a shallow ditch outside, beyond which the forest had been cleared off, leaving stumps and bushes, and trees with limbs sharpened, making an almost impassable space of some twenty or thirty rods in front. Once or twice a night, when we were certain to be almost dead for want of sleep, the batteries would open, the rebel shells come flying through the air, and we would be ordered to man the works. This was not so bad in good weather, but on rainy nights to be hurried out and compelled to stand in the mud for a couple of hours, became extremely tedious as soon as the novelty had worn off. We could not remove our clothing, because we never seemed to know the hour when we would be called, and when we were called the urgency of the occasion was too great to admit of delay, as each time it was expected that

The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the

The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the

The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the

the enemy was to advance. Every other night we took our turn on picket duty, out in front of the works — two hours' watch and four hours' sleep. On clear, warm, moonlight nights this was not particularly disagreeable, but on cold and rainy nights it was anything but agreeable, because when we had once removed our blankets from the places which we had selected by daylight, we were certain not to be again comfortable or dry during the remainder of the night, for we could have no fires, and we were not permitted to strike a light, and if we lay down we most certainly would find a puddle of water to receive us.

The part of the picket line which extended along in front of the camp, from left to right, about one mile, was held by this regiment. On the right the line extending on in front of Fort Pride, and some distance beyond, was manned by another regiment. Before daybreak on the morning of the fourth the enemy commenced a furious shelling, which was continued till sunrise. Meantime he had thrown out a strong line of skirmishers to attack the pickets on the left, for the purpose, doubtless, of diverting attention from the point at which he intended to strike. The attack was sudden and vigorous, but the reserve rallying promptly with their superior arms, the enemy was repulsed. The skirmishing continued, however, till about nine o'clock, when a regiment of South Carolina troops left their entrenchments, farther to the right, and advanced on Fort Pride, with a yell peculiarly their own. The pickets of the regiment referred to left their posts and came in. Capt. Sargent at once sent out twenty-one men under command of Lieut. Blethen. This small party, taking advantage of the ground, got a position from which, as the enemy advanced on the fort, they could give him an enfilading fire. The first volley told with terrible effect; another equally destructive instantly followed. Another, another, and another, tore through their thinned and thinning ranks. It seemed as if a whole brigade was on their flank. In the meantime the artillery opened on them with grape and canister. A moment more and the survivors were seeking the shelter of their works, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Among the dead was the colonel of the regiment. A detachment from this regiment was sent out to man the picket line. Lieut. Blethen returned, bringing in thirteen prisoners, among whom was one commis-



sioned officer. It is a singular fact that this regiment had not a man harmed. Two hours after the fight the body of the rebel colonel who fell was sent, under a flag of truce, across the enemy's lines, together with his gold watch, a diamond ring, and various other articles of value found upon his person.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Sabbath was sometimes remembered in the army, even in the midst of a vigorous campaign. When the troops were on a march it was different. But during the ten months the two great armies confronted each other before Richmond, no instance is remembered in which the religious services of the Sabbath were interrupted by the enemy. As by common consent, aggressive movements on both sides, with rare exceptions, were suspended on that day. Usually on the Sabbath all was quiet along the lines. Especially so were the first Sabbaths this regiment passed at Bermuda Hundred front. At the suggestion of Col. Mix, of the Third New York Cavalry, that regiment and the First District of Columbia Cavalry attended a united service while stationed at that point, the chaplains of the two regiments officiating alternately.

At one o'clock on the morning of the tenth, the six mounted companies of the First District of Columbia Cavalry moved, with the division under Gen. Kautz, as it afterwards appeared, to capture Petersburg. The cavalry was to attack the city on the south, while the Tenth corps of infantry, under Gen. Gilmore, was to attack on the north side. The cavalry moved promptly. All the troops did their duty well. No further account of the matter, however, can here be given than is necessary to show the part borne by this regiment. As the column, marching by the Jerusalem turnpike, approached the enemy's defences, Lieut. Col. Conger, commanding, ordered Maj. Curtis to dismount his battalion and charge the enemy's works. Every fourth man was left in charge of the horses. The balance of the battalion moved steadily forward, firing rapidly as they advanced, nor did they pause at all till they were inside the rebel works, securing prisoners and destroying such camp equipage as they could not remove. It was then discovered that they had done this against three times their



own number, fighting behind breastworks. With the common arm this would hardly have been possible. Some of the prisoners said: "Your rapid firing confused our men; they thought the devil helped you and it was of no use to fight." During the action, Capt. Griffin, of Co. C, with a small detachment from his own and another company, charged and took a twelve pound brass howitzer, against large odds of good fighting men. They could not stand the ready loaded and instant firing arms which these men used against them. After the defences had been carried, it was ascertained that the infantry had returned to Bermuda Hundred without striking a blow, and as the enemy was rapidly bringing up re-enforcements from Richmond and elsewhere, Gen. Kautz was compelled to retire, which he did without molestation. In the early part of the action, Lieut. Maguire received a painful wound in the leg. This was the only casualty. While this affair was in progress, a detachment from that portion of the regiment which remained behind reconnoitred the enemy's works in the front, found them deserted, and demolished them.

On the thirteenth the regiment was relieved from duty in the entrenchments by a regiment of one hundred days' men from Ohio. The next day the balance of the regiment was mounted, and moved at once with the cavalry division, in concert with the Eighteenth corps of infantry, for a second demonstration on Petersburg. The disadvantage under which they labored will be appreciated when it is stated that a portion of the District of Columbia men took the saddle that day for the first time in their lives. And yet the regiment was highly complimented for its gallantry in the engagement which resulted in forcing the enemy back to his inner line of entrenchments. Lieut. Parkman, of Co. D, a brave and accomplished officer, and an excellent man, was killed.

Hitherto one-half the regiment had served as infantry. Now, mounted and released from duty in the entrenchments, they were so far prepared to take the field as cavalry. Probably, however, no other regiment in the service took the field in a condition so unfavorable to success. The expectations, based upon assurances given them at the time of their enlistment,

that they would be at once mounted and retained on duty at the seat of government, had been disappointed. They had been sent to the front to serve on foot, and on account of their superior arms, in every action they had been placed in the most perilous positions. And now, no sooner were these remaining companies mounted, than they were taken into action before they had been drilled in the saddle at all. Now if (as will hereafter be seen), notwithstanding all these adverse influences, they were distinguished for their bravery and efficiency on every field in which they fought, the fact will prove the sterling qualities of the men.

On the nineteenth, they broke camp near the breastworks at Bermuda Hundred front, and moved north about five miles, to a point near the James, about two miles below Jones' Landing. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the twentieth, an order was received to be ready to march at an hour's notice. At nine o'clock the horse equipments arrived from Washington. The different parts of the saddle were in different boxes, and so unacquainted were the men with horse gear, that many of them were unable to adjust the various parts without assistance. Nor was this strange. Before their enlistment they had no occasion to learn, and subsequently, no opportunity, and yet, three hours later, they started on the celebrated Wilson's raid.

At one o'clock on the morning of the twenty-first of June, the regiment moved with the Third division of cavalry, under Gen. Kautz, and joined another division from the Army of the Potomac. The whole force numbered about eight thousand men, with sixteen pieces of artillery, and was commanded by Gen. Wilson. The object of the movement, like that of similar ones which had preceded it, was not to fight, but to weaken the enemy by cutting his communications, and by destroying army stores and other public property. The Army of the Potomac was now entrenched on the south side of Richmond. All supplies for the rebel capital must be drawn from the south and west. The question of its reduction was only a question of time, while every interruption of its communications, and every diminution of its supplies, would hasten the time.



On the night of the twenty-first, the command bivouacked at Blanford, on the Suffolk Railroad, four miles south of Petersburg. Of the use of this road the enemy had already been deprived. Passing on the twenty-second to Prince George Court House, then marching in a southerly direction, they struck the Weldon Railroad at Reams' Station, twelve miles from Petersburg. The place was guarded by a small body of militia. A portion of them were captured and the remainder dispersed. Here the sad but necessary work of destruction began. All the buildings at the station, together with a locomotive, and a train of five or six cars, were consigned to the flames.

After tearing up the road for a considerable distance, the command marched to Ford's Station, on the South Side Railroad, eighteen miles southwest from Petersburg. Here the work of destruction was resumed. The public buildings, together with three locomotives and fifteen cars, shared the fate of those at Reams' Station.

On the twenty-third they advanced to Black's and White's, fifteen miles southwest on the same road, destroying the three intervening stations, and tearing up the road along their line of march. On the morning of the twenty-fourth, a march of eight miles led them to Nottaway Court House, where they destroyed a railroad station, together with a large storehouse filled with cotton. Resuming the line of march, they advanced to Keyesville, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, leaving behind them a track of smouldering ruins, as far as the public property of the enemy furnished combustible matter. Nor is it to be denied that within certain limits a good deal of foraging was done.

In a healthy subject, free exercise in the open air, especially on horseback, tends to give an appetite, whose cravings nothing can appease but food. This was the experience of the boys. And if their haversacks were sometimes empty, and they were fain to gnaw the raw corn, "which the horses did eat," their appetites were all the more clamorous when they came within reach of food. At such times, bread, and meat, and butter, and milk, and eggs, and cream, in a word, whatever the smoke-

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is essential for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It mentions the use of surveys, interviews, and focus groups to gather information from stakeholders. Additionally, it discusses the application of statistical software to process and interpret the collected data.

3. The third part describes the results of the research and the conclusions drawn from the analysis. It highlights the key findings and their implications for the organization's strategy and decision-making processes.

4. The final part of the document provides recommendations for future research and implementation. It suggests areas where further investigation is needed and offers practical advice on how to apply the research findings to improve organizational performance.

house, or the spring-house, or the field, or garden, or stall, or pasture of a rebel contained, which was capable of being readily converted into good food, was remorselessly appropriated without waiting for either commissary or quartermaster process. These acts of the boys were never denied; and yet there could never be discovered any signs of penitence on account of them.

After passing Drake's depot, eight miles further south, and paying it the same compliments they had paid to others, they approached Roanoke bridge, which crosses the Staunton River at the mouth of the Little Roanoke. As this was a point of great importance to the enemy, it was fortified and strongly guarded. On this side of the river, at a distance of about three-fourths of a mile, running parallel with it, was a range of hills. Between the hills and the river the ground was open and level. At the left of the railroad was a broad field of wheat, while on the right a luxuriant growth of grass and weeds, rising nearly to the height of a man's shoulders, covered the ground. The bluff on the opposite side of the river was lined with earthworks, and bristled with cannon, both above and below the bridge, while a strong line of the enemy's skirmishers had been thrown across the bridge and deployed along the shore.

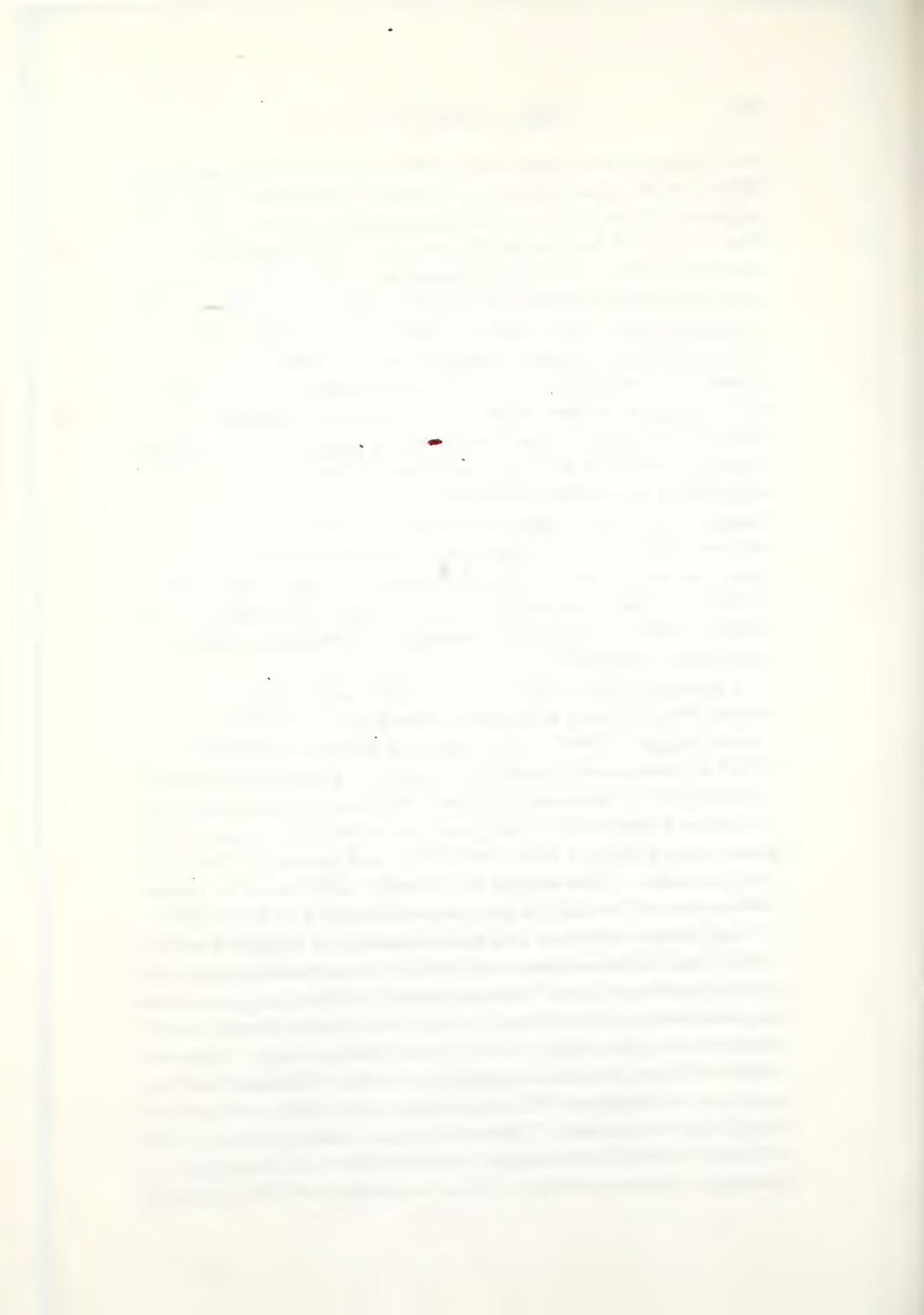
Gen. Wilson's object was to burn the bridge, and Lieut. Col. Conger, of the First District of Columbia Cavalry, was detailed to do it. The regiment was composed of new recruits, with little experience, and had received less instruction than any other regiment in the command. The undertaking was a perilous one. Its wisdom the reader will be likely to question. And yet, when the final order was given to charge across the level ground in the face of the rebel batteries, the gallant First District of Columbia moved forward in splendid style, dismounted (except the intrepid Conger, who, being lame from previous wounds, was compelled to ride). The advance squadron, commanded by Capt. Benson, had not advanced far, when, from the line of the enemy's works in front, a murderous storm of grape and canister was hurled into their ranks with terrible effect. Officers and men went down in large numbers. Still, without the least protection, in the face of that withering fire, and at too great a distance from the enemy to effect much by



their own, those brave men pressed on till near the bridge. Efforts were made to burn it, but they were unsuccessful. The regiment did but little actual fighting here, for the simple reason that they could not get at the enemy, but the cannonading was rapid and heavy. The hills presented a line of fire and smoke, and the earth trembled with the terrific concussions. Shells screamed across the horizon, bursting into deadly iron hail—the grim forms of smoke masked men, the gleam of burnished guns in the wheat-field, where the men were not engaged, and the flashing of sabres where they were, with horsemen in the distance, sweeping to and fro, formed a scene of exciting grandeur such as few of the men had ever witnessed before. When at length it was discovered that the object could not be accomplished but at too great a sacrifice of life, the advance was ordered back, and as nothing else was to be done in this direction, the return march was commenced. The enemy followed all day, but made no attack. After a march of thirty-two miles directly east, through Greensborough, the column halted for the night near Oak grove.

A march of thirty-eight miles brought them to the iron bridge across Stony Creek, about ten o'clock on the morning of the twenty-eighth. Here a heavy force of cavalry and artillery was found in position to dispute the crossing. The cavalry consisted of Hampton's command, together with that of Fitz Hugh Lee. A severe engagement took place, in which this regiment lost about eighty men in killed, wounded, and missing. The result was indecisive. The enemy was pressed back, while the raiding column turned to the left and crossed the creek at a point above.

Gen. Kautz's division had the advance, this regiment moving at the head of the column, and the Eleventh Pennsylvania next. On approaching Reams' Station, which had been supposed to be in possession of the Union forces, Gen. Kautz found himself confronted by the enemy, both infantry and artillery. Mahone's whole division, and one brigade from another division, had been sent out to intercept Wilson's command, which was now outnumbered two to one. The enemy was drawn up in strong line of battle, extending from the Nottaway River, on the right, to a point far out on the left. This regiment and the Eleventh



Pennsylvania charged directly through. Gen. Wilson, however, instead of following on, fell back, abandoned his artillery, wagons, and ambulances, and by making a wide detour, avoided the enemy, and abandoned these two regiments to their fate.

Gen. Kautz had marched but a short distance when he found himself in a triangle, two sides of which, including his rear and left front, were held by the enemy in overwhelming numbers. Extending along his right front was the railroad, running through a cut from ten to twelve feet in depth. Beyond it, and running nearly parallel with it, was a stream of considerable depth, and beyond that an extensive swamp, supposed to be impassable. The enemy now thought himself sure of his prey. Under the circumstances, almost any other man would have surrendered. Not so the indomitable Kautz. It was a wild and exciting scene to see those mounted men slide down that steep embankment to the railroad track, scramble up the opposite bank, dash down the next declivity into the stream, and wallow through mire and water, the horses in some instances rolling over and the men going under, amid the thunder of artillery, and with solid shot plunging, shells exploding, grape and canister raining, and musket balls whistling around them, till they reached the opposite shore and disappeared in the swamp, which had been made passable by a drought of great severity. Following their indefatigable commander, they pressed their way through, and reached their old camp at Jones' Landing the next day.

Lieut. Col. Conger, Maj. Curtis, and Capt. Sanford were severely wounded. Capts. Benson and Chase, who had been wounded at Roanoke bridge, fell into the enemy's hands as prisoners when the ambulances were abandoned at Stony Creek. The damage to the enemy by this raid was immense. Besides the destruction of cotton, buildings, commissary stores, and rolling stock, Richmond and Petersburg were cut off from all railroad communication for several weeks.

Corp. Lunt, of Co. I, thus details his experience during this raid: —

On the twentieth of June, orders were received to prepare for a raid into the enemy's country, and nearly all night was spent in adjusting our equip-

ments and packing up for a move, we knew not where. Many of us did not sleep at all, but as we used to do, when boys, the night before the Fourth of July, we kept awake so that we might be the first on hand in the morning. Before the dawn of the morning of the twenty-first, the bugles sounded "Fall in!" and while the stars were still glittering in the sky, and the mist resting upon the waters of the Appomattox, our regiment was in motion, and just at daybreak we were leading our horses by twos over the pontoon bridge across the Appomattox River, near Point of Rocks. I remember the curious sensations we experienced, and the timorous motions of the reluctant horses, as they followed their file leaders across this swaying, undulating bridge.

After crossing the river we mounted and moved forward in column of fours, towards the left flank of the army, then investing Petersburg. As we approached the old Prince George County Court House, the road was strewn with papers and manuscripts, evidently a part of the records of that county, from the loss and destruction of which landholders must have since suffered great inconvenience. A little after noon we went into bivouac, and word was sent around that all men who were unable to ride for seven or eight days and nights should return to the former camp; but as this was our first experience, no one seemed to doubt his ability to endure any of the hardships and perils of the expedition before us.

This day's journey was my first experience on horseback. As we set out on our march from the Appomattox River, in the morning, I waited impatiently for the column to move forward merrily at a gallop; but I waited in vain, for we moved only at a plodding, monotonous walk, amid clouds of dust, and under a burning sky. My lips were parched by the dust and heat, but the enthusiasm of youth led me to anticipate a more agreeable time when we should reach the open country of the enemy, and, like the troopers of Murat, ride down all the rebels who stood in our way: so I braced up my spirits with the illusions of hope never to be realized.

On the morning of the twenty-second, while the moon was yet bright in the heavens, and all was quiet, save the stir of the horses and the occasional braying of a mule, the notes of the bugle and the orders of the orderly sergeant roused us from our slumbers, and after feeding and watering our horses and getting a hasty breakfast, "Boots and saddles!" was sounded, and away we started for the enemy's country. I was one of the number detailed to act as regimental rear guard, but I was no horseman, and judging by the way my companions kept in their saddles, they were no more skilled in the equestrian art than I was. The fact is that we did not perform our duty as rear guard very well, and Col. Conger, our commander, who was an old cavalry man, made some remarks to the effect that we were "a d——d sight worse than the stragglers."

Shortly after daylight the head of our column reached Reams' Station, on the Weldon Railroad, and the advance guard, by a sudden charge, succeeded in capturing a rebel picket, and drove away a squadron of their cavalry. We continued our march. By-and-by the sun rose in the heavens and the heat became intense. The roads were dusty, and the way a most weary one to me. Long before night I was as tired as boys usually are on the Fourth of July, when they have begun their celebration the night before.



That night we bivouacked by the side of the road, near Ford's Station, on the South Side Railroad.

The next morning, continuing our way, the station building and store-houses, containing quantities of tobacco and other merchandise, were burned, and some portions of the railroad destroyed. Late in the afternoon we reached Burkesville, at the junction of the South Side and Richmond and Danville Railroads. I remember calling at some negro quarters adjoining a fine old mansion which had been deserted by its proprietor, and there informing the negroes that we were Yankees coming to set them free. Some of these colored people were almost white, and I shall never forget their eagerness, coupled with a doubt, which their countenances expressed. They could not believe that a day so long hoped for, and delayed, had at last arrived. At Burkesville our forage was exhausted, and we were obliged to graze our horses in the fields and pastures. I felt as Mazeppa must have felt after he had been bound to the wild horse for several days—so tired and lame and sore that I was obliged to creep on hands and knees while I held the halter of my horse, as he grazed.

That night I slept soundly, and the next morning, having adjusted my stirrups and arranged my saddle, started off with the regiment, feeling much better. The track of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, along which we were marching, was not laid with ordinary iron T rails, but in place of them longitudinal timbers, or sleepers, were laid, with flat strap iron spiked down to these sleepers. Our work of destruction on this road was comparatively easy, for it was only necessary to take the rail fences down, pile the rails along the track and set them on fire, when the heat would expand the rails so that they would curl up, and the road was effectually destroyed for immediate use.

On the night of this day we halted at Keyesville, and my company was sent out on a cross road to do picket duty. We made our headquarters at the house of Mr. Foster, whose wife, although she had been born in Ohio, appeared to be a very ardent sympathizer with the Confederates, and to be extremely anxious to obtain all the information possible as to the number of our force and the object of our raid, but I fear that the information she obtained was far from accurate, and she herself seemed to doubt our veracity. Nevertheless, we were here bountifully supplied with ripe cherries and a good supper, and about midnight a family of negro slaves prepared a turkey supper for us, which was a very welcome change from hardtack and pork. During that night a colored man came into our picket post and informed the sergeant in command that there were some teams containing provisions secreted some distance away in the woods, and I was ordered to take two men and bring them in. Experienced soldiers would have been more careful, but, ignorant of danger, away we went, following our dusky guide through the gray of the morning, across fields and pastures and through woods, until at length, in a secluded spot, under the thick foliage of lofty trees, just at daybreak, we found several wagons laden with trunks and furniture, and one small cart filled with bacon and corn meal, and an old roan horse tied to a tree near by. The provisions were the most valuable to us, so we told the negro to take all he wanted, and with a great deal of pleasure he broke open trunks and appropriated so much of them

contents as he saw fit, while we took a few knickknacks as mementoes of the occasion. The negro having harnessed the horse to the cart containing the bacon and meal, we started for the road leading back to Mr. Foster's. Just as we reached the road, our vidette stationed near halted a man in Confederate gray and took him in charge, and we escorted him back to the picket post. He claimed to be a Confederate mail carrier, and that he was exempt from military service, and exhibited a physician's statement as to his disability. He was, however, kept in charge until we joined our column in the morning, but what became of him I never knew. Our negro continued along with us as driver of the team which we had confiscated, and this supply of provisions, later on, was all we had for several days to keep us from starvation. The bacon and ham we were glad to eat raw, although portions of it presented a very animated spectacle.

On this twenty-fourth day of June the weather was intensely hot, and the column for the most of the time was enveloped in a cloud of dust. We continued our march, destroying railroad stations and storehouses containing valuable merchandise, as well as considerable portions of the railroad tracks near at hand. Late in the afternoon, as we approached a range of hills, we heard firing of cannon and the occasional rattle of musketry. Our regiment was formed under the shelter of a bluff, and the order given to "dismount and prepare to fight on foot." For many of the men this was the first time they had received such orders knowing that it meant business. The dismounted men, having formed in line by companies, were quickly counted off in sets of fours, and started on the double quick down the railroad track. We had not proceeded far before the landscape between the hills was open to our view. We perceived on our left a deep creek, with steep banks thickly fringed with trees and bushes, and beyond that a wide interval field stretching to a river of considerable width. Across this interval was a high railroad embankment, broken in one or two places, with wooden bridges across the openings. On the right of the road a wide interval extended to the river, and at the point on the river bank to which the railroad embankment extended we saw a long, covered bridge, and on the further side of the bridge extensive earthworks, with guns mounted in them. The advance of our forces on the right of the railroad had already engaged the enemy with a brisk fire, which was returned from the vicinity of the bridge and the earthworks on the opposite side.

Our regiment was immediately ordered to deploy to the left of the railroad, with the creek before mentioned in our rear. While this movement was being executed as rapidly as possible, much of the time in plain view of the enemy, many of the boys for the first time found themselves under a brisk fire from the cannon and small arms of the enemy. The distance was not too great for them to use canister as well as shell, and several of our boys were wounded before we opened fire at all. The field in which we were deployed was traversed by a number of very deep, dry ditches, dug in the clayey soil and fringed with thick hedges of blackberry bushes, which made our movements disorderly and rendered it difficult to execute them.

A squadron of the regiment stationed in line nearest the railroad, under command of Capt. A. M. Benson, undertook to charge, for the purpose of reaching and burning the covered bridge. They were met with a terrible

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present. The author then proceeds to a detailed examination of the various factors that have shaped the development of the United States, including the role of the individual, the influence of the environment, and the impact of the social and economic conditions of the time. The author concludes by emphasizing the need for a balanced and objective approach to the study of history, one that takes into account all the relevant factors and perspectives.

The second part of the paper is a critical analysis of the various theories and methods that have been used in the study of history. The author discusses the strengths and weaknesses of each approach, and offers his own suggestions for improvement. He argues that a more holistic and interdisciplinary approach is needed, one that draws on the insights of other fields such as sociology, psychology, and economics. The author also discusses the importance of the use of primary sources in the study of history, and offers advice on how to evaluate and interpret these sources.

The third part of the paper is a detailed examination of the role of the individual in the development of the United States. The author discusses the lives and achievements of several key figures in American history, including George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. He argues that the actions and decisions of these individuals have had a profound impact on the course of the nation's history, and that their legacies continue to shape the United States today.

The fourth part of the paper is a discussion of the influence of the environment on the development of the United States. The author discusses the role of the natural world in shaping the early history of the nation, and the impact of the environment on the development of the American West. He argues that a better understanding of the environment is essential for a full understanding of the history of the United States.

The fifth part of the paper is a discussion of the impact of the social and economic conditions of the time on the development of the United States. The author discusses the role of the Industrial Revolution, the Civil War, and the Great Depression in shaping the nation's history. He argues that these events have had a profound impact on the development of the United States, and that their legacies continue to shape the nation today.

The author concludes the paper by emphasizing the need for a balanced and objective approach to the study of history, one that takes into account all the relevant factors and perspectives. He argues that a better understanding of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the present, and that this understanding is essential for the future of the nation.

fire of musketry and canister, and were obliged to relinquish their attempt to reach the bridge. Later Capt. Chase, with several men of his company, undertook to reach the bridge. Crawling cautiously alongside of the embankment, they reached a point where they were obliged to expose themselves, and scarcely one of the whole squad escaped uninjured, Capt. Chase being seriously wounded. A brisk fire was kept up on both sides until dark, when gradually our forces were withdrawn and the return march commenced. The forces crossed the creek before mentioned at a ford a short distance in the rear of our line. A considerable number of our regiment remained behind on the field to guard this ford. At dawn the enemy's battery opened a heavy fire upon the troops then crossing the ford. I was one of those who remained upon the field all night, and I distinctly remember watching the flash of the cannon, and seeing the black speck of the approaching shells, which passed over us and exploded a short distance in our rear. Here and there upon the field range stakes had been driven by the enemy. It seemed a mystery to me that while so few of us were left behind, the enemy did not advance to engage us. This affair was known to us as the engagement at Staunton River. Lieut. Col. Conger, who commanded our regiment, was wounded in this engagement, together with several other officers and a considerable number of men.

From this point the regiment proceeded towards Stony Creek, marching with a large number of negroes in the column, who vainly fancied that freedom was at hand. I cannot speak for other portions of the regiment, but I know that at dusk, on the night of the twenty-seventh, the regiment halted in the road, which at that point entered the thick forest. We fed our horses with corn on the cob, and many of the men were obliged to refresh themselves with the same food as that which they gave their horses. Shortly after, the order was given to mount and to prepare to fight mounted, and that no man should speak aloud. The column started forward at a quick trot, and then increased its pace to a gallop. We entered the forest, it then being so dark we could scarcely perceive our file leaders. Advancing along this road we soon saw the flash of the fire-arms of the rebel pickets in the woods close at hand, but the column charged forward in the darkness, until soon we came to a place where bright camp-fires were lighted, and approached the bridge across Stony Creek. Down to our right, across the creek, we heard a continual and heavy firing of musketry, with an occasional boom of heavy guns, which showed that our forces were holding the bridge to enable us to cross the creek. Turning to the left we proceeded along the road, riding all night, officers and men in many instances being sound asleep, and the men of various companies being intermingled, the strongest and most active horses leading the way. Shortly after daylight word came back that the enemy was in force not far from our front. Soon we approached the borders of a plantation, where the regiment was halted and orders given to dismount and prepare to fight on foot.

I cannot say that there was much enthusiasm among the boys, for we were hungry, weak, and exhausted. The first battalion then dismounted, formed, and marched out in the open field in the vicinity of the farm house, which was located in the midst of an orchard, on rising ground, near the centre of a field of considerable area. No sooner were they formed than

the enemy opened fire upon them with canister from some unseen battery. Taken by surprise at this warm reception, the line instantly broke, but the boys in a few moments rallied and came back to the orchard near the house. From that point they espied a considerable number of the enemy lying behind a rail fence a few hundred yards away, and at once poured a scattering fire into them. Soon here and there many who were sheltered by the trees began to cry out that they were hit, and we discovered that the enemy in considerable numbers was concealed in the house and its outbuildings. Thereupon Capt. Howe, with several of his men, advanced to the door of the house and kicked it open, while others were shooting in at the windows. As Capt. Howe kicked open the door a tall rebel levelled his musket and a bullet whistled in close proximity to his ear. Capt. Howe, before he entered the service, had been a Baptist minister, and the language which he used just then might have been extracted piecemeal from some Scriptural text, but in it some of the boys recognized a "d—n," which was emphasized by a shot from his pistol. Thereupon some eight or ten tall, gaunt rebels gave themselves up as prisoners, and were sent away to what we considered our rear.

Soon, being re-enforced by other men of the regiment, we moved forward to the borders of the field, the rebel forces retiring. Upon this line we lay till about noon, occasionally exchanging shots with the enemy. Many of the men were so exhausted that they fell asleep, and it required considerable effort on the part of their officers to make them realize the dangers of their situation. Later on, no enemy appearing, I went back across the field to the house before mentioned, and then down to a skirmish line stationed at another part of the field, at the foot of a hill, a few hundred yards distant from the out-houses. There being no officer in command at that point, and seeing no apparent necessity for remaining there, in a short time I started to go up to the house to get some water. I had traversed about half the distance to the smoke-house, located in the midst of a patch of thick weeds, when I heard the "zip" of a bullet close at hand. As I proceeded these sounds grew more and more frequent, varied by an occasional "whew!" As I approached the smoke-house, though I had not perceived any men around it, I heard a voice cry: "Get down on your hands and knees!" This I was not inclined to do, but I increased my speed to a double quick. The "zip" and "whew" of bullets increased tremendously, and I perceived that, as I ascended the hill, I had come into view of the rebel skirmish line, from which I was before hidden, and when I reached the smoke-house I found the weeds full of our boys, while some were concealed behind the structure. There was some swearing because my advent had brought upon them a very heavy fire. It seemed very strange to me that it did not appear to make any difference on which side of that smoke-house I went—the bullets came "thudding" into the logs in a perfect shower all over it. I then became conscious that we were in a field bordered by woods, with the enemy upon three sides of us in forces heavier than our own. It was but natural, when this firing disclosed the presence of forces sufficiently large to easily effect our capture, that we should start to retire; and forthwith we did start, on the double quick, to pass the house and through the orchard to the further side of the field, where we had left



our horses. As we reached the house we looked to the left across the field toward the rail fence, where but a short time before many of my company had been lying down, when up from behind it a long line of rebel infantry arose and started on a charge across the field toward the orchard, to effect our capture. It seems that some distance above, behind a little piece of woods that jutted into the field, a battalion of Pennsylvania cavalry, mounted, had been stationed, and at this instant, in column of fours, with sabres drawn, they came charging down upon the flank of this line of rebel infantry and speedily swept it from the field, affording us an opportunity to retire to our horses, an opportunity of which we at once availed ourselves.

We had been with our horses but a few moments when the order was given to throw away everything but our saddle equipments and arms, and we then realized that our situation was desperate. Forthwith the rapid firing of a battery, stationed out on the road by which we had reached this field, was heard, with heavy musketry firing and the yell of a heavy force of charging rebels. In a few moments the battery had ceased firing, and we saw the approaching guns, which were drawn by six horses, come galloping in at a speed which seemed almost inconceivable, and the rebel forces were closing in upon us on all sides. On receiving orders we speedily mounted, and the regiments of our brigade, in single file, started to move out through one corner of the field, where the rebel line was weakest. My company was selected by Gen. Kautz for his body-guard. We rode through fields and pastures and swampy woodland for a long distance. I remember at one time passing near a creek and seeing upon the further side, but a few rods distant, — so near that we talked with him, — a rebel picket, while further back, through an opening, we could see a column of cavalry, which the picket told us was Fitz Hugh Lee's command. By-and-by we reached the edge of a deep cut, through which the Weldon Railroad was built, the sides of the cut being steep and sandy, with some twenty feet of slope. A short distance up the wall, on either hand, our boys were holding back the rebel forces, while Gen. Kautz, with compass in hand to direct his course, led the way across the road. Many of the horses were too weak to climb the further embankment, though the most of us succeeded in crossing and entering the thick forest beyond. A short time before dark we came out into the main road, along which we had travelled towards Reams' Station on the second day of our raid. With much regret I found that my horse could no longer keep up with the column, and just at dark it gave out entirely. I did not like to abandon it, so dismounted and unsaddled at the roadside, near a corn-field from which I gathered some fodder for the exhausted animal, and wrapping myself in my saddle blanket, I speedily went to sleep.

At daybreak I was aroused by a Federal cavalry man, who warned me to "get out of that," as the rebel cavalry was liable to appear there at any moment. Saddling my horse, I started along the road in the direction the column had moved on the preceding night, and after travelling a couple of miles came up with the regiment, which was then about to resume its march. I kept along with it a short distance until we reached an infantry picket, when my horse refused to move another step. Dismounting I unsaddled, and on looking at the horse could scarcely believe it was the same one

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes the need for transparency and accountability in financial reporting.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and techniques used to collect and analyze data. It includes a detailed description of the experimental procedures and the statistical analysis performed.

3. The third part of the document presents the results of the study. It includes a series of tables and graphs that illustrate the findings of the research. The data shows a clear trend of increasing activity over time.

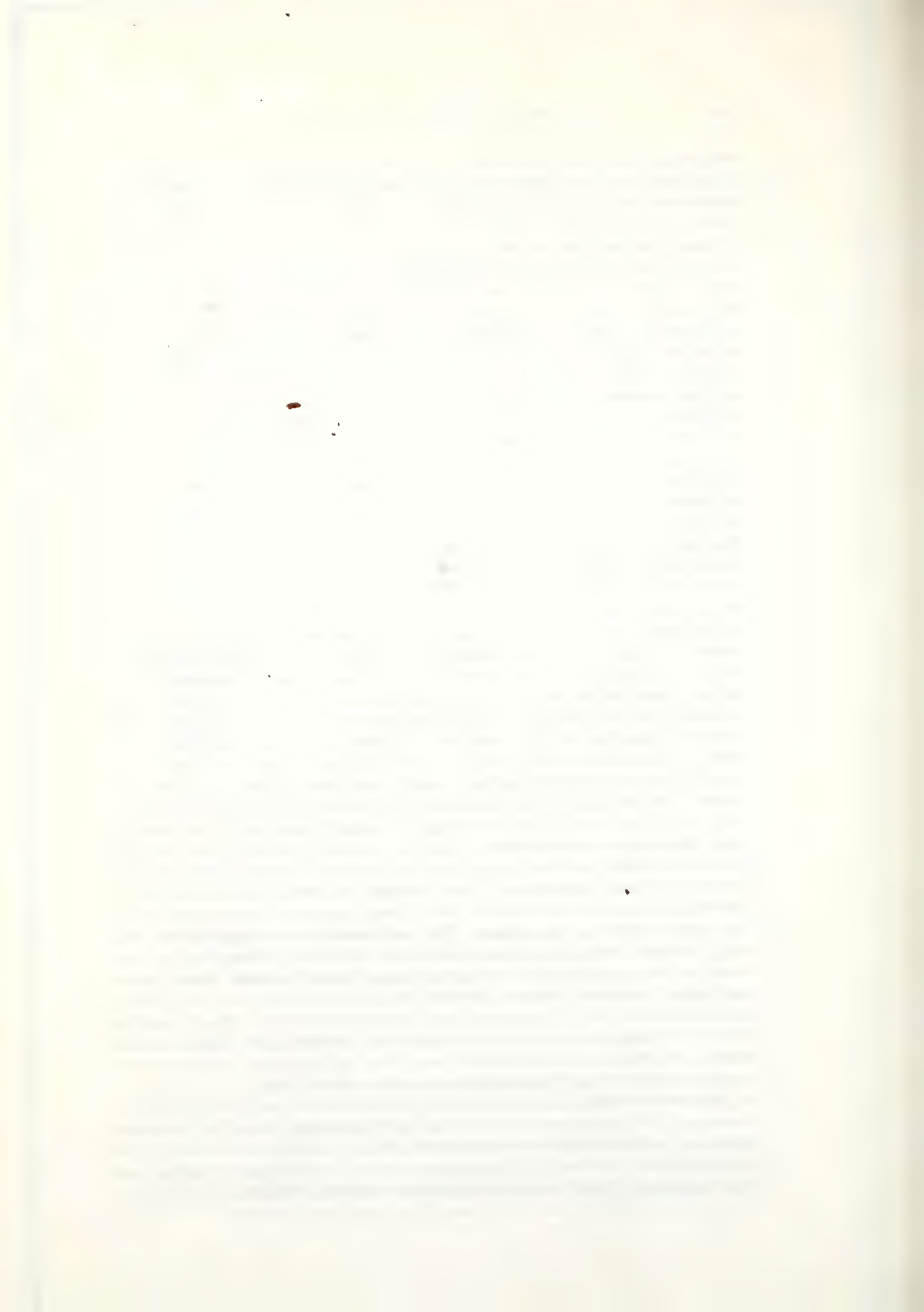
4. The fourth part of the document discusses the implications of the findings. It suggests that the results have significant implications for the field of research and may lead to further developments in the future.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes the study. It summarizes the main findings and provides a final statement on the importance of the research.

with which I started on the raid, as at the start it was plump, spirited, and in the best condition, but now was thin and hung its head, a picture of utter exhaustion, and it was evident that its usefulness was gone, and that I must follow along on foot.

Since leaving Point of Rocks I had not removed my boots, but my feet were now so swollen that I was obliged to remove them and proceed barefoot. I remembered the road by which we came out and followed it, but the regiment had taken a nearer way, which I did not know. Hungry, exhausted, and alone, I plodded wearily along, occasionally soliciting food at houses along the wayside, and invariably being refused. After a time I came up with Private Wilson, of my own company, and a private from another company, and we travelled along together. Late in the forenoon we saw in the distance some horsemen, whose appearance gave us considerable alarm, for we were a long distance to the left and in rear of our infantry line, then investing Petersburg, and in a dangerous country. Soon some of the advance guard of the force which we saw rode towards us, we being hidden in the bushes. The blue uniforms, however, relieved our fears, and we came out from our hiding, and the cavalry men informed us that it was Sheridan's force coming out to meet Gen. Wilson, who had commanded our cavalry division. We proceeded forward to the column, meeting Gen. Sheridan and his staff, who made some inquiries as to the occurrences of the previous day, and received from us a description of our disasters. In this column I met the First Maine, a few of the men and officers of which I knew. They gave us some hardtack, of which we were sadly in need, and soon moved on, while we resumed our weary march for the pontoon bridge at the Point of Rocks. The day was intensely hot, the road sandy, and now and then the woods on both sides were on fire. To pass these places we were obliged to run for considerable distances. After travelling several miles we neared the vicinity of Prince George Court House, where we found colored infantry pickets keeping strict watch and evincing considerable anxiety, saying they were momentarily expecting the rebels to appear in their front. After resting a short time we started along, and after receiving some directions from teamsters whom we met, they telling us of the location of a second pontoon across the Appomattox River, we followed the road which they pointed out. Just at night we reached the river, only to find that there was no pontoon bridge at that point, but the only bridge was two miles further up the stream. We had travelled some thirty miles that day, barefoot, and being completely worn out, we lay down on the river bank to sleep. Soon some teamsters came down to water their horses, and found us there. Having learned of our hardships, they very kindly placed us upon their horses and took us to their camp. They were too kind; for they furnished us with bean soup, hardtack, and cakes in abundance, and with the imprudence of men who had been half starved we ate most voraciously, and then went to sleep on a pile of hay.

The next morning our appetites for breakfast were not good, but we ate because of the opportunity offered us, and once more started to reach our regiment, which had passed the pontoon bridge on the previous day. This we succeeded in doing shortly after noontime, the regiment having gone into camp near Jones' Landing, on the road leading from Point of Rocks to the pontoon bridge across the James River near Deep Bottom.



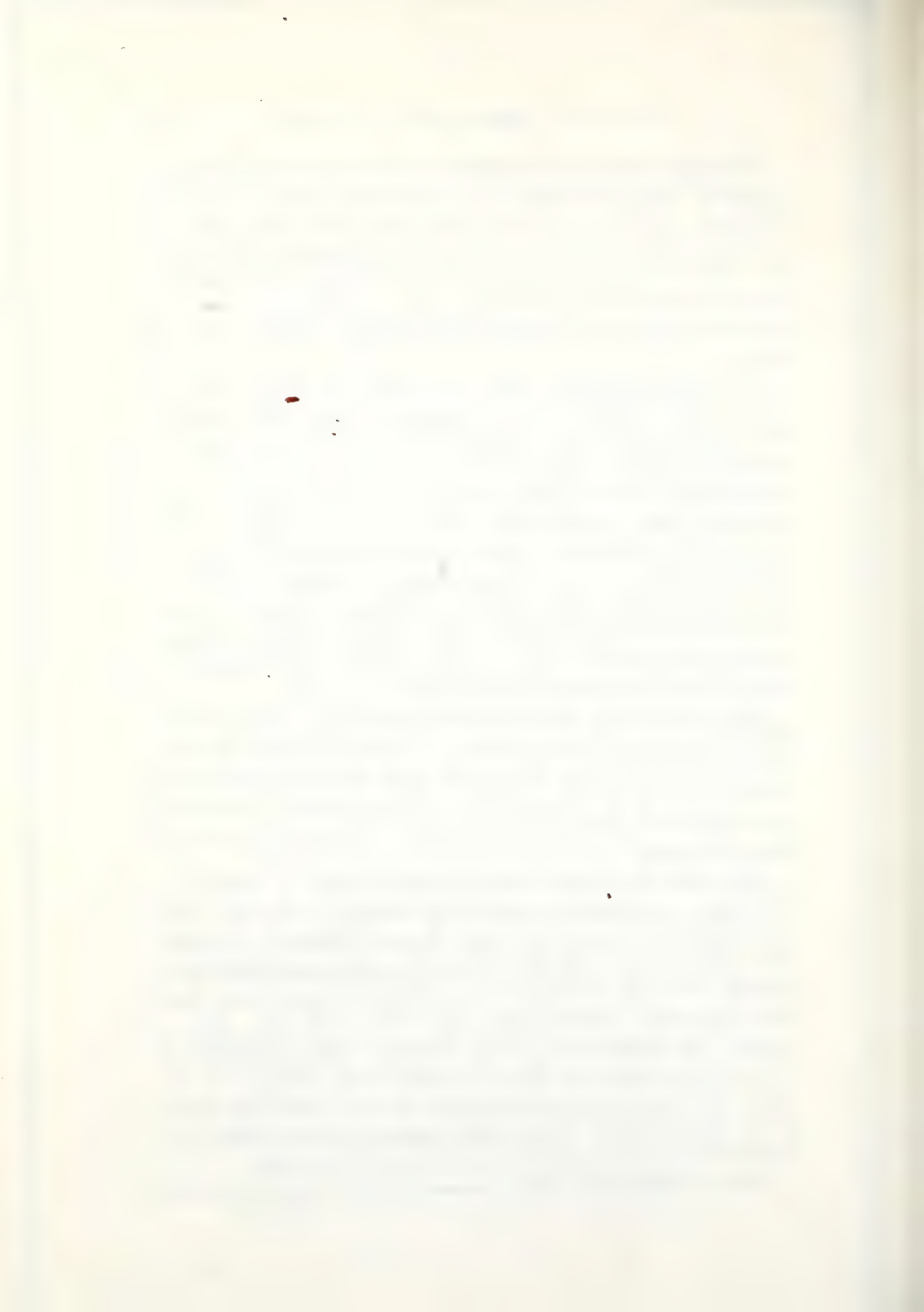
The whole Army of the Potomac was now in front of Petersburg, and was entrenching in the direction of the South Side Railroad. With the exception that one of the companies was on duty in Fort Pride, the history of the regiment, for the next few weeks, is little else than a history of alternate rest and drill. Once or twice it was ordered out on reconnoissance, and once on foot to repel an expected assault, which, however, was not made.

July twenty-seventh orders were received to be ready to move at six o'clock in the evening, with three days' rations. The whole cavalry force, together with the Second corps of infantry, had been ordered to the north side of the James. The object was to draw the enemy from Petersburg, where an assault was to be made in connection with the mine explosion. The head of Gen. Sheridan's column arrived from the west side of the Appomattox at nine in the evening. At three o'clock the next morning the First District of Columbia joined the rear, and after marching to Jones' Landing, halted for the command to cross the pontoon bridge. Late in the day the crossing was effected, and the regiment bivouacked for the night.

Some skirmishing occurred on the next day, in which Lieut. McBride, of Co. C, was wounded. On the thirtieth the regiment returned to camp, and on the same afternoon marched to the west side of the Appomattox. On the second of August it was ordered on picket near the enemy's lines, on the extreme left of the army.

The main line of the Union works in front of Petersburg conformed very nearly to that of the enemy, on the left bending southward so as to face the Weldon Railroad. A picket line extended from the left of the line of fortifications, in an easterly direction, through Prince George Court House, Lee's Mills, Sycamore church, and Cox's Mills. On the third of August the headquarters of the regiment were established at Sycamore church, Maj. Baker commanding. This place was about ten miles southeast from City Point. From the eighth to the twenty-first of August the regiment was on picket duty on the Weldon Railroad, four miles from Petersburg.

On the eighteenth, while a demonstration was made on the



North side of the James, in front of Richmond, by Gens. Greger and Hancock, with their respective commands of cavalry and infantry, and while a portion of the rebel troops were withdrawn from the front to meet the emergency, the Fifth corps of infantry advanced and took possession of the Weldon Railroad. Desperate but fruitless efforts were made by the enemy to recover it. Severe fighting occurred on the twenty-first, in which this regiment participated. Dismounted and deployed as skirmishers on the left of the Fifth corps, they participated in the capture of a brigade of rebel troops, with three stands of colors.

After picketing again on the twenty-second, the regiment became engaged with a body of rebel troops the next morning, and drove them four miles, destroying a quantity of army stores. In the afternoon Hampton's Legion was encountered. It was "Greek meeting Greek." It was impossible, however, for him to stand against the sixteen shooters, and he was driven back, leaving his dead and wounded on the field. Some prisoners were taken. During this last engagement, Capt. Sargent, of Co. M. was killed while charging the enemy. This regiment lost two men beside.

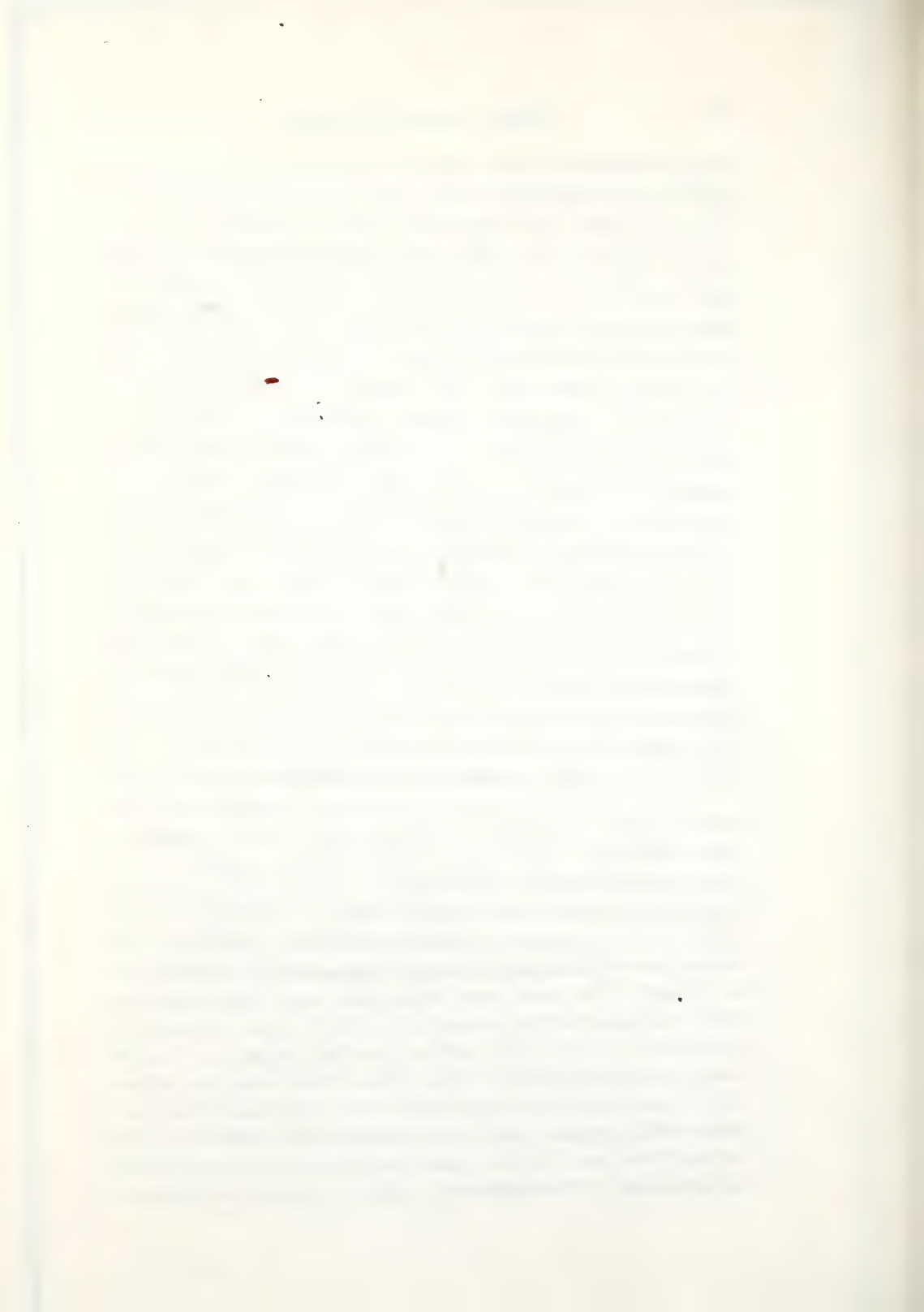
On the twenty-fourth the fighting was resumed at various points, and at some was severe, but with no decisive results. On the twenty-fifth this regiment met the enemy in three distinct engagements, repulsing him in each. At four o'clock there were indications that he intended a flank movement, and this regiment was ordered to the extreme left of the line and dismounted to fortify against the expected attack at that point. After the hard and almost incessant fighting of the day, the men could hardly have been in the best working condition, and yet, in momentary expectation of an attack, they wrought with a will. Without entrenching tools, their own hands ministered to the necessities of the hour. Logs, stumps, brush, roots, whatever movable material the forest afforded, was brought into requisition. The extemporized breastwork was hardly completed when the enemy opened on them with artillery. Against this the works were no protection. But the men stood firm. Only one man was killed, and one wounded. There was no enemy in sight, but all understood what this shelling boded.

The men had received their orders, and all was silent along the line. Every man was at his post. Every eye was open and every ear attentive. No sound was heard but the roar of the enemy's artillery, and the scream and crash of shells around them. This, however, had continued but a short time when the enemy was seen in strong line of battle advancing through the woods. No sooner had they discovered the position of this regiment than they raised a yell and rushed on to the charge. But they paid dearly for their temerity. The men reserved their fire — coolly waiting till the enemy was sufficiently near. Their first volley told with startling effect. Many a poor fellow drew short breath and never breathed again. Another and another volley followed in instantaneous succession, and the enemy was swept from their front. Unfortunately, however, the infantry on the right, pressed by superior numbers, had fallen back and the enemy was on the flank. The regiment held its position till dark, and was the last to leave the field. The next day it returned to Sycamore church and resumed picket duty.

While here, the officers formed an acquaintance with some of the residents of the vicinity. For the most part, the acquaintance was pleasant, but not always. This incident will illustrate the spirit sometimes encountered: One of the officers, while out on a scouting expedition with a small squad of men, halted near a fine old Virginia mansion, at a considerable distance outside of our lines, while he advanced and politely accosted the lordly proprietor, as he sat puffing his cigar in the cool shade of his piazza. His lordship at once commenced a furious tirade against Lincoln and his dirty minions. The lieutenant listened patiently, meanwhile observing one of the colored women carrying a fine churning of butter into the house from a building near by, where it seemed to have been just made. At the first pause in the furious tirade, he said, in substance: "Well, sir, the war is a costly thing. It has made it necessary to tax almost everything, especially luxuries. Now as this sort of talk seems a luxury to you, it must be taxed. You will please send out to my men a few pounds of your new butter." Whether from generosity, or some other motive, the butter was furnished, but the spirit of the man was

not at all improved. He went on to abuse the government and all who supported it, in terms more violent than before. At the next pause, his tormentor quietly remarked: "For this fresh indulgence you will please furnish us with half a dozen of your best hams and a sack of flour, and the sooner it is done, the better." The negro who executed the order, clearly indicated, by an exhibition of his fine white teeth and a mischievous twinkle of his eye, that he enjoyed the thing much better than massa did. The master, in the meantime, was foaming with rage, and venting his feelings in terms of the most intense bitterness. At length the imperturbable lieutenant interposed coolly: "Sir, your indulgence has gone far enough. You will square the account by turning out the two beeves I see in yonder lot, and if I hear any more of this abuse of my government, I will take you along, too." With a polite good-by, he was left a sadder if not a wiser man. For some days after, the boys ate good, new, soft bread and butter, instead of hardtack, and fresh beef and ham, instead of salt pork.

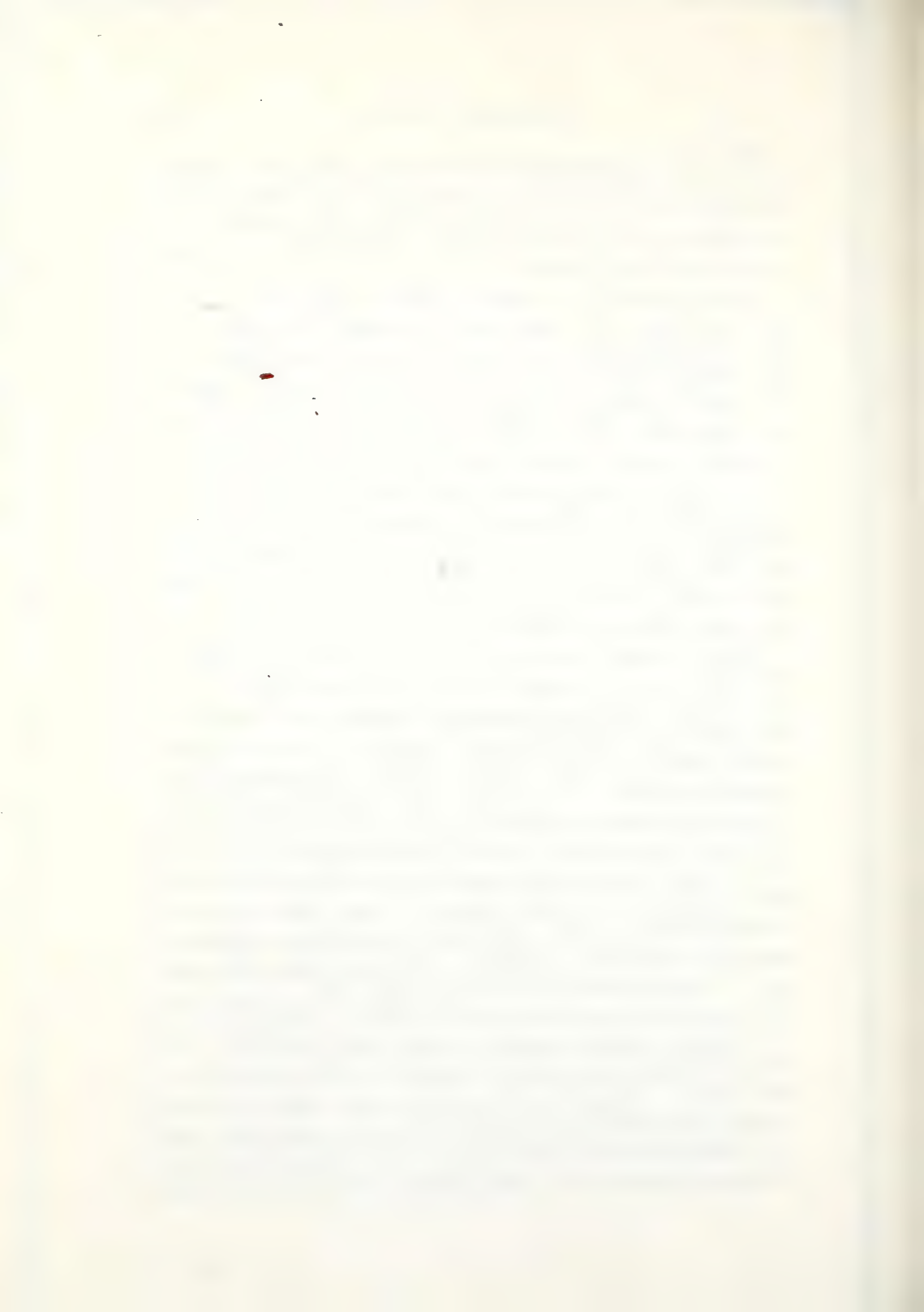
The portion of the picket line held by the First District of Columbia, now numbering about four hundred effective men, was nearly five miles in length, extending along a road running nearly east and west, mostly through a wooded country. Maj. Baker, in immediate command of two battalions, held the right of the line, with the reserve at Sycamore church, while Capt. Howe, with one battalion, held the left, with the reserve at Cox's Mills, two miles east. Such was the position of this little devoted band of four hundred men on the outer picket line, five miles from any support, when at daybreak, on the sixteenth of September, they were suddenly attacked by the whole force of Hampton's cavalry, supported by three brigades of infantry. In some way, which has never been explained, one detachment of the enemy's force had passed through the picket line on the right, held by another regiment. Another had gone round the left flank, where there were no pickets. This must have been done hours before the assault, for (as it afterwards appeared) they had barricaded the roads three miles in the Union rear. If the reader inquires why the enemy threw so formidable a force against a point so remote, so weak, and



apparently so unimportant, the answer is, that just in the rear was a herd of twenty-three hundred cattle, and the rebel army wanted meat. If the position, purpose, and strength of the assaulting party had been known, any attempt at resistance would have been madness.

Before daybreak the vidette in front of the picket post, near the church, gave the alarm that the enemy was approaching, and fell quickly back to the post, followed by a strong body of the enemy's cavalry. The men of this post, under command of Lieut. Spaulding, opened fire with their sixteen shooters with great effect, and quickly repulsed the enemy's attempted advance; but their efforts were destined to be unavailing, for soon the enemy, re-enforced, again charged up the road, and overpowered them, killing and wounding several of the number, and making prisoners of most of the others; but Lieut. Spaulding, with ready wit, being mounted, joined the enemy's ranks, and shouting "Forward!" to them, moved ahead until a favorable opportunity was offered him to escape in the darkness.

About this time, roused by the noise of the firing, Corp. W. F. Lunt, then in command of Co. I, encamped nearest to the point of the enemy's approach, gave the alarm, and ordered his men to fall in. The suddenness of the attack, the near approach of the enemy, and the darkness of the night, precluded any company formation. In company with Private Perry Chandler, Corp. Lunt started on the run up the road in the direction of the picket post, and was joined by Lieut. Mountfort, of Co. K, who, having been suddenly aroused, had turned out in his shirt sleeves, and they proceeded forward. They were met by one of the mounted pickets, coming in at a gallop to raise the camp, who hurriedly exclaimed: "Go out there; they need you!" A short distance from the camp a large tree had been felled across the road, the trunk forming a partial barricade, and the limbs laying across an open space beside the road, which elsewhere was thickly fringed with low undergrowth and bushes. Lieut. Mountfort and his men had just passed beyond this barricade and reached a low cedar tree which grew close beside the road, when suddenly out of the misty darkness horsemen appeared. At once Lieut. Mountfort called out:



"Shoot them, boys!" and with his revolver he opened fire upon them. The road was narrow, and the gray forms, as they appeared, were scarcely six feet distant from the muzzle of his revolver. As he fired at the leading files their horses wheeled into the bushes across the road, and the reeling forms of their riders disappeared in the darkness. Others quickly advanced in their places, to meet the same fate at the hands of Mountfort and his companions, with their sixteen shooters. The scene was like a picture painted in gray, lighted up by the flash of fire-arms.

The remainder of the enemy, deceived as to numbers by such a brisk fire, and dismayed by the warm reception given them, quickly wheeled about and retired at a quick trot, lying low upon their horses, and lighting up the scene by shooting into the wayside bushes at an imaginary foe. Lieut. Mountfort and his men followed after and reached the place where the picket post had been stationed, only to find that their comrades had disappeared. Just then, hearing the notes of a bugle sounding a charge, they quickly stationed themselves in the woods across the road and opposite a field through which the enemy seemed to be advancing, and awaited developments. Soon a dim line of men in gray could be perceived by the flashing of their carbines as they moved across the field. The lieutenant and his men remained in their position, continually firing, until the enemy was close at hand, when he gave the command to fall back to the barricade. But the enemy, mounted and on foot, was now crowding up the road, and the lieutenant and his men were compelled to retire through the thick bushes at the side, so that when they came out at the place where they first encountered the advance the enemy had already preceded them and gained the camp.

At this moment the lieutenant perceived two of the enemy's mounted men making a prisoner of Maj. Baker, who had turned out of his quarters so hastily that he was dressed only in his underclothes. Quickly commanding his men to shoot, and while Corp. Lunt was taking aim at these men, the lieutenant started to clamber over the branches of the tree which lay across his path. At once a number of the enemy galloping up



the road and close at hand cried, "Halt! surrender, you Yankee!" and opened fire. Then, as the corporal turned to follow the lieutenant, he saw him in the act of jumping down on the other side of the barricade, and at that instant the corporal, wounded, fell among the limbs of the tree. The advancing enemy surrounded the brave lieutenant, who, while fighting desperately, fell dead, pierced by two bullets. After the engagement his comrades returned to the spot and found his body stripped of all its clothing except a shirt and one stocking.

Corp. Lunt was struck in the head and stunned, falling forward into the thick tree top, and dropping between the limbs, they closed over him, their thick foliage concealing him. When consciousness returned, the body of the gallant lieutenant lay within a few feet of him, dead, and the enemy was plundering the camp. Crawling cautiously out he succeeded in reaching the bushes, where, falling in with a small squad of men, who, like himself, had thus far escaped capture, he started with them for the next picket post. But as they were passing through a deep cut in the road, the corporal from exhaustion being somewhat in the rear, as those in advance of him emerged from the cut they were met by a party of the enemy, and nearly all captured. The corporal escaped, in consequence of being in the rear. Who would have thought that the exhaustion which seemed to put him to such a disadvantage would have been the means of saving him from a horrible captivity? Such are the ways of Providence. Of twenty-five men of Co. G who were captured on that fatal morning, only three are known to have survived the barbarities of their imprisonment.

The attack on Cox's Mills was made at nearly the same moment with that at Sycamore church. A little to the left of Capt. Howe's position, and at the foot of a very considerable descent, the road crossed a bridge over a small stream. To command this bridge a slight breastwork had been thrown up on the high ground on the Union side. At the first notice of the approach of the enemy the command rallied just in time to reach this breastwork, behind which they formed. A heavy force of mounted rebels had crossed the bridge, and with wild yells was charging up the hill, outnumbering Capt. Howe's

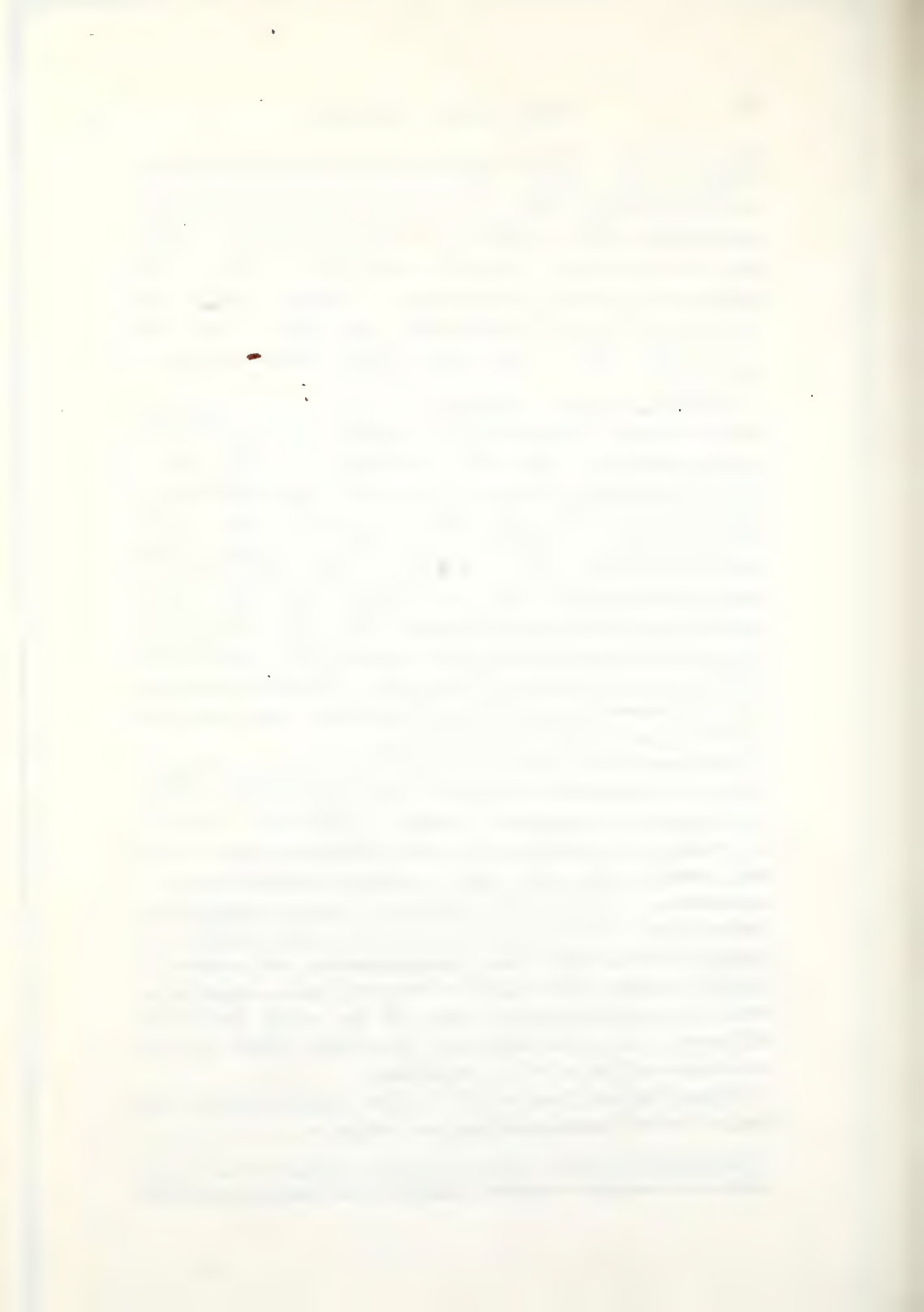
men ten to one. On, on they came, expecting an easy victory. Coolly the men waited. Not a shot was fired till they were within easy range. Then a few volleys from the sixteen shooters sent them back in confusion. A second time they charged, with the same result. This time they did not return. After waiting some time, in expectation of another attack, scouts were sent out to ascertain what they were about. They found a formidable force in front, and a strong force advancing on each flank.

No alternative now remained but to fall back to Sycamore church, as Capt. Howe had been ordered to do, in case a retreat became necessary. The enemy had been so severely punished that he was careful to keep at a safe distance, and the command fell back in good order, and without the loss of a man. At the church, however, a sad fate awaited them. Ignorant of what had occurred there, they expected to join Maj. Baker's reserve, and to make a stand. But in the meantime the enemy, having secured their prisoners and plundered the camp, had formed in a semicircle across the road, and dressed in the United States uniform, were mistaken for Union men. Successful resistance was now impossible, and having done all that brave men could do, like men they yielded to their fate.

Some men seem to bear a charmed life. Lieut. E. P. Merrill, of Co. M, commanded a squadron under Capt. Howe. During a few moments of suspense, anxious to know the position of the enemy, he sprang upon the first horse that came to hand, and plunging the spurs into his flanks, dashed forward to reconnoitre. The horse stumbled, and coming suddenly to the ground, threw his rider over his head, far down the hill. Instantly he rose, made a hasty reconnoissance, and returned to the line in safety. During the subsequent melee, a rebel officer made his appearance in the edge of the woods, and taking deliberate aim at the lieutenant, fired three shots in quick succession, neither of which took effect.

Private Stephen Gray, of Co. K, thus tells the story of this day, so far as it came under his knowledge:—

At the time of the raid on Sycamore church, September 16, 1864, the regiment was in camp close to the road running to Prince George Court House.



We were on dismounted picket, and there were four posts between the church and the pickets of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, who were on our right, between us and the court house. The first post, close to camp, was driven in first, and then the second and fourth posts fell back to the camp. On the third post were William H. Hill, of Co. K, John Crawford of Co. F, and myself, and we waited for the officer of the picket to relieve us. We waited until the heavy firing was over, it seeming to us that the camp had been surprised, and either captured or the regiment driven away, when Hill and myself went to camp to see how matters were, while Crawford remained on the post to keep communication open for us. We found the rebels in full possession of the camp, and destroying what they could not take away with them. We hid in the bushes a short time, but the rebels came so near us we thought it would not be safe to remain longer, so we cautiously rejoined Crawford, and started up the road towards the court house. We had not gone far when we heard the sound of cavalry coming down the road, which we supposed was from the Eleventh Pennsylvania regiment, but which proved to be a number of the enemy's cavalry. We were ordered to surrender, and Crawford and myself were inclined to do so; but when the officer stepped forward to take our arms, Hill, who was standing behind us, declared he never would surrender, and quickly brought his carbine to his shoulder and sent two shots into the body of the officer. Hill then turned and began firing into the ranks of the rebels, Crawford and myself following in quick succession. The enemy returned the fire, but we stepped behind some trees and kept up a brisk fire with our repeating rifles for a few moments, when, by Hill's advice, we ran into the woods some distance, and hid under the tops of some trees that had been recently felled. The enemy followed, but soon lost sight of us. We could hear them hunting for us in the woods, and could hear them talk about shooting us when they saw us, hanging us when they caught us, etc. Finally they concluded we had gone through the woods, and they returned to the road to take care of the officer. We judged from their conversation that others were killed or wounded, as well as he. We crawled through the woods to near the house of a Union planter, where Hill had been on duty as a safe guard, when a young lady came running from the house and told us to run, as the rebels were coming. I went to the front of the house, and saw them coming across the field in large numbers — seemingly thousands of them. We at once started, and the rebels tried to cut us off: but we reached a ravine, into which we made our way a short distance, where they could not follow, mounted, though they sent several shots after us, without effect. We remained in hiding some time, when I crept to the edge of the woods to see if they were still there, and found there were more there than before, and with artillery. We left our hiding place, moved up the ravine, and travelled a long distance in the woods, as we thought, when Crawford took a look out of the woods and saw the enemy, in battalions and regiments, moving back in the direction of the church. We kept on our way, and late in the afternoon met our regiment coming back, deployed as skirmishers. About dusk we reached the camp of the Sixteenth Massachusetts regiment, where we were treated kindly and fed, having had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. The next day we passed the spot where the rebels came down upon

us, where we saw three dead horses in the road. On reaching the camp we found the body of Lieut. Mountfort lying in the shed by the church, stripped of everything, and even a finger cut off to secure a ring.

Private Henry C. Whitney, of Co. A, who was taken prisoner in this engagement, thus relates his prison experience:—

With a large number of others, I was taken prisoner at Sycamore church on the morning of September 16, 1864. We were that day marched to Stony Creek, and it was said we marched fifty miles that day and night, and I thought so. The next day we marched to Petersburg, having nothing to eat but two rebel hardbreads and a slice of bacon during a march of seventy miles. We went from Petersburg to Richmond in the cars, arriving about dark and being taken to Libby Prison, where we got nothing to eat until the next forenoon. After remaining there about a week we were taken to the prison at Danville, and put into a building in which were about six hundred prisoners—about two hundred on a floor. One night there was an attempt to break out, for the purpose of allowing us all to escape, but the attempt failed, after one of the guard and one of the prisoners had been killed, and another prisoner wounded, and the next night they sent us to Salisbury, evidently thinking Danville was not a safe place for us. We had learned that we should fare better in Salisbury, and were happy at the idea of a change; but on arriving there we found ourselves in a stockade, with no shelter but the heavens. Up to this time no prisoner from our regiment had died, but we were visited by a long, cold rain storm soon after arriving there, and the men began to die. It rained about three days and nights, and I did not lie down during that time, but would walk about until I became very tired, and then sit down on my feet, resting my back against a tree. When we first arrived there the prisoners were dying at the rate of one or two a day, and the dead were carried out singly, each one in a box; but we had not been there long before they were dying at the rate of thirty or forty a day, and then they came after the dead with a four mule team, into which they threw them helter-skelter, and carted them away.

We received one ration a day, consisting of cob meal bread, though sometimes we were given the meal raw, when we had to cook it ourselves, with very poor facilities for fire—green pine, not split, and a long distance to carry it. We ate it raw many times, and called it good. While here the boys made a break, which it was thought might have been successful, if all had known of it in season. As it was it did no good, and the rebels brought up troops, who opened fire upon us with small arms and artillery, and continued firing until we lay down, by which time about fifty had been killed and wounded. Then they put us on half rations, when, God knows, full rations were not half enough. There was a slaughter-house near the prison pen, and sometimes the rebels would throw the offal over into the pen, to see the half starved men fight for it. The men would watch the top of the stockade, and when they saw a piece coming over they would all run for it, and each strive hard to secure it, as though it was the nicest piece of beef. I saw two men, one day, fight twenty minutes for a cow's nose, which



both had caught hold of at once as it came over the stockade. All the way we could get water was by drawing it from wells that had been dug in the stockade, with the tin dishes some of the boys had been lucky enough to save, tearing up our clothing to make strings with which to draw it. The wells were drawn dry many times a day, and the water was muddy, sometimes as thick as porridge, and must have been very unhealthy.

The men died very easily, most of them dying in the night. We did not know, as we lay down at night, which of us would be dead in the morning. When one died, if he had better clothes than the living, we would change with him. I changed my shirt and pants with a dead man — his were better than mine. We had to do it, but it makes me shudder now to think of it. I sometimes wonder why I did not die there.

The morning I was captured, my tent-mate, Frederick Allen, was shot through the head and captured. He went to the rebel hospital and got well, and sometime during the winter he came to Salisbury looking first-rate and in good spirits, but after arriving there the change in his surroundings and mode of living was so marked that he did not live long.

All the dead had to be carried to the dead-house in the prison, and from there the teams took them. There was a story there, the truth of which I do not know, that one of the prisoners went to the dead-house and lay down with the dead, in the hope of making his escape in this way. He was carried out as a dead man, and while the men and the team were gone after another load he escaped. This was discovered, and after this the rebels would kick the dead men, to see if there were any live ones among them, saying: "The — Yankees will not play any more such tricks on us." The men that guarded us were an ignorant set of men and boys, who would sometimes shoot at the prisoners for amusement. No one who was not there can understand what we suffered. I shall never forget it, though I would like to, for I think of it every day.

The loss of this regiment in this engagement at Sycamore church, in killed and wounded, was small, but in prisoners large, numbering two or three hundred. They were among the bravest men Maine had sent to the war, and here their services in the First District of Columbia Cavalry ended. An order had been issued for the transfer of the eight companies from Maine to the First Maine Cavalry, some days previous to this disaster. A few days later the transfer was made.

Gen. Smith, in the oration at Pittsfield, 1880, thus speaks of the consolidation:—

In August, 1864, so much of the First District of Columbia Cavalry as had been raised in Maine—eight or nine companies in all—a regiment in itself—was transferred to the First Maine. They were our friends and neighbors at home. They had served with us in the same great army, in the same campaigns, and side by side with us in battle. Their coming was



to the regiment a magnificent recruitment of veterans. The consolidation was effected with singular harmony and success, while the only important change made in the regiment by the transfer was, that it became thereby immensely more First Maine Cavalry than it was before, and in the record of its subsequent campaigns of battles and victories, from Boydton plank road to historical Appomattox, we see only one regiment and one history.

Lieut. Henry F. Blanchard, of Co. G, in his oration at the reunion at Augusta, in 1878, thus speaks of the First District of Columbia Cavalry :—

In the fall of 1864 the regiment received an accession of strength and of numbers, by the transfer of about eight hundred men from the First District of Columbia Cavalry. In this the old First Maine was truly fortunate. They came to take the places of those men whose term of service had expired, and were shortly to be mustered out. How well they filled those depleted ranks their history alone can prove. From this time forth their history is the history of the First Maine Cavalry. It is a history that no man of either regiment need blush to read. No braver men, no better or more faithful soldiers, ever stood in a suit of blue. The kindest feeling ever existed after the consolidation. No rivalries for place or preferment ever marred their intercourse or impaired their usefulness. Together, and in harmony, they moved on in the path of duty. Together they determined to maintain the honor of their regiment and their native state. Side by side they fought at Bellefield, Gravelly Run, Hatcher's, Dinwiddie, Farmville, Sailor's Creek, and Appomattox, and side by side they fell. On the same roll of honor, headed by the gallant Douty, are inscribed the names of Parkman, Sargent, Mountfort and Comins. Beneath the soil of Virginia are buried the rank and file of both regiments, and there they will rest until the resurrection morn. Their dead are our dead, and their glory is the glory of our common regiment.

Private Albion C. Drinkwater, of Co. A, in remarks at the reunion in Brunswick, 1882, thus speaks :—

Unexpectedly to me I have been called upon to speak, and the little I have to say will be in regard to the regiment known as the First District of Columbia Cavalry, that was incorporated into the First Maine Cavalry in the summer or early fall of 1864. And I will say right here that every member of the First District of Columbia feels honored that his regiment was united with the glorious First Maine. This First District of Columbia Cavalry was raised in Maine. We were mounted in the spring of 1864, most of us only two or three days prior to the great Wilson's raid, and we were sent out in his division, in Cox's brigade, to cut the South Side Railroad. If ever a green regiment went into a hard trial, it was on that raid. The regiment was in continuous service from that time till after the capture of the

Weldon Railroad, when they were sent to guard a large amount of cattle for Gen. Grant's army; and it was there that we were almost annihilated by Hampton's cavalry. They came up on the left of our great army and almost destroyed our regiment.

In that regiment was an officer raised in this town, enlisted from this town, and he was an honor to this town. I will relate an anecdote of him that happened at Reams' Station, that succeeded the capture of the Weldon Railroad, where we were in continuous action for many days. We were out of ammunition, and a large number of us boys were detailed to go down to City Point and bring ammunition to the ground for our regiment, which was armed with the sixteen-shooting Henry rifle. We had just returned at break of day, and the fires were just started to heat a cup of coffee, when there was a gun, and another, and our pickets came rushing in, and the rebs were coming upon us before we had time to gather up our arms or even mount our horses. Capt. Freese, Lieut. Mountfort and myself ran down across the field, and there was a rebel cavalry man with a seven-shooting rifle very near us. He would drop on his knee and fire, and up and run, and drop and fire again. We three were close together. Capt. Freese was a little excited, as I know I was myself, and he said: "Lieut. Mountfort, shoot that d——d scoundrel." He had a revolver in his own hand at the time, but had not thought to use it. But Lieut. Mountfort, as brave a soldier as ever went forth to battle, dropped on his knee, brought his revolver across his arm, and that reb did not trouble us any more. He always declared that he would never be taken prisoner. On the morning of September sixteenth, if my memory serves me right, when the regiment was surrounded while the men were asleep and had hardly time to get out of their tents before the rebs were upon them, Lieut. Mountfort rushed out and attempted to rally the men; but they were immediately surrounded, and a rebel officer rode up and demanded his surrender. Mountfort, with nothing but his sabre to defend himself with, surrounded by his men, declared he would never surrender, and he died, shot through the heart, on that early morning in September. He was loved by his company; he he was loved for his manhood, and for his soldierly qualities. I have since met the officer who was in command that morning, and I reminded him of the incident, and he remembered it, and spoke of him as a brave officer, and said it was a cruel shame for him to die. But such was war.

At that time orders had already been issued for the incorporation of our regiment into the First Maine, and that is why I particularly wanted to speak of the First District of Columbia, because Lieut. Mountfort did not live to serve with the First Maine. He was one that every officer and every soldier would have been glad to associate with. I think every soldier of the District of Columbia Cavalry feels as much honored in being recognized as a member of the First Maine Cavalry as the soldiers who went from Augusta in 1862 with the original First Maine.

CHAPTER XV.

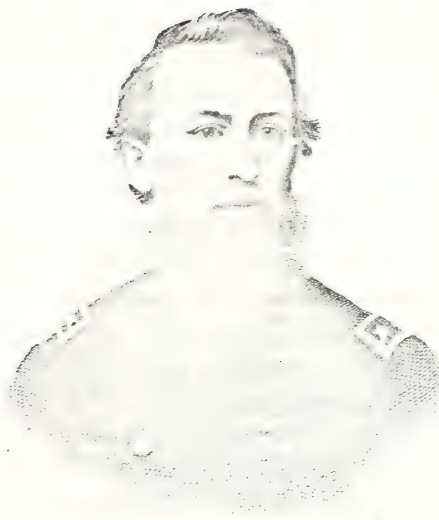
SECOND CAMPAIGN AROUND PETERSBURG.

THE NEW BRIGADE. GEN. SMITH COMMANDING. — LIEUT. COL. CILLEY COMMANDING THE REGIMENT. — DEPARTURE OF THE ORIGINAL MEN FOR HOME. — THE FIGHT ON THE BOYDTON PLANK ROAD, OR THE "BULL PEN." — DRILLING, PICKETING, AND RECONNOITRING. — VOTING FOR PRESIDENT. — IN WINTER QUARTERS ON THE JERUSALEM PLANK ROAD. — THE FIGHT AT STONY CREEK. — THE RAID TO BELLEFIELD. — THE CHAPEL. — THE RECONNOISSANCE TO HATCHER'S RUN, AND THE FIGHT. — A DECIDEDLY DISAGREEABLE NIGHT. — THE PROMPT ADVANCE OF GEN. GRANT'S RAILROAD. — SIX OR SEVEN WEEKS OF QUIET LIFE. — THE ATTACK ON FORT STEADMAN.

ON the twenty-sixth of September, Lieut. Col. Cilley, who had been promoted from major, to rank from July eleventh, and who had been absent, wounded, since the fight at St. Mary's church, June twenty-fourth, arrived and took command of the regiment, relieving Maj. Thaxter, who had been in command since June twenty-fourth, Gen. Smith still being in command of the brigade. This command Lieut. Col. Cilley held till the regiment was mustered out. Capt. Tucker, of Co. B, was promoted to major, to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Maj. Cilley, and was mustered to date from September third.

On the twenty-eighth orders were received to be ready to move at four the next morning, with two days' forage and three days' rations. At the time appointed the regiment was ready, and moved to the junction of Gen. Grant's railroad with the Weldon Railroad, two or three miles, and then struck off for the Vaughan road, and at the forks of the road, near Col. Wyatt's, went on picket on the right road. About three o'clock the regiment was sent out on this road a mile or two, when the enemy began a severe attack on the left road, and the regiment was ordered back, and formed in a field near the





W. GILLEY

Wyatt House, in rear of the brigade, which was engaged with the enemy. It was now about sunset, and the regiment had scarcely dismounted when the enemy opened a heavy artillery fire on that part of the line in front which crossed the turn-pike where it emerged from the woods. The fire was so hot that the troops stationed there would not stand, and Gen. Smith sent to Col. Cilley for the First Maine to fill the gap. Capt. Hall, commanding Third battalion, was ordered with his battalion to report to Gen. Smith, who directed him to hasten up to the front and fill the gap across the pike, and to hold the position at all hazards. Capt. Hall moved forward to a little cover, dismounted, and pushed up to the front with two companies upon either side of the pike. The sun had just gone down and left a starless sky, and darkness was fast approaching. The fire of the enemy had slackened, and soon ceased. It was a moment of silence. The voices of the brazen dogs were still; the sounds of bursting shells crushing the trees had ceased; no voice of man or beast, or flutter of frightened bird broke the solemn stillness then. It was a moment of suspense. Had the enemy gone — fled under the cover of his own guns, and was all this rattle and crash a parting salute, or would he steal in on this little force under the mantle of night, and attempt to take it by storm and surprise? They were prepared for either. The boys had "wound up" their repeaters, and were waiting for an opportunity to touch the magic spring. After a moment's silence, Capt. Hall stepped down to the front alone, one or two hundred yards, to make some observations. Just then a wild yell, instantly supplemented by a roll of musketry from the whole length of the long rebel line, broke the silence, and shadowy forms were plainly discernible through the lightning flashes of each discharge, moving toward the Union line, while the merry bullets went singing through the trees, whisking off the smaller twigs and thumping the trunks of the trees with heavy thuds. Altogether it was a wild and startling scene, full of awful grandeur, and passing portrayal. The captain did not stop long to admire, for at the first discharge a bullet struck him on the shin, and glancing, lodged in the calf of the leg. He hobbled back to his command as quickly as

CHAPTER 1

The first chapter of the book discusses the importance of understanding the basic principles of the subject. It begins by introducing the reader to the fundamental concepts and then proceeds to explore the various applications of these principles in the field. The author emphasizes the need for a solid foundation in the theory before moving on to more complex topics. Throughout the chapter, numerous examples are provided to illustrate the concepts and to show how they are used in practice. The chapter concludes with a summary of the key points and a list of references for further study.

The second chapter continues the discussion of the basic principles and introduces new concepts that are essential for understanding the subject. It begins by reviewing the material from the first chapter and then moves on to discuss the more advanced topics. The author provides a detailed explanation of the new concepts and shows how they are related to the basic principles. The chapter also includes several examples and exercises to help the reader understand the material. The chapter ends with a summary and a list of references.

The third chapter focuses on the applications of the basic principles to specific problems in the field. It begins by discussing the general approach to solving these problems and then provides a detailed analysis of several specific examples. The author shows how the basic principles are used to derive the solutions and how the results are interpreted. The chapter includes many diagrams and equations to aid in the understanding of the material. The chapter concludes with a summary and a list of references.

The fourth chapter discusses the more advanced topics of the subject and introduces new concepts that are not covered in the previous chapters. It begins by reviewing the material from the previous chapters and then moves on to discuss the new topics. The author provides a detailed explanation of the new concepts and shows how they are related to the basic principles. The chapter also includes several examples and exercises to help the reader understand the material. The chapter ends with a summary and a list of references.

The fifth chapter discusses the applications of the advanced topics to specific problems in the field. It begins by discussing the general approach to solving these problems and then provides a detailed analysis of several specific examples. The author shows how the advanced concepts are used to derive the solutions and how the results are interpreted. The chapter includes many diagrams and equations to aid in the understanding of the material. The chapter concludes with a summary and a list of references.

convenient, at least, and found that William E. Foster, of Co. H, had been killed, and another wounded. Now the enemy had arrived within easy range, and the boys opened with their trusty pieces, and literally rained a leaden shower down the pike and through the woods in front, until no flash could be seen in reply. It would not do to pursue in the darkness, and they were content to hold their own. The repulse was most sudden and most effectual. The enemy was in strong force, as the captain discovered in his observations down to the front, and must have been surprised at the warmth of his reception. Capt. Hall soon found that he was too much disabled to remain longer on the field, and he retired, leaving the command in charge of Lieut. Andrews, who was next in rank. The firing on the left and centre continued, and judging from the sound, the advantage appeared to be on the side of the enemy. It was but a short time after Lieut. Andrews took command before his connection with the left was lost, and without orders he fell back a short distance, so that in case the enemy came in on his left he might not be surprised and captured. While he was waiting here in the darkness a body of troops passed along parallel to his front and some little distance from his line. It was impossible to tell whether they were friends or enemies, until a commotion was heard down to the right and front—two parties calling on each other to surrender. It seems that a portion of the right of the line had not been withdrawn, and it was those troops the enemy had captured. Lieut. Andrews divined the situation at once, and immediately charged his battalion, recapturing the captured, and capturing the captors. He dared not use his arms, for fear of injuring his own men, and the enemy knew it, and most of them escaped in the darkness; but he rescued every captured man from rebel prison pens. It was a brilliant little deed, and bravely done, and reflected much credit upon the commander and all his men. The loss in this little engagement was Capt. Hall wounded, one man killed, two wounded, and three missing.¹

¹ In this engagement Gen. Gregg allowed the brigade but one gun, and no caisson. The first shot from the enemy's artillery struck and blew up the limber and disabled the gun.

5676



